THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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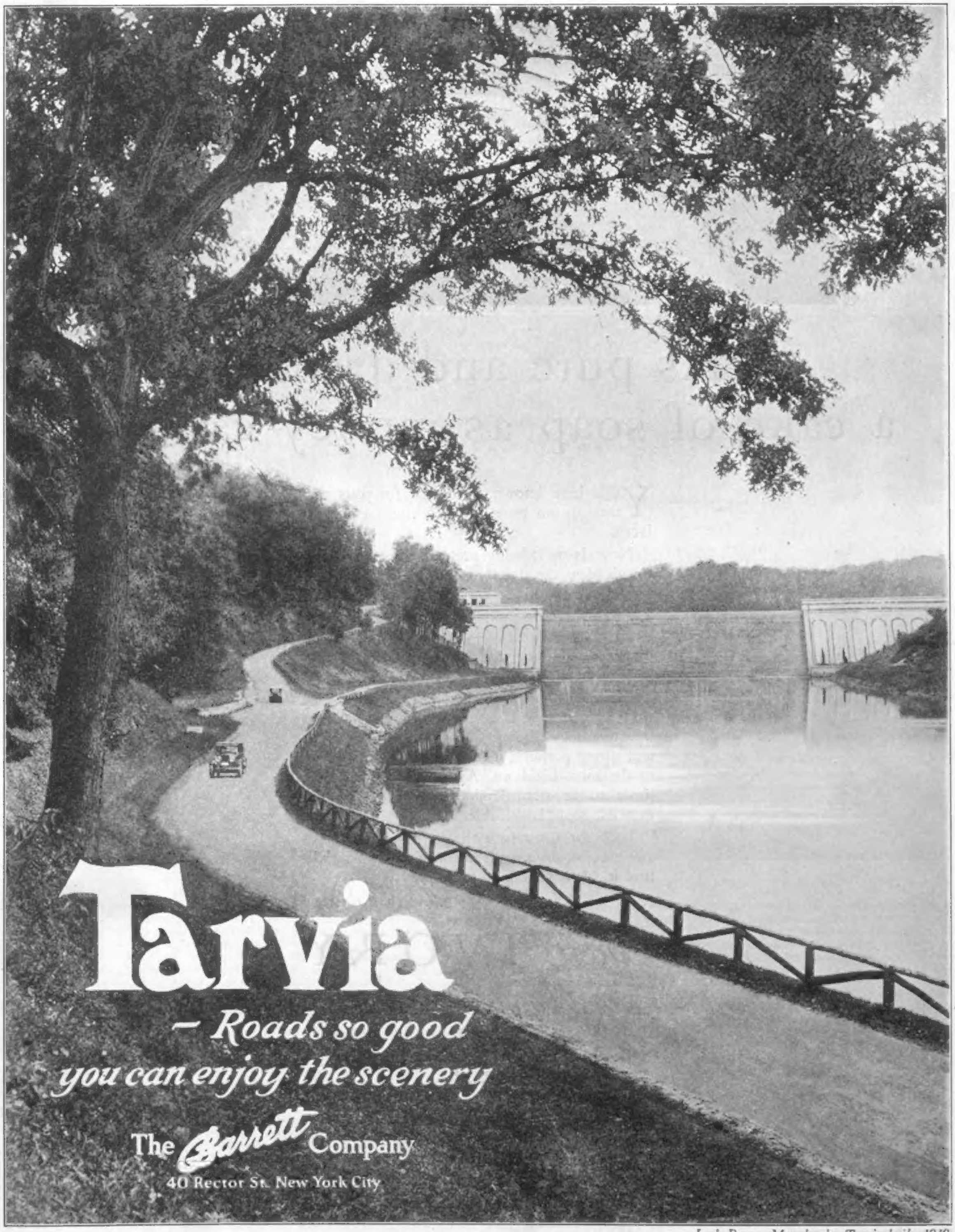

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JAZZ

By PAUL WHITEMAN AND MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

PHOTO. BY APEDA STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra

THERE was every reason why jazz should have burst forth at the touch of a hundred or more orchestra leaders in 1915. The time was ripe for almost any explosion. The war spirit was on the loose. The whole tempo of the country was speeded up. Wheels turned like mad. Every factory was manned by night and day shifts. Americans—and the term included Slavs, Teutons, Orientals, Latins welded into one great mass as if by the gigantic machines they tended—lived harder, faster than ever before. They could not go on so without some new outlet. Work was not enough. And America had not yet found out how to play; the hard-pressed, hard-working young country had no folk songs, no village dances on the green.

A showman, Joseph K. Gorham, gets credit for first realizing the possibilities of the underworld waif. Gorham, a newcomer to New Orleans, heard a group of musicians playing on the street to advertise a prize fight. He was halted first by the perspiring, grotesque energy of the four players. They shook, they pranced, they twisted their lean legs and arms, they swayed like madmen to a fantastic measure wrung from a trombone, clarinet, cornet and drum. They even tore off their collars, coats and hats to free themselves for a very frenzy of syncopation. As a finger-snapping black hearer put it, they played "like all de debbils was atter 'em."

Mr. Gorham, with the sure instinct of the good showman, pushed his way through the excited crowd and interviewed the leader. He discovered that not one of the players in Brown's Orchestra, as they called themselves, could read a note of music. Nevertheless, the showman knew that he had made a find and he listed the conductor's name with an address on Camp Street for future reference.

Brown's Orchestra was not the first to wear the name "jazz." Bert Kelly, of Chicago, is credited with inventing the term "jazz band." He used it to describe a group of musicians that he hired out to the Boosters' Club at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago. The Boosters' Club promptly raised all its prices, alleging that this new-fangled jazz came high.

Meantime, Brown's Orchestra had been taken over by Mr. Gorham and placed at Lamb's Café in Chicago. The players burst upon an unsuspecting world with a bang that nearly shattered Lamb's roof. The manager hastily telegraphed Mr. Gorham to call off his jazz babies. Gorham instead urged patience and advised the band to "ease down a little." They did so with great profit to themselves, for soon crowds were being turned away in droves. This, so far as cabaret history goes, was the first official appearance of a jazz band.

Since Mr. Kelly's experiment with the word, there have been hundreds of attempts to find a new name for modern American music, but the public refuses them all. They are used to "jazz" and the word expresses something to them that the music seems to mean.

I cannot see that it matters much. Sometimes I regret the origin of the word because I think it probably has stirred up sentiment against the music. But if jazz turns out to be a good product, it won't really make much difference what it is called. Words, like men, climb up or slip down in the world, and when a word has made good and stands for something real and worth while I am not one to bring up its past against it.

It is a relief to be able to prove at last that I did not invent jazz. I took it where I found it, and I sometimes wish the preachers and club-lady uplifters who put jazz on the grill wouldn't concentrate on me. I really don't deserve it. I don't deserve the snorting editorials in newspapers from Burma to Sydney either.

All I did was to orchestrate jazz. If I had not done it somebody else would have. The time was ripe for that. Conditions produce the men, not men the conditions. It merely happened that I was the fortunate person who combined the idea, the place and the time. At least I think I was fortunate. Others are not so sanguine.

The details of my family and home life are perhaps not important to anybody except me, but I shall relate some of them here partly because I enjoy recalling them and mostly because of the stories I have had to deny about my early life. Apparently

a person who has been called a jazz king is expected to have come up from pretty near the depths. I should like folks to know that mother and dad did their best for me, and that their best was very fine, even though I did take to jazz.

Wilberforce J. Whiteman, my dad, is the best-balanced man I know. For thirty years he was director of musical education in the Denver schools. He never had a drink until he was fifty-five and never smoked until he was sixty. Yet he isn't the least priggish. He is keen on athletics and was really proud of me when, in the old days, the Denver Y. M. C. A. named me among a dozen physically perfect fellows in the gym class. He was plumb disgusted when I began to get fat, and used to try to make me box it off.

Mother sang in oratorio and in the Denver choirs when I was growing up, managing a home and career simultaneously before women began to make so much of the idea. Her singing was always an enchantment to me. She used to rehearse while she cooked and she certainly can cook. Her mince pie would hold any home together, and as for her pop-overs—boy! She is more than six feet tall and comes of a family noted for height. Her father, Sam Dallison, was a yeoman in Queen Victoria's guard. He was six feet three inches tall, and my mother's five brothers, born in this country, were all over six feet. My father's family name was originally Wightman. On his side I am a mixture of Irish, English, Scotch and Holland Dutch.

I was, then, actually born into music, though I can't say I take much stock in the family stories that no matter how mad I was as a kid, I would always stop squalling to listen to a soprano voice. And I expect the doting aunt who claims that I used to cry to the chromatic scale is gifted with imagination. As for the legend that I jiggled my feet to Hearts and Flowers at the age of six months—well, that's on a par with the picture of me at the same period sitting naked in a bowl. Both the legend and the picture, to my great embarrassment, used to be pulled out for company until I got old enough to put my foot down.

Better admit that I was no prodigy, even though I did love music from the first time I heard it. Perhaps I got the taste when I accidentally rolled down a Colorado mountain with a violin and a watermelon at the age of nine months. But more likely I inherited the music part, and maybe the watermelon part, too, judging by my father's appetite for that delicacy.

An astrologist friend of ours looked at the stars on my birthnight—March 28, 1890—and predicted that I'd have a stormy career. I've often wondered if she meant jazz. She said the planets were all whizzing cater-cornered when I arrived.

I have one sister, Ferne, who started taking vocal lessons when I got my first violin. Luckily we lived in a big house with wide lawns between us and the neighbors. Cooped up in a New York apartment building, I shudder to think where we'd have landed—in a police court probably. Even as it was, a new neighbor once rushed over pell-mell in answer to what he mistook for a frantic call for help. Sis and I were practicing a high note.

The house was always full of brass bands and singers touching high C, partly family and partly guests. I began making my share of the family noises when I was three. On my toy violin dad taught me to pick out some tunes that I used to play for company. I had to wear velvet pants on such occasions and submit to being patted on the head by dear old ladies, but I was a roughneck just the same and fairly accurate with my fists; so the fellows knew better than to call me sissy. I guess they wouldn't have done so anyway though, come to think of it, for most of them liked music nearly as well as I did.

From Sewing Room to Woodshed

THAT was my dad's doing. Before he got through explaining music to them, nearly every kid in Denver was crazy for a trombone or a French horn. He told the taxpayers they ought to finance music as well as plumbing courses in the schools, and finally they began to do so.

A rich man named Wilcox was so interested in the idea that he put up the money to buy instruments and instruction for boys who couldn't afford them, and we had some corking amateur orchestras. Father organized oratorio orchestras, too, and we all played in those. I was in one from the time I was ten.

Lots of boys who got their musical training from dad make good money jazzing now. I've had some of them in my orchestra. I often think how lucky I was to grow up in Denver. In most places I'm quite sure the boys of my generation would have tabooed oratorio orchestras and serious music as sissy, and, of course, I wouldn't have wanted to do anything the crowd wouldn't do. That would have been a tragedy—not because the world would have lost anything in losing me as a musician, but because I would have lost the thrill of doing the thing I do best and like most. There's nothing so sad to me as misfits—men and women who hate their jobs and mope doing them.

Naturally as a youngster I had no aspiration toward missionarying, and the idea of some day trying to convert America to music as a he-man's interest wouldn't particularly have appealed to me as an ambition.

Yet that's what jazz is doing today and I am glad to feel that whatever I contribute is helping the good work along. It was just a question of time, though, until somebody would have attempted to put jazz on a real musical footing. If I had not, some other boy from Denver might have. Or if not Denver, then from one of the other rare spots in America where honest-to-gosh boys took music as part of their lives as real as the ole swimmin' hole or stealing watermelons.

Like all kids, I hated to practice, and at seven, when I was graduated to a better instrument, I was supposed to practice an hour a day. Seemed as if I always had something important to do whenever that hour came round,

PHOTO, BY JAMES HARGIS CONNELLY, CHICAGO

Mrs. Paul Whiteman—Vanda Hoff—in a Costume Worn in Two Little Girls in Blue

and pretty soon I was deliberately cutting. The report of my defection seeped through to dad. He called me on the carpet. I said I didn't want to practice. Dad fixed me with a cold eye. I fidgeted, but he didn't invite me to the woodshed that time.

"Well," said he, "we can at least lead the horse to water." And from then on he locked me into the sewing room with my fiddle every afternoon. I sulked and threatened to run away to sea. Nobody batted an eyelash. In fact, nobody paid much attention to me except to lock me up regularly when the time came.

Then I had an inspiration and carried it out pronto. That is, I smashed my violin, banging its head over the flywheel of the sewing machine. The explosion made a noise like a custard-pie factory blowing up. The family noticed me this time—and led me to the woodshed.

Afterward dad said, "Son, you can put in your practice hour tomorrow cutting the lawn. You know you've got to pay me back what that violin cost."

At the end of five years I was still sawing wood to pay for that expensive instrument. As I got older, music affected me a good deal like a fever. I couldn't even bear to hear mother sing the Erlking around the house. If I was taken to the opera I was weak and ill for a whole day afterward. Perspiration would stand out all over me as soon as the music began and I couldn't move or speak until it had stopped.

It is that way to this day. Parsifal is my favorite opera, but I'm very little good for a week after hearing it. I have always thought it would be pleasant to die listening to that immortal music. Yet these days I mostly go to a musical comedy or a laugh show if I have a night off. They are safety valves; that is why they are so well patronized. So is jazz a safety valve.

As a boy, my heroes were Paderewski, Harold Bauer, Kreisler and Ysaye. I was taken to hear these men when they played in Denver and sometimes went backstage to see them. They were always simple and cordial. Kreisler let me play his violin and indulgently asked if I liked its tone. The others were invariably interested in what ordinary people were doing. If Kreisler had been some one-horse musician he probably would have raised the roof at the idea of a youngster touching his instrument. He was just as modest and accommodating as I have found all big men to be.

I must here confess for the first time a thwarted ambition. Once I had all my plans set to become a mechanical engineer. In my spare time I tinkered with engines, but not very successfully. For instance, I made a motorcycle and forgot to put on the pedals and brakes. And I built a launch that would run everywhere except in the water. My summers were spent in such experiments at a farm we had up in the mountains. I lived outdoors, and hunted, fished and swam when I wasn't making bum machinery.

I guess it is a good thing I inherited a certain musical knack from my parents, for I lack stick-to-itiveness. Yet I invariably admire the things that are hardest to do. That is what first attracted me to jazz. The popular idea is that jazz is a snap to play. This is all wrong. After you have mastered your instrument it is easy enough to qualify in a symphony by following the score as written. But a jazz score can never be played as it is written. The musician has to know how to give the jazz effect.

At sixteen I started ragging—of course we had not heard of "jazzing" then—the classics. A friend and I won a good deal of notice with this trick from the older members of the Denver Symphony, in which I had then begun to play. They used to keep us at it for hours. Our favorite classic for jazzing was the Poet and Peasant Overture.

When Jazz Banishes the Blues

THE warden of the Nebraska Insane Asylum heard us and thought our music might soothe his patients. He invited us down for a week-end at the asylum and we played all the pieces we knew. We made a great hit, especially with an old fellow who thought he was Nero. He was so fascinated with the intricacies of ragtime that he tried to play it on a fiddle he carried around with him, and after that we had the daily spectacle of watching Nero jazz it up while—he said—Rome burned.

I got my musical education from my father and teachers he selected. All were serious and talented musicians. One was Max Bendix, for whom I worked later in the San Francisco Symphony. I can't remember the time when I didn't know the feel of a bow in my hand, and my first lessons were taken from my father when I was such a baby that I actually have no recollection of them.

At seventeen I was chief viola player in the Denver Symphony, and five years later went to the Pacific Coast to seek adventure. I finally found the excitement I craved in the San Francisco Exposition and played with the world's fair orchestra until the exposition closed. I was at the same time a member of the Minetti String Quartet. When the exposition closed I looked around for something new to do. By that time I was thoroughly dissatisfied with symphony work. The pay was poor and there was little chance for initiative. And then—along came jazz.

We first met—jazz and I—at a dance dive on the Barbary Coast. It screeched and bellowed at me from a trick platform in the middle of a smoke-hazed, beer-fumed room. And it hit me hard. I had been blue all day, starting with the morning, when I got out on the wrong side of the bed. I'm superstitious sometimes and that was one of them. I cracked my shaving mirror; there was a button off my coat; my coffee was cold; my three-minute egg hard-boiled; I spilled the salt; it rained; at rehearsal my fiddle went blooey; a wisdom tooth jumped. When the old second violinist moaned that a musician's life is a dog's life, I agreed.

By evening I wanted only bed or the Bay. Then Walter Bell, a fellow musician, dropped in and said, "Let's make a night of it."

"You may make a whole week of it if you like," I grouched. "I'm going to bed."

He was set on taking me out with him, even if he took me on a stretcher.

Brute force finally won. He picked the jazziest of the jazz places—to cheer me up, he said. We ambled at length into a madhouse. Men and women were whirling and twirling feverishly there. Sometimes they snapped their fingers and yelled loud enough to drown the music—if music it was.

My whole body began to sit up and take notice. It was like coming out of blackness into bright light. My blues evaporated when treated by the Georgia Blues that some trombonist was wailing about. My head was dizzy, but my feet seemed to understand that tune. They began to pat wildly. I wanted to whoop. I wanted to dance. I wanted to sing. I did them all. Raucous? Yes. Crude? Undoubtedly. Unmusical? Sure thing. But rhythmic, catching as the smallpox, and spirit-lifting. That was jazz then. I liked it, though it puzzled me. Even then it seemed to me to have vitality, sincerity and truth in it. In spite of its uncouthness, it was trying to say something peculiarly

American, just as an uneducated man struggles ungrammatically to express an original and true idea. I wanted to know jazz better.

It was immediately clear that I was going to. Coming as I did from an environment where music was taken for granted as a sort of daily necessity, jazz never did shock me. It only worried and obsessed me. The fantastic beat drummed in my ears long after the strident echoes had died, and sleep for nights became a syncopated mockery. Strains pestered me like a hunch you can't get the hang of.

In those first days I never thought seriously of taking up jazz playing, yet in the back of my mind was the conviction that I'd have to turn over a new leaf soon if I really wanted to amount to anything. It was the crisis in my life. Spiritually, though there was no reason or excuse for it that I can think of now, I was becoming a loafer, without ambition or purpose. The easy, comfortable, dependent days of my childhood could never come back again. I was out on my own and fast making a mess of life. Perhaps most young men go through the stage. It may be that to all youngsters there comes a time when they wear out their interest in the things they are used to doing and need something fresh and exciting. At least it was so with me.

If I stayed with the symphony I was pretty sure to continue following the line of no resistance. A viola player could go little further than I had already gone. Ready-made scores, study and methods of playing made it unnecessary for me to attempt any originality. And I had such stores of vitality which had to be turned into some channel. If there was no chance for it to go into my work it was likely that I would divert it to wild parties and drink.

Don't imagine for a moment that I thought all this out clearly. I only knew that I was listless, dissatisfied and despondent. Of course I had money troubles too. All of us did. We often took extra jobs to make ends meet. I drove a taxicab myself for a while and, at that, was usually broke. Then jazz stepped in.

Learning Jazz by Observation

I HAVE to smile when I start presenting jazz in the rôle of reformer. I hope no reader will hiss us off the page. I have often felt, when pedagogues and parents were panning my protégé, that I ought to speak up and defend it as a moral agent, because it did pick me up and more or less, in the good old phrase, "make a man of me." Not that I cherished any such hopes of it. I began to experiment with the new music because it was interesting. That is to say, soon after I heard jazz for the first time, I resigned my job with the symphony and applied at Tait's for a place in a jazz band.

I got it, and for two days lived in a sort of daze. The thing that rattled round me like hail wasn't music in the sense I had known it. I couldn't understand it—couldn't get the hang of it. But others were getting it—fat-faced business men who had never in their lives listened to any music except cheap, thin, popular tunes; rouged, young-old women who had never once heard a real concert. Something happened to them, just as it happened to me that first night—something that shook off their false faces and made them real and human, spontaneous and alive for once. What on earth was it?

"Jazz it up, jazz it up," the conductor would snort impatiently at about this point in my reflections. And I would try, but I couldn't. It was as if something held me too tight inside. I wanted to give myself up to the rhythm like the other players. I wanted to sway and pat and enjoy myself just as they seemed to be doing. But it was no good. The second day the director fired me. He was kind enough, but brief.

"You can't jazz, that's all," he told me. I nodded dully, watching the red hat of a girl at the other end of the room bobbing in an ecstasy of syncopation. Then I walked out of Tait's, mild as milk, and went home to my hall bedroom on Eddy Street and slept. I slept clear around the clock. When I woke up I was mad.

So they said I couldn't jazz, did they? Well, I'd show 'em. I'd learn to jazz. I'd learn if it took a year.

You know the thirst for knowledge that always seems to attack the ambitious young man in the advertisement when he reads of mail-order training courses. I felt just like that, but though there are plenty of them now, there were no mail jazz courses then, so I had to invent a method of educating myself. This was to visit the restaurants where jazz was being played. A difficulty arose here. I had no money and they expected you to order food and drink in all those places. My old awe for head waiters increased during this time about a thousandfold. They were so muscular. I had never noticed what brawny fellows a restaurant uses for head waitering. In an argument with them one would be nowhere at all.

Luckily I had a fairly presentable dress suit left over from symphony days. In this I made a moderately prosperous-looking figure, and there really was no way that a head waiter who didn't know me could tell that I hadn't a dime in my broadcloth pockets. My cue was to appear when the music was at its height. I would hang around the entrance as though waiting for somebody, but really studying the orchestra. If necessary I would make an effort to get a special kind of table, such as head waiters give only to best-paying patrons. Of course without the proffer of kale I had no chance, and thus my way would be paved for an indignant retreat. The drawback was that this trick couldn't be used more than once on a restaurant.

These mere snatches of study I eked out with experiments in my hall bedroom. Two landladies put me out during this period on complaint of tenants above and below, for I experimented with my violin as well as pencil and paper. There were no saxophoneproof apartments in those days. No wonder the architect who invented them stands to make a fortune.

After many attempts I finally worked out an orchestration and learned what I wanted to know about faking. Faking was what the early jazz orchestras relied upon. That is, they had no scores, each man working out his part for himself, faking as he went along. Up to that time, there had never been a jazz orchestration. I made the first and started in the jazz-orchestra business. That sounds simple. But it wasn't. The first hundred days of any business have their discouragements and there was nobody hankering for the opportunity to finance my jazz band—not after I had got myself fired because I couldn't play jazz. However, I managed to borrow a few hundred dollars on personal credit to guarantee my men's salaries. What I could scrape together was not enough to guarantee any salary for myself though, and so in those days I learned a good deal about plain living and high thinking.

It was slow work gathering men, because I wanted only those who could realize what I was trying to do. I hardly knew myself, except that I saw possibilities in the music if it could be put on a scored, trained basis. The usual jazz-orchestra gang was no good for my purpose and neither were the more set-in-their-way symphony players. I needed musically trained youngsters who were ambitious, slightly discontented and willing to adventure a little.

In San Francisco band circles I became known as a sort of nut. Leaders sent the men they discharged and those that they couldn't handle because of stubborn or freak streaks to me with the message, "Here's another nut." Occasionally one of these did fit into my scheme exactly as if he had been created for it. At last I had seven men of spirit and enterprise, all anxious to start.

Then the war broke out. We got the news in the midst of a rehearsal. And that, of course, ended that. In the following twenty-four hours I tried all recruiting stations within walking distance and got turned down. In spite of recent thin living, I weighed three hundred pounds and the rules said I was "no good for combatant purposes."

A Slim Chance of Keeping Fat

AFTER much argument Washington ruled that I could enlist as a band leader, and I finally put on a Navy uniform, especially made. I had lost my seven picked men, but the Navy had plenty of material for experimentation. Best of all, we had discipline, so that the trombonist couldn't get off practice whenever he had been out late the night before and the French horn dared not pipe a word about headaches.

Though I led a band, I had plenty of superior officers, too, and I learned something of being disciplined as well as disciplining. I was paid forty-two dollars a month, and got it a lot more regularly than I got my own salary later when I was paying other men forty times that.

It was a grilling sort of life though, and after I was out I was all nerves. I was short of funds, too, so there was no chance of starting my own orchestra again and I took charge of the Fairmont Hotel orchestra in San Francisco. I would direct a punchy jazz number and then I would go out of sight and cry for ten minutes. This went on until I lost exactly a hundred pounds, falling off in three months from 285 to 185. When I went to a doctor he told me to stop working and worrying. I told him I had a fat chance. It looked to me as if I'd be worrying until I died. And right here perhaps it is all right for me to say that there is truth in the old maxim that it is never darker than just before dawn. I am not much on the Pollyanna stuff, but after all I have known what it was to lose my ambition and my nerve and my health and find them all again.

There I was, a ham symphony player, determined to break into something that the best people then considered the lowest of the low. It didn't look like much of a future, did it? Yet not long before in New York, if I had only known it, something had happened that showed the mango magic was working.

The original Dixieland Jazz Band went East and was hired by the Reisenweber Café. Remember,

(Continued on Page 90)

PHOTO, BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Paul Whiteman, From a Snapshot Taken When He Sailed for Europe March 2, 1923

NO KIN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THEY were discussing husbands, as usual. A prosperous widower of their acquaintance had just married again without giving his grief a fair chance to cool, and the depravity of men was the theme.

"I know just as well as I'm sitting here Joe wouldn't wait six months," declared Mrs. Eldredge, with a manner implying this proved something.

"Why, of course he wouldn't," assented Mrs. Burlew, always anxious to be amiable.

Mrs. Eldredge gave her a dirty look. "Oh, wouldn't he? A lot you know about it! What right have you got to say he wouldn't wait? I don't see——"

"But you just said so yourself, didn't you? I only wanted ——"

"Maybe I did, but I can say what I like about him. He's my husband, I guess. And when it comes to that, I bet he'd wait just as long as your husband, and maybe longer."

It looked like the makings of a nice little scrap, but Mrs. Parker headed it off with "Well, if I die, I'm going to leave Junior and Myrtle to Kate. I simply can't bear the thought of a stepmother for them."

Unanimous approval of this sentiment, although there lurked in the background a general belief that a course of stepmother discipline would be the right medicine for the Parker brats. And then they proceeded to rake husbands fore and aft; it was plain the species belonged in the ash can.

Estelle Childress listened to the talk in restless silence, uncertain whether to be resentful or take it as a joke. She was about to be married and was as much in love with her fiancé as could reasonably be expected.

"To hear you-all talk, one would think you hated them," she exclaimed with a forced laugh.

"No, but you've got to fight 'em—you've got to stand up for your rights," declared Mrs. Eldredge, banging the table with her stout fist. "If you don't, there's just no living with them."

Now, this was actually a compliment to old Joe Eldredge, who hadn't spent two hours out of his office in twenty years that his wife did not pass on, and had even to ask her permission to go duck hunting.

"Isn't it the truth? Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile. And they all hang together!" The speaker's tone rose to a wail. "Why, just look at the way my Herbert lied for that Charlie Fain! I never will get over it. He wouldn't lie for me that way."

"They're all alike."

"I don't agree with you at all," remarked Estelle in cold disapproval.

"What do you know about it, anyhow? Wait, my dear! Just wait! You'll find out. Hey, girls? Won't she?"

Estelle tossed her cards on the table and pushed back her chair.

"I don't believe I'll play any more. I don't feel like it."

Mrs. Burlew protested: "Oh, come on! Don't be silly. We were only fooling"; but Mrs. Eldredge bristled.

"Let her go if she wants to!" she cried. "I guess nobody's keeping her! If she wants to get mad, let her get mad. I reckon we've got a right to talk."

"Oh, hush up, please," implored the hostess. "Come on and play, honey. They were only having a little fun. Don't spoil the party."

Thus adjured, Estelle picked up her hand and the game went on. It was the regular meeting of the Cheery Wives and she was filling in for a friend. Sometimes the Cheery Wives met three or four times a week, when the weather was bad or the girls had nothing in particular to do.

"Did you see in the paper last night," inquired Mrs. Burlew, "where that woman ran off and left her three children behind?"

"No! Never!"

Tom Capitulated. In Bitter Remorse, He Apologized and Confessed He Was a Selfish Hound

"Yes, she did. Her husband is a carpenter, and she up and left him and her baby and two small children. Can you imagine it?"

"But whatever for?"

"A fireman. It seems they lived right next door to a fire station, and ——"

"Serves him right. He ought to 've known better, and moved. But it's dreadful about the children. How could a woman do such a thing? I can't imagine."

From this they progressed to a general discussion of the relative positions of husband and children in a woman's affections.

"Well, there's one woman who thinks more of her husband, I do believe, than she does of her children," remarked Mrs. Eldredge.

"Who?" they chorused.

"That Miz Witherspoon. I just can't understand her."

Again Mrs. Burlew agreed. "That's a fact," she said. "She's just crazy about him. And what she can see in that big ol' thing is a mystery to me. Why, he never has a word to say for himself!"

"Joe says he honestly believes Miz Witherspoon would save her husband instead of the children if it came to a fire."

"Oh, who ever heard of such a thing?"

"I don't believe a word of it. It wouldn't be natural."

"How can you talk like that, Miz Eldredge? You just know she wouldn't."

"What do you think, Miz Shepherd? Do you think she would?" demanded another, turning to the mother of the hostess, who sat apart in a corner of the room in mute protest against their cigarettes.

The old lady hesitated, smoothing the folds of her black silk skirt.

"I don't reckon so," she replied.

"Would you save your husband instead of your children in a fire?"

"Who? Me? Save Sug, instead of my children? Well, I guess not! Sug ain't no kin to me."

They laughed and applauded. Then a winner suggested they had best get on with the game, and the topic was dropped for a few minutes but presently cropped up again in a reference of Mrs. Burlew's to the matrimonial troubles of her colored cook.

"She says the only one of her husbands she ever really loved was No. 2."

"Has she left this last one for good?"

"She says she has, and she's fixing to get a divorce. But you never can tell. I hope so, or I can't keep her. She's been so uppity and spoiled since she married that nigger—he always was no account."

"Well, I bet she goes back to No. 2."

"She will if she can get him, but these dining-car waiters are so hard to pin down. And he's been married twice since Charity left him, you know. . . . Whose cards are they?"

"Miz Parker's. Don't you remember? I bid a no-trump first, and Miz Parker doubled, and then you passed, and Miz Eldredge bid two diamonds."

"So she did. . . . Yes, I reckon Charity'll take him back if he'll come."

"Whatever did she leave him for if she was so crazy about him?"

"Oh, he ran around—you know what they're like. One night after they separated, Charity got her a gun and went down to the Katy depot to wait for his train. She aimed to kill that nigger if he met a certain woman there. Lan's sake, how she did love that man!"

Play was interrupted at this point by the entrance of Lina with refreshments. Lina was an old retainer of the Shepherd family and enjoyed special privileges.

"Hello, Lina."

"How do, Miz Eldredge? How is you, ma'am? How do, Miz Burlew? How—well, if it ain't my baby!—how do, Miss Estelle? Where you been all this while? I ain't seen you for most two months, honey."

"No, I've been away, Lina. How's the rheumatism?"

"Doin' fine, thank you, ma'am. Look how I can move my arm now."

"My, that's just wonderful, Lina! The last time I saw you, you couldn't move it an inch without hurting."

"No'm, but it's as good as new now."

"Who's your doctor?"

"Doctor? Shucks, honey, I don't pay doctors any mind. That ol' doctor done give me medicine until I couldn't hold no more, but it never helped me a bit. So I prayed. Yes, ma'am. But it seemed like my arm never would get well, and then I took it to meetin'."

"And what did they do?"

"Well, they all prayed too. Brother Kehoe, he done told me to shut my eyes, and I kept gettin' happier and happier and lost my hat, and then I started to resist, I reckon. I could feel them tongues comin' on me, and I didn't want to

shout. But at last I just laid it all on Him and sat right down on that."

They played one rubber after the refreshments and then the party broke up. Declining offers of a ride, Estelle walked home. She was taking long daily walks in order to hold her figure.

Even the brisk exercise failed to raise her spirits. Why had they all talked that way? Surely marriage could not be like that. Well, anyway, hers would be different—she and Tom were meant for each other! Besides, she could think of just lots of happy marriages—yes, just lots of them! Let's see, there was Mrs. —— No, Estelle had heard they didn't get along. Well, surely Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ballard met all the specifications—always so affectionate and companionable, forever fondling each other and using pet names. Then she recalled a story going the rounds about a smart sedan Mr. Ballard had bought—which an unfortunate mistake delivered at his own home.

By this time she had arrived opposite the Lanham place, shining white amid a grove of oak and elm, and she beamed suddenly, radiantly. Aha, here was her perfect example! Everybody revered Judge and Mrs. Lanham, who belonged to the old school—dignified, courtly, amiable and sympathetic. There was no more imposing figure in town than the judge as he walked to his office at the same hour every morning. At five, he drove home with his wife beside him, and people were wont to smile fondly as they passed, for to most of them this couple stood for all they themselves had missed. Yes, one could search the wide world and not find another couple so ideally mated. Their lives showed in the judge's clear eyes and placid strength, in Mrs. Lanham's sweet, gentle face and manner. She and Tom would be like that some day.

Dinner was waiting when Estelle reached home, but her father and mother had not sat down to it.

"What kept you so late?" asked her mother timidly.

"I'm not late," snapped Estelle. "If you insist on having dinner at such a ridiculous hour, it's impossible to be on time."

"Well," Mr. Childress remarked, "I don't take any lunch, you know, honey, so I get hungry."

His daughter replied with an impatient movement of her shoulders, and the three went into the dining room, where Mr. Childress immediately proved his words by wading into the backbone and apple sauce and sweet potatoes and turnips and corn bread, like a cotton-patch nigger. Estelle watched his gorging with disgust. Having eaten at the bridge party, she had no appetite, and her father's performance made her shudder.

Afterward Estelle went to her room for a last touching up, because Tom was coming, and Mr. Childress lit a cigar, shed his coat, and settled down to the evening paper with a grunt of satisfaction. He and his wife always sat upstairs in the evenings, leaving the living room to Estelle and her beau.

She was radiant when Tom arrived, and bubbled over with good nature and affection, although to the casual observer there seemed little to justify the change. Tom looked just an average citizen, alert and capable, and too young to have reached the point where a man can spend the mornings fixing up his golf game and the afternoons in wrangling the eighteen holes. But it was very plain he was deeply in love, and what with time out for holding, it seemed only a moment until the grandfather's clock in the hall tolled eleven. Then Estelle sent him home. Her parents had long since gone to bed, and Mr. Childress' snoring could be heard all over the house. However, he made up for it by getting up early and prowling all over the place.

"Sh-h!" cautioned Mrs. Childress. "You'll wake Estelle."

"It's eight o'clock," he protested.

"You might show a little consideration. The poor child needs the sleep."

Mr. Childress snorted and went out on the lawn for the morning paper. Estelle's pup had chewed it to shreds and so the day started badly. At 8:15 he and his wife breakfasted alone. Estelle always took hers in bed about half-past nine.

"Well," he inquired, "have they fixed up the date yet?"

"Yes—the twelfth of December. Estelle wants Doctor Blue to marry them, and as he's going on a trip to Palestine on the fifteenth, she's fixed on the twelfth."

"Where do they aim to live? Here, or buy a house, or rent?"

"Here? Don't be absurd, Kyle. I thought perhaps we might give them a house—just a small one of course."

Mr. Childress glanced up sharply.

"Nobody gave us a house when we got married," he said.

"That's different. Nobody had any money then. Everybody in my family was too poor, and yours were even worse. But you can well afford to give Estelle a small house, and you know it."

"Young people ought to make their own way," he grumbled.

"There you go! I should think you would be only too glad to do something for your only child."

With the scars of twenty years of the harness on him, Mr. Childress did not try to balk.

"Estelle has planned everything so well," her mother purred. "She's thought everything out to the smallest detail."

"How—everything?"

"Well, where they'll build and how she wants the house, and where they're going on the wedding trip and what people she wants to know and—oh, everything. Why, she has even fixed up a little book for expenses, so Tom can put down his cigars and things like that." And for the next ten minutes Mrs. Childress discoursed with complacent pride on her daughter's plans for her married life.

"She certainly has figured it all out, hasn't she?" admitted Mr. Childress.

"She is so efficient—thinks of everything."

A pause, and he asked, "What're Tom's plans?"

"How d'you mean—Tom's plans?"

"Well, I suppose he has some plans for the future too, ain't he?"

His wife read a sinister meaning into this query.

"What do you want to talk that way for? Just to be mean—that's all."

"What is there mean about that?"

"Oh, I know what you were thinking."

"I only asked what plans Tom had for the future, didn't I? Has Estelle taken them into account?"

"Of course—at least, I suppose so."

"Hum," said Mr. Childress.

"I declare, you're the most unnatural father!"

"To hear you and Estelle go on, one would think she was doing this boy a favor by marrying him."

"Well, so she is."

"Rats!"

"Why, she could have her pick of a dozen better men than Tom Mattox any day!" cried Mrs. Childress.

"And he could have his pick of a dozen girls right in this town who would make him as good a wife as Estelle," retorted her husband.

(Continued on Page 131)

"Well, There's One Woman Who Thinks More of Her Husband, I Do Believe, Than She Does of Her Children," Remarked Mrs. Eldredge

THE GIRL WHO FORGOT

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THERE were six persons in the drawing-room of Meldon Towers at the moment when our story opens—eight, if you wish to count the butler and the second man, who were bringing in the tea. You mustn't think from this, though, that the room was crowded, for the drawing-room at Meldon Towers had been drafted on a proud scale; on such a perspective, indeed, that the grandfather of the present marquis—the Old Nooker, as he was later known to history—— But on second thoughts it would be better not to start on that—and even if he did it, it was nothing to the credit of a noble lord, no matter how admiringly it was dwelt upon by the tenantry in later years.

There were, then, six persons—and the butler and the second man—in the drawing-room; and starting with these in the order of their importance, the Marquis of Meldon and Colonel Baylison were playing chess at one of the windows. The marquis was getting on, both in years and girth, but his ponderous mien and stately front were two of the most constant ornaments of the House of Lords, where he could generally be found during the sessions listening to the speeches with impressive dignity and from time to time exclaiming "Heah! Heah!" especially when the fate of Britain was being described as headed toward the bowwows or the conduct of the Laborites was being scathed in no uncertain terms. In fact, not only did he take his politics seriously; he had even been mentioned more than once—in letters to the editor of the Times—as a possible cabinet member. But whether or not the Old Nooker's shadow still hung too heavily over the family, the list of ministers had always so far been completed without him, and no one but the marquis knew the depth of his disappointment or how grimly he had vowed to himself that he still would make the grade.

The marquis moved his bishop, and Colonel Baylison said "Choh!" with obvious annoyance, seeing his castle in danger and having a soldier's natural displeasure at finding the army thus threatened by the church.

The colonel had a very stern countenance, and a particularly military mustache, though somewhat gray and grizzled with the passing of the years. He was inclined to be chubby, with a beautiful red neck marked with horizontal creases, and he was generally dressed in such a fashion that whenever he moved you could hear leather creaking somewhere on him. Like the marquis, the colonel was a widower; though, quite unlike the marquis, it was said of the colonel that in his time he had been known as a lady's man—large square envelopes, slightly scented and addressed in spidery writing, still following him now and then at his club, as occasional snowflakes sometimes fall long after the storm has passed.

"A good move, that," creaked the colonel.

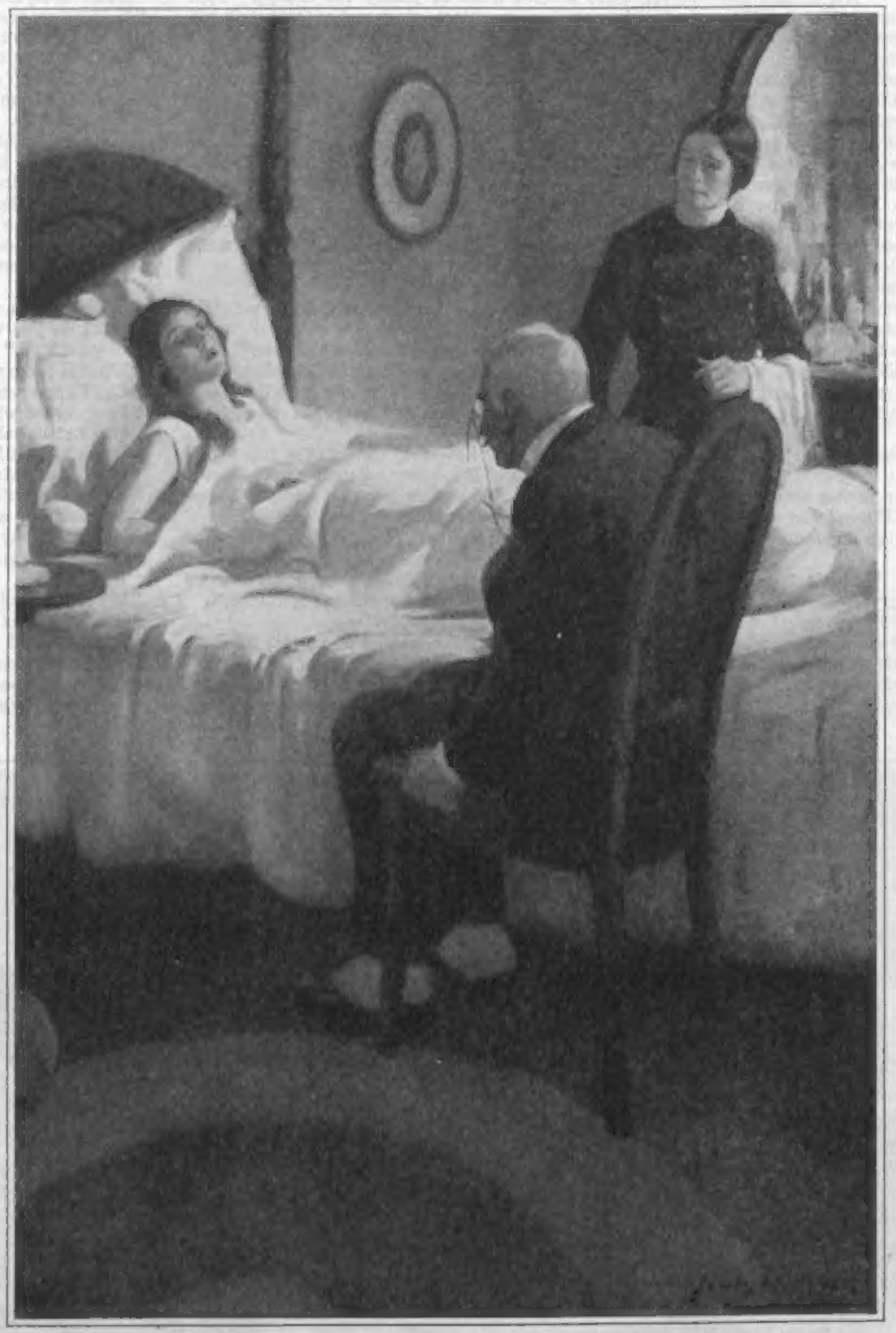
The marquis said nothing, but sat back in his chair with ponderous satisfaction, presently looking over his shoulder to see how the tea was coming along. The butler had placed his tray on a table in front of Lady Mowbray, the marquis' sister—and this, of course, brings us to Lady Mowbray, who had been talking to the curate under Reynolds' portrait of the twelfth marchioness.

She was a gentle-faced, gentle-voiced little woman—Lady Mowbray—gray of hair and pink of cheek, with blue eyes which had begun to fade and a look of resignation as gentle as everything else around her. One of those little old ladies, it might be said, who had smiled a lot and wept a lot in their time—with no one to care greatly which it was that they happened to be doing at the moment—little old ladies born for black satin and lace, who properly belong to the age of panniers and the minuet. Like her grandfather, the Old Nooker, she had grown deaf with the years; and just as nearly everyone has some tender folly of which it would be boorish to break them, it was Lady Mowbray's fond conviction that if anyone would speak to her slowly she was nearly always able to read their lips.

"That," she said, pouring two cups, "is for the marquis, and that is for the colonel." Knowing, you see, of old how many lumps of sugar they wanted and how much cream. Bowing gravely, the butler placed the two cups and saucers on a server and carried them over to the chess table; the second man following with the inviolable two plates, one of thin bread and butter with cress, the other of cake.

"Two lumps for you, Nellie?" asked Lady Mowbray, raising her gentle voice and looking over toward a girl in a riding habit.

"Please," said this fourth one, turning and nodding.



"Now, My Dear, I am the Marquis of Meldon"—as if That Made Any Difference—"and I Want to Tell Your Father Where You Are"

The Honorable Nellie Bedford hadn't long returned from her daily ride; but instead of going up to change, she was leaning against the piano at the other end of the room, and had either been talking to or had been closely watching the player. There was something altogether honest and satisfying in the Honorable Nellie's appearance. Her hair, for instance, had been honestly bobbed, and she had a good honest derby on her head, and there was a pair of good heavy boots on her feet, without the least foolishness about them. Her complexion, incidentally, might have served as a model for red roses, and when she turned from the piano there was a fond, shy look in her eyes which simply couldn't be denied.

"Two, please; and plenty of cake," she added to the second man. "I'm starved."

Lady Mowbray sent two cups over to the piano, and then turned to the curate, who, all this time, had been patiently waiting in the chair nearest her own.

"Two, Mr. Wyndham, I think?" she said.

"If you please," he replied, modestly pressing the tips of his fingers together. And then, feeling perhaps that being a curate he should say something more, he added, "One seldom smells a more heavenly aroma than tea, does one?"

He was a young man—this fifth one—earnest of expression and equipped with a pair of shoulders which made him look as though he could wrestle the devil to a fare-you-well if he could only get his hands upon him. He had put on his best suit for the occasion, and as he sat there in his canonical collar and high waistcoat waiting for his tea—young, sincere, high of forehead and earnest of glance—it rather made you wonder what the Old Nooker might have thought if he had returned and seen who was sitting there in a room once dedicated to Bacchus—to say nothing of Aphrodite and the breathless little deities of chance.

"You have your tea, Augie?" asked Lady Mowbray, raising her gentle voice again and looking toward the piano.

"Yes, thank you, dear," said a voice from behind the music rack.

"But I don't think it's nice of you to hide away like that. Won't you come and tell Mr. Wyndham about some of your amusing American experiences? Augustus has lately returned from the States," she smilingly explained to the curate, "and he keeps us enthralled—simply enthralled—for hours at a time, telling us about the natives there, and the blacks. I love to hear him tell about the blacks."

At that, the last figure—always excepting the butler and the second man, who were serving the tea—slowly arose, though not at all unwillingly, from behind the piano and approached Lady Mowbray and the curate. From where he had been sitting on the music bench, this last one had been able to look out over the lawn which rolled on down to meet the Channel.

Perhaps he had been watching the progress of one of the passenger boats making its way from Havre toward Plymouth, or he may have been following the movements of the two gardeners and the horse-drawn mower, who were giving the lower lawn and path their regular Thursday grooming.

The Honorable Augustus was the nephew of both Lady Mowbray and the Marquis of Meldon; but to look at him as he sauntered across the room, you might have been puzzled to have found any family resemblance. He was, to begin with, tall and thin, and you would have needed only

The Honorable Nellie Bedford Hadn't Long Returned From Her Daily Ride; But Instead of Going Up to Change, She Was Leaning Against the Piano at the Other End of the Room

one glance to see that he had a priceless tailor. His trouserings, for instance, were the trouserings of genius, creased to a miracle, hung to perfection and having no more to do with the late Oxford heresies than Sargent had to do with the cubists. His lounge coat, for all its name, might have been modeled by a sculptor, and his shirt and necktie bore the same relation to the warm gray tone of his suiting as a violin and cello accompaniment might be said to bear to Thais' Meditation. In short, the Honorable Augie's sartorial perfection was so complete that if you had seen him as he crossed the drawing-room of Meldon Towers, it probably wouldn't have occurred to you that his mouth was distinctly larger and his chin smaller than mouths and chins are generally handed out, and you wouldn't have cared a bit even if he did have a funny little mustache, or three upper teeth which might have reminded you of a pung of white dragons in an old-fashioned game of mah-jongg. And whatever his facial idiosyncrasies, at least he had a good nose on him—one of those commanding beaks which are seldom found on common men; and though he sometimes seemed to stare a bit with near-sightedness and stoop a little with his shoulders because of his height, he nevertheless had earned the reputation of being one of the best dancers in Sussex; and whenever he appeared on a ballroom floor, if you had seen the girls start fluttering, you might have been pardoned for glancing toward the doorway and wondering whether the Prince himself had come.

The Marquis Was Getting On, Both in Years and Girth

"Oh! Ah! Rather!" he said, seating himself opposite his aunt and the curate, a seat again, it might be said, which overlooked the lawn and the Channel below. "A rare old country—America. I was over at my cousin's wedding, you know; and 'pon my word, they almost had to postpone the event, because one of the—aw—aw—officiating characters didn't turn up."

"You mean the minister didn't turn up for the ceremony, Sir Augustus?" asked the curate, looking scandalized at such a suggestion.

"No—aw—aw—the bootlegger—aw. You know, they have prohibition over there. 'Stremely amusing. And the laborers go to their work in motor cars. At hawf awfter four, you know, when they all knock off, it's as much as your life is worth to attempt to cross the road."

"And the holdups, Augie. Tell Mr. Wyndham about the holdups."

"Oh! Ah! Rather! It's a profession, you know. You—aw—aw—you buy a gun, you know; a—aw—aw—a very lively sort of a pepperbox, and whenever you find your funds are running low, you get a brother collegian to assist you, and you either hold up a citizen, as they call them, or a shopkeeper or a pay-roll messenger or a bank—according, as I understand it, to the degree of your profession. It would be infra dig, of course, for a banking operator to fiddle his time away on common citizens; and a shop worker, I believe, has to let the pay rolls alone until he has a certain number of notches on his gun."

"And they do all this in the larger cities, you understand, Mr. Wyndham," said Lady Mowbray, who had caught a word here and there. "Not in isolated country districts, as one might think."

"Oh! Ah! Rather!"

At this third use of the triple expletive, the Marquis of Meldon cocked his north eye down the room at his noble young nephew—cocked it with a glance which said "You fool!" No one saw this glance but the Honorable Nellie, and the Honorable Nellie looked troubled—looked, indeed, as a mother might look who sees her first-born threatened. Colonel Baylison, too, frowned a little as he listened to Augie's adventures, and even the curate warmed up none too well. Indeed, it might be said that the Honorable Augustus wasn't a particular favorite of any of the gentlemen present—a circumstance, however, which was more than compensated by the admiration that was shown him by the ladies.

"Tell Mr. Wyndham about the blacks now, Augie," said Lady Mowbray. And—aside to the curate—"I love to hear him tell about the blacks."

"Oh! Ah! Rather!" At that there was such a rattle at the chessboard it's a wonder the men didn't fall off. "I knocked around New York quite a bit, you know, seeing the shows and the sights and one thing and another; and there's one section of the city which is populated by nothing but colored people, as they call them over there hundreds of thousands, I should say—bobbies, postmen, shopkeepers, chemists—colored, every one!"

"Colored?" said the curate, staring a little in his earnest manner. "You mean—ah—blue people and green people and—ah—other shades when you speak of them as being colored?"

"No, no! In the States, you know, they always speak of a black as being colored."

"What an extraordinary thing!"

"Yes, but dash it, a black man is a colored man, when all is said and done, you know."

Lady Mowbray caught that.

"Augustus is quite fond of the Americans," she confided to the curate. "I could tell it from his letters."

"Oh! Ah! Clever chaps, rather! I picked up quite a few ideas over there."

The two ladies went upstairs soon after, the Honorable Nellie giving Augie a fond look from the doorway—a look which he obviously tried not to understand. When she had gone he drew a sigh of relief; and the curate taking himself over to the chess table, Augie returned to the piano and the window again, his long fingers stealing over Jocelyn's Berceuse as though of their own accord. Suddenly, however, the playing stopped and the marquis' nephew was standing in front of the window.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

It was one of the gardeners running up the lawn as fast as he could leg it—a tall, elderly man, bronzed and bearded, with one of those heads which are generally painted on Moses, and a pair of trousers that were tied with string beneath the knees to keep the cold out. Seeing that he was bringing news of importance, Wilkens, the butler, went to the door to meet him, the second man closely following to give what assistance he could.

"Begging your pardon, My Lord," said Wilkens a moment later, returning, himself a bit breathless, "but a young girl has been found on the beach, 'alf in and out of the water. They thought at first she was dead, sir; but Roper thinks if a doctor was sent for quick——"

(Continued on Page 114)

She Stood There, Looking at Them, a Breathless Little Figure of Wide-Eyed Inquiry

THERE GOES A SAILOR

"Ronald, the Winged Peril of the Seas, M'm?" His Answering Grin Broke Forth at Once

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

CONSTANCE was in Hawaii because her mother had left her there. Constance's mother had left her in Hawaii because a honeymoon in the Orient, upon which the lady was at the moment embarking, seemed to promise better *à deux*.

A marconigram, therefore, went to Constance's father, between whom and Constance's mother existed sensibly the pleasantest sort of relationship—a relationship which divorce, on the well-bred grounds of desertion and nonsupport, had but slightly impaired.

"Am leaving Constance," said the marconigram, "with friends. Hawaii until September."

At which time the honeymoon would be returning in its orbit and likely on the wane. Constance, therefore, not so superfluous.

Constance's father, deeply engrossed in the behavior of certain stocks which had upon the morning of the marconigram's arrival gone up or down as he had not expected, answered through a stenographer, "Satisfactory stop letter follows." Which it never did. Constance for one had not for an instant supposed it would—her father being a man of many interests, and the court in any case having awarded him only partial custody of the child.

"Shall you be quite happy—and so on—with these—ah—Satterleys?" inquired Colonel Crichton-Browne the day before the wedding. He was the man whom Constance's mother was marrying. The nicest sort of Englishman, even to a long, serious upper lip and one slightly drooping eyelid. The sort of man whose hair may thin but whose waistline never thickens. Long, lean, colorless and delightful. Between him and Constance a kind of sympathy existed, which was not surprising—Constance having struggled for twenty years with her mother's impulsive nature, and Colonel Crichton-Browne being just about to take over the job.

"Shall you be—ah—fairly well amused?" he added anxiously.

Constance regarded him gravely, bit a soft, red lower lip—she disliked the orange and tangerine rouges and never used them—knitted a well-groomed eyebrow and smiled, showing excellent teeth.

"With the fleet rocking in the harbor? Cecil, don't be funny! Isn't the whole female population quivering in the breeze? Aren't I as susceptible as the next one?"

"Why—ah—not if I'm a judge," said Colonel Crichton-Browne. "You're a queer little nut—I don't like to think ——"

"You're not supposed to think," said Constance pleasantly, "until after the organ has left off breathing o'er Eden and begun to roar for Lohengrin. Then, taking your nerve in both hands and clenching your teeth, one sweetly solemn thought ——"

"Chuck it!" said Colonel Crichton-Browne.

"You see!" said Constance. "You're white to the lips; you realize in your heart that the trap yawns for you! You hear the muffled drums, Cecil. The condemned man's hearty breakfast is spread before you."

They were as a matter of fact at breakfast together in the hotel dining room—Constance's mother never appeared before noon—and upon Constance's mention of condemned men her companion lifted a spoonful of egg to his lips.

"Stout fella," murmured Constance approvingly, adding with meticulous honesty: "I got that out of Beau Geste. Is it really smart, Cecil? Or just character stuff?"

"Stout fella," murmured Colonel Crichton-Browne hesitantly. "Why—I dare say—really ——"

"Tell me in September," said Constance soothingly. "It's not awfully important anyway. Better keep your mind on what you're doing."

Colonel Crichton-Browne took a bit of toast and looked at her imploringly. "I wish you wouldn't spoof so much."

"Sorry! I only meant to buck you up."

"Your mother—you know—really, Constance she's—she's most unusual."

"And that," said Constance, "I call an ardent antenuptial tribute. And believe me when I tell you you'll be in a position six months from now to know just how unusual she is."

"Isn't that rather an odd thing for her daughter to say?"

Constance shrugged slender shoulders—slender to the point of thinness.

"It is not. I'd say it to her face if she were here, instead of asleep in bed upstairs. She's awfully charming and rottenly spoiled. She couldn't live with my father because he wouldn't take time to keep her amused."

"I'm expecting—to keep her amused," said Colonel Crichton-Browne.

He blinked through the smoke of his cigarette and smiled at Constance kindly.

"You will—or she'll walk out on you!" Constance retorted. "Don't glare at me, Cecil. I'm fond of her, naturally."

"Most unnaturally—what?"

"I'm fond of her, but I know her. She's selfish. She's unreasonable. She's inconsiderate as the devil. Outside of that ——"

"Yes, outside of that?" said Colonel Crichton-Browne politely.

"Well, she's easy on the eyes, and apparently—so far as men are concerned—she has the missing papers. She

knocks 'em cold. I've seen it all my life. You're the first she ever seemed to want to marry though."

Colonel Crichton-Browne echoed dazedly, "Seemed to want to - "

"Oh, I can see now it's going through," said Constance, and nodded casually to an acquaintance across the dining room. "I was none too sure at first. There have been others, you know. There was a man in Paris last November— however, he crowded his luck; he let her see him one day in a blue collar."

Colonel Crichton-Browne's nervous fingers strayed to his neck. At which Constance's mouth twitched and her greenish-hazel eyes narrowed in a small-boy grin.

"You'll do," she assured him. "Stick to tweeds and the old brier. She likes 'em casual and doggy. My father smoked cigars—butter-and-egg-man stuff."

"Constance," said Colonel Crichton-Browne grimly, "you are a disgusting little beast."

"Yes, aren't I?" said Constance, still smiling.

"You have no—ah—romance. At your age it's extrord'n'ry "

"May get it around fifty," suggested Constance blandly. "Lot of 'em do." Instantly repentant, she stretched one hand across the table and tweaked her prospective stepfather's sleeve. Under a sophisticated mop of short brown curls her small, thin face was oddly wistful.

"I'm pulling for you, Cecil," she assured him. "I swear I am! But you mustn't expect me to rise and cheer. I sit too near the stage."

Colonel Crichton-Browne paid his chit and pocketed his change

"Wait till your number goes up," he suggested.

Constance chuckled, collecting her bag and a book.

"I'll cable you the day it does. No, dear old cabbage, your fiancée has all the tender passion in our outfit."

"It simply isn't decent."

"What—marriage?" inquired Constance. "Oh, come, Cecil! I wouldn't go so far as all that. Decent enough, but highly impractical—like going to sea in a bowl. Tell me nothing! I am the enlightened result of such a cruise."

Colonel Crichton-Browne said he was sorry but he had an appointment in town. He left Constance on the broad hotel lanai with a certain amount of regretful severity in his glance, and Constance, stubborn in her own viewpoint, scowled above her book a while, then went swimming and put the whole discussion one side as being, under the circumstances, distressingly futile.

She assisted at the wedding next day, not too conspicuously for perfect tact, and later at the dock in a smart green hat and with a green frock accenting her arrogant slimness, kissed her mother and shook hands with the colonel.

"Have a good time, darlings!" she said airily. "Remember to look at the scenery once in so often."

Mrs. Crichton-Browne, very lovely and languid, touched an exquisite handkerchief to great brown eyes, put up an appealing mouth and voiced an affecting little sob.

"Connie, my sweet— "

"Kiss me and call it a day!" said Constance briskly. "I never stay to watch a boat pull out. Too much sob stuff. Besides, I have a date."

"With whom?" asked Mrs. Crichton-Browne, drying her lashes delicately

"I thought that'd get you!" said Constance. "See, Cecil, she's coming out of the anæsthetic already. . . . With a nice young navy flier, darling—name of Ronald Jones. Isn't it awful? Who do you suppose his grandfather could have been—if any?"

"That the chap you were dancing with last night?" asked Colonel Crichton-Browne abstractedly. "Rather—ah—towhead?"

"That's the boy!" said Constance. "Nice disposition—affectionate nature. If you don't go on board, you two, you'll miss the boat."

The whistle at that moment screaming wildly, Mrs. Crichton-Browne started and turned toward the gangplank. "We'll wireless you in a day or so. . . . Connie, dearest, I loathe leaving you."

"What for?" said Constance by way of farewell. "However, if you feel you must, I'll be at Lahaina, Maui—going over tomorrow."

"Lahaina, Maui!" gasped Mrs. Crichton-Browne

"Take her on board," said Constance calmly to the colonel. "It's all right. Going to stay with Mrs. Satterley's sister. Fleet'll be there same time—maneuvers and target practice —"

"I see!" said the colonel, adding pertinently, "Well, why not?"

"Bright lad!" said Constance. They exchanged the friendliest of glances

Mrs. Crichton-Browne was tenderly conducted aboard the President Pierce. As Constance made her way to the street the sound of a whistle once more rent the air. Constance swung the roadster awaiting her—it belonged to the friendly Satterleys—sharply across the street, and glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"Lord," she said to herself, "how I do hate hokum!"

By the time the smoke of the President Pierce smudged the horizon she was out of the green frock and into one of amber chiffon, freshly tubbed, freshly powdered, freshly brushed—and the step of Ronald Jones was on the stair

They met amiably, shook hands and grinned at each other.

"You ol' sweet thing!" said Ronald—he had a rocky drawl—"how are you?"

"Don't be funny," said Constance. "I've just been getting my mother married."

"Then that's off your mind," said Ronald. "Where'll we eat?"

They danced that night till after three, at one place and another.

Lahaina, on the coast of the island of Maui, was once a port of call favored of whalers. Wet black rocks, yellow beach, blue Pacific, purple mountains—all the props of the amorous tropics, including once a month an aureate platter of a moon. The whalers went away—found other harbor but Lahaina remained. A scattered handful of roofs in the arm of a crescent shore. Today a two-story hotel, weather-beaten and battered, stands in the center of the town.

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"What D'you Mean, Ha?" "I Mean," Said Constance Coolly, "Love's the Bunk. I Don't Fall for it Because I Know Better"

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE WITCH'S HOUSE

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"And What are These Difficulties, Sir Clovis? It is My Experience That Difficulties are More Easily Dissolved in This Office Than My Clients are Prone to Think"

IN CONSIDERING the many and often acutely anxious activities of that large and breezy gentleman, Mr. Geo. Henry Jay, Agent, of Finch Court, Southampton Row, the critical should never lose sight of the fact that Mr. Jay, like most normal, reasonable and well-meaning men o' business, was incessantly haunted by that very grim specter which, for lack of a better word, is usually called "loss."

And, truly, even when embellished with the more emphatic adjectives, it is a mighty poor word for a mighty poor specter—which hasn't a friend in the world and doesn't deserve one. Some hate it less than others, but Mr. Jay was to a very marked extent one of the others. And it is not to be denied that the frequency of his breathlessly narrow escapes from suffering reverses very completely justified his innate antipathy to said specter.

He was reflecting upon the matter, as usual, one morning after reading a mail so very meager that he would have returned the good cigar he was about to light to its box and selected one from a cheaper box, if he had chanced to have a cheaper personal box handy—which he hadn't, and never would have.

So, sighing, he lit the cigar, swept his silk hat farther back from his brow, and settled down in his chair to condole with himself.

"What I'm like is a persecuted fox," he insisted to himself. "Everybody is kind of against me and always setting out traps all garnished up with bait and things. And as I've got to live, like everybody else, naturally I got to take a look at those baits. And if I get away from the traps without leaving any more than a few inches of my tail in them, well, I guess I'm supposed to call it a good day. Huh!"

It was characteristic of Mr. Jay that he said nothing whatever about what happened to the bait. But his semi-confidential clerk, one Gus Golding, could have shed some light on that point—for gentle George had a very pretty gift for delicately inserting a questing paw under the teeth and over the tongue of a trap. But then again, he was always liable to run up against some new kind of double-acting trap with a set of nice new teeth hidden in reserve and out of sight. And he had a very clearly defined notion that this was so. It was one of his more nervy notions, and it spent a good deal of its spare time in George H.'s company.

It looked in for an hour or two on him this morning; oozing, as one might express it, out of the envelope of a letter from the enormously prosperous and swiftly expanding firm of ladies' footwear specialists, Archmore and Slender, Ltd.

Sole proprietor of a ferociously protected patent device which was guaranteed to give any foot cramped into it an apparent reduction in size of 20 to 33⅓ per cent and yet was definitely warranted not to cripple its wearer in less than eighteen months, Messrs. Archmore and Slender had already grabbed a tremendous proportion of the small-shoe business of London, and, rather amazingly, looked like holding it. They had recently added another astounding success to their popular foot-vise specialty—the Invisible Hose-Curve Pad, which, quite miraculously, eliminated any appearance of outward bend or bow from any and every filled stocking on parade. It was an ingenious device and had already brightened the lives of many fair ladies—and the eyes of many unfair gentlemen.

Archmore and Slender, Ltd., were popular and rich, and, naturally, Mr. Geo. Henry Jay, in his official capacity of agent to G. H. Jay, Esquire, had cast a pensive and speculative eye in their direction just as soon as he had heard about this popularity and richness.

No agent worthy of the title can humanly be expected to cast his eyes hither and yon for the mere fun of the thing, and Mr. Jay had not done so.

He had been active and intelligent about things, so much so that he had enabled himself to purchase the tail end of a shop lease in Bond Street upon which, he had gleaned, Archmore's had already cast interested eyes with the very reasonable intention of opening a small but highly expensive branch there.

Geo. H., by methods which were as entirely and strictly confidential as his telegraphic address—"Privacy, London"—had scrambled home ahead of Archmore's by a short half inch in the matter of the remaining nineteen years of unexpired lease. And he had been spending the past week unpleasantly, like a chilblained cat on hot bricks, "negotiating" with the shoe specialists for the sale of the lease at a profit which a prude in these matters would have described as wholly revolting, though few of us would agree

that there is anything in the least revolting in buying an unexpired lease for five hundred pounds quick cash and selling it within a week for three thousand pounds—which was the desirable result at which the squire of Finch Court had aimed.

He had looked with some confidence in his morning's mail for Archmore and Slender's firm offer of the three thousand. Instead, he had found a short letter from that company advising him briefly that it had changed its plans for a Bond Street branch, and consequently, with great regret, was compelled to advise him that it was no longer interested in acquiring the lease.

"It gives me," grumbled Mr. Jay heartily to his cigar, "a pain. Firms that don't know their own mind from one moment to another ought to be run out of business. They're a menace, they are time wasters, they lift up your hopes and then knock 'em down. Teasers. Yes. . . . What is it now, Golding?"

His clerk had just entered in company with a January draft through the half-opened door.

"Sir Clovis Jackson has called, sir. He wrote for an appointment at ten-thirty today."

Mr. Jay fingered one of the shorter letters he had received that morning.

"Yes, that's so. What's he like, Gus?"

"Needy-looking, Smart Set, work-shy, over thirty-five, over six feet, overdrawn at the bank. Well dressed, of course, but he's got a hungry eye, in a fair to middling face."

Geo. H. nodded thoughtfully and dubiously. "Needy-looking, Smart Set, work-shys" rarely brought any grist to the Finch Court mill or to the jolly miller thereat. Still, one had to see them, for though they rarely had anything themselves, they were often allowed to mix quite freely with people who were all but weary with money.

"Oh, very well, Gus, my boy. Send him in," commanded Mr. Jay, without much hope.

Sir Clovis proved to be one of those gentlemen who, from their early youth, have had to be baronets with nothing to be it on. This on account of the accident of birth and upbringing. He was just as exclusively a British product as a French count who has nothing at all to count is a French product; or a Russian baron who is totally barren is a Bolshevist product. These are what they are by no fault of their own—and many of them are quite charming chaps.

To an expert such as the jolly miller of Finch Court, Sir Clovis was very obviously a gentleman full of good intentions but devoid of strength of character. He was, moreover, quite good-looking in a well-bred, damn-you-fellow sort of way.

But, equally obviously, the tail of his bank account was always between its legs—and always had been; while his chance of ever settling his tailor's bill, for example, wasn't a chance at all

Before hearty Mr. Jay had glanced a second time at the good-looking though somewhat worn Sir Clovis, he was aware that the gentleman brought less than he sincerely trusted to take away.

The careful way in which Sir Clovis pulled up his trousers to avoid knee bag proved that to Geo. H. It was not foppishness—it was economy, the 100 per cent quality.

But there was a quality of far-off humor in the eyes of Sir Clovis, and a touch of sincerity in his rather pleasant voice that interested Geo. H.

He was, of course, perfectly arrayed, and as Gus had correctly stated he was good-looking—in the style of a rather harassed young-old fellow about to cease being good-looking. He was peeping over the fence between summer and autumn, and not fancying the autumn scenery at all.

The man, in fact, looked as if he needed a good home, and was getting tired of trying to hide it.

Graceful preliminaries took place, after which Mr. Jay, sensing confidences, locked the door, breezily announcing his telegraphic address, offered a cigarette and invited the caller to speak freely. Sir Clovis Jackson, evidently encouraged by his reception, did so. He made it clear that, shortly, Mr. Jay might expect a lady caller, one Mrs. Raymond Touchwood, in search of expert advice.

"That, Sir Clovis, is always at the disposal of my clients," beamed Geo. H

"Quite so, naturally. One sees that, what?" inquired Sir Clovis, readjusting his eyeglass most emphatically. "You see, my dear Mr. Jay, the lady has quite recently broken—yes, what I mean to say, literally, what?—broken the bank at Monte Carlo. For a few minutes only, of course—it's impossible to break, in the sense of totally destroying the bank, naturally. They just suspend playing at the table until an attendant can bring more money from the—ah—heap, what?"

"Yes, ha-ha!" said Mr. Jay cordially.

"Mrs. Touchwood won something like eleven thousand pounds in three nights, don't you know," said Sir Clovis Jackson wistfully. "She lost two thousand before she decided to stop. At Monaco she made the acquaintance of a Lady Fasterton and her friend, Miss Winnie O'Wynn. She confided in these charming ladies certain difficulties which threatened to confront her when she returned to London and they advised her to consult you."

"Exactly so," said George Henry sonorously, as though consulting him was quite the correct and natural finish to breaking the bank.

"And what are these difficulties, Sir Clovis?" he continued cheerily. "It is my experience that difficulties are, on the whole, more easily dissolved in this office than my clients are prone to think."

Sir Clovis brightened, smiling.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Raymond Touchwood—a widow, what?—has already a private income from trustee securities, gilt-edged, what I mean to say, of approximately three thousand a year. Not too bad, that, I think?"

"So do I think so—um!" agreed Geo. Henry.

"That money—the three thousand—is absolutely safe money," explained Sir Clovis Jackson with the deference which three thousand safe money commands from one who has never had three hundred unsafe. "But, as I think Mrs. Touchwood will tell you, three thousand a year is not quite enough for her needs." He gave a queer little shrug as of one who apologizes gently and understandingly for the Mrs. Touchwoods of this planet. "And so she desires to invest these winnings—about nine thousand, what?—in some enterprise which will show her a much better return than the 3 and 4 per cent accruing to her from her gilt-edged securities."

Mr. Jay nodded benevolently.

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A Chatty Quarter of an Hour Over the Teacups, Check Books and Fountain Pens Put Everything in Order

AMBASSADORS OF TRADE

The Opening Day of a New Shop in China Commerce Department representatives are Alert to Promote the Sale of American Goods in Such Shops as These

Advertising Posters on a Blind Wall in China. An Investigation of Advertising Methods in the Orient Was Made by a Trade Commissioner of the Department of Commerce

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THERE is a widespread belief that diplomatic representatives and members of the consular service constitute our only official link with foreign countries. But during the past few years we have created another kind of envoy who deals with the activity upon which our whole economic well-being now rests. He is the commercial attaché, or trade commissioner, and as such he is a real ambassador of trade.

Whether in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Tokio, Rio de Janeiro, Peking, Buenos Aires or Constantinople, these ambassadors man the listening and observation posts on the overseas business battle front. They collect the immense mass of commercial intelligence that streams into the Department of Commerce and is capitalized into opportunities for the exporter. Putting it in another way, they are the field commanders of the American army of trade promotion which scours the world.

Romance and adventure mingle with the practicality of their effort. One day they appear in morning coat and top hat at some state function in a world capital. The next they may depart in khaki on some hazardous journey of exploration to the headwaters of the Amazon, the interior of China or the wilds of Anatolia. A considerable part of our incessant search for new and independent sources of raw materials like rubber, to circumvent alien monopolies in them, is in their hands. Thus Yankee penetration, upon which the sun never sets, spans the whole cycle of production.

Moreover, the work of our ambassadors of commerce not only swells trade returns but affects the destinies of nations as well. The recent award to an American company of a $27,000,000 contract for the drainage and irrigation of the great Saloniki Plain will register an epoch in the modern economic history of Greece. As an event it ranks second in importance only to the tremendous influx of refugees in 1922 and 1923, and is of far greater material value.

Selling the World

THIS contract, which was made possible by the active intercession of the American Legation and the American commercial attaché at Athens in the face of active foreign competition, will eventually provide the opportunity for prosperous settlement for at least 25,000 refugee families. Being agricultural peasants, they will largely solve the pressing food-scarcity problem in Greece. The contract will also afford daily work over a period of five years for 5000 men: will increase the value of the Saloniki area by about $38,000,000 and, it is expected, balance the foreign trade of the country. I could cite numerous similar instances.

The commercial attachés and trade commissioners are part of the foreign service of the Department of Commerce, which added more than $500,000,000 to our $5,000,000,000 of exports during the past twelve months. It is a vital and indispensable factor in the development of American interests wherever men buy and sell, and has helped to make the United States a commercial power of the first magnitude. The average monthly value of exports during 1925 was more than $390,000,000, an increase of 12 per cent over the preceding year. Incidentally, our imports are on a larger scale than ever before. For the first three-quarters of last year they were larger than for any full year prior to 1919. We have learned that to sell abroad we must buy abroad.

Technically, the foreign service operates under the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, of which Dr. Julius Klein is director. In the preceding article I explained the larger departmental organization radiating from Secretary Hoover, and presented his foreign-trade formula. We can now go ahead with a revelation of the concrete activities of the bureau and, what is more important, the actual results.

It scarcely seems necessary to emphasize the urgent need of a standardized export trade such as is sponsored by the Department of Commerce, for it has become the guaranty of our national economic integrity. To quote Doctor Klein: "Prosperity is never constant. Eventually there will be a sag in the line. A carefully planned export program therefore is a tried and practical insurance policy to check the severity of that downward slide."

A sober and farsighted system of sales abroad has, in thousands of instances, been just enough to pull the balance over to the right side of the ledger. To the average house, export trade is not so important for its own sake as for its effect upon the stability of the whole merchandising operation of the establishment. Because certain American industries have spread their sales risks over the entire world, their outlets are secure and stable and they can maintain fairly uniform prices. In other words, foreign markets are buffers between the ups and downs of domestic demand.

Advertisements on Chinese Walls

Uncle Sam's Export Experts

OBVIOUSLY, to make export trade stable, the exporter must be well informed. He can proceed profitably only on the basis of accurate and comprehensive data. American firms often make the mistake of trying to sell goods where no local use can be made of them. Importers in Bermuda, for example, are constantly being circularized by manufacturers of automobile accessories in face of the fact that there is not a single automobile on the island. The use of motor cars is prohibited by law. Likewise, makers of hair-curling and marcel-waving equipment often try to sell their wares in areas inhabited exclusively by blacks, whose particular demand is for anti-curling devices. Island merchants in the West Indies, where the sole piece of equipment is an oxcart, receive letters from firms wishing to sell sugar-mill machinery. News of the opening of an artificial ice-skating rink in Buenos Aires resulted in an avalanche of ice-skate literature from the United States. The rink in question measured exactly ten by twenty feet. These procedures are practically as absurd as shipping fur coats to the equator.

All this means that whether the exporter is large or small he is in constant need of facts, and frequently more direct forms of assistance. He must know the trends of trade, local conditions, foreign production figures, import and export statistics, statutes relating to tariffs, currency movements, corporation laws, patent and trade-mark legislation, regulations about commercial travelers, specifications

governing the packing and labeling of foodstuffs, especially in tins, the status of embargoes, sales and stamp taxes, and many other agencies that make for success or failure in the overseas selling endeavor. In addition, emergencies arise which require quick and even forceful intervention by some representative on the spot. It may be to expedite a transaction or to prevent delay in delivery, the imposition of penalties or actual confiscation of goods.

No individual American firm—and for that matter, no group of concerns—is in a position to provide such a vast service of fact finding on the one hand or active coöperation on the other. It is clearly the function of the Government. This is precisely what Uncle Sam has done in the erection of our foreign-trade promotion and intervention service.

Fully to comprehend just how this foreign service works, you must know, first, the structure of organization; second, the operation of its commercial intelligence, which is the lifeblood of a considerable part of our export trade.

The service dates from July, 1905, when an appropriation of $30,000 became available to the then Secretary of Commerce and Labor for compensation and necessary traveling expenses for "special agents to investigate trade conditions abroad with the object of promoting the foreign commerce of the United States." The present appropriation is $3,000,000. Though the financial outlay has increased a hundredfold and exceeds that of any other governmental bureau save the Veterans' Bureau, the benefits are well-nigh incalculable.

Itinerant Agents

FROM 1905 until 1914 commercial investigation in the foreign field was carried on wholly by agents traveling from place to place. A hint of the early significance of what they did is gained from the employment at home of the results of their labors abroad. In 1907 the expert who investigated the Lancashire district in England obtained samples of every grade of cotton piece goods exported from that district, including a number of fabrics not manufactured in the United States, but whose production, it was believed, could be undertaken readily and profitably on this side of the Atlantic. Upon his return an itinerary was arranged for him, embracing the principal cotton-manufacturing centers of the Southern states. The agent conferred with mill managers, exhibited samples and supplied information which led to the manufacture of these fabrics over here. The European expert in leather performed the same service for the associated leather industries of New England.

In 1913—by this time the Department of Commerce and Labor had long been divided, and the commerce end was functioning on its own—the officials in charge of foreign service began to urge the advisability of giving definite statutory recognition to its field agents to assure them continuity of policy and employment. It was vital that they should be put in a position to compete with the foreign-trade representatives of other nations. Commercial geography had become a highly important world study. It was suggested that permanent commercial attachés be maintained at posts especially important to our export trade.

Accordingly, just a month before the outbreak of the World War in 1914, this recommendation, made by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, was acceded to by Congress. The sum of $100,000 was appropriated for the establishment of commercial attachés, "to be appointed by the Secretary of Commerce after examination under his direction to determine their competency, and to be accredited through the State Department."

Ten attachés were named at the start. The centers selected and the territories served first by them were: London for the United Kingdom; Berlin for Germany, Netherlands, Denmark, Norway and Sweden; Paris for France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Belgium; St. Petersburg for Russia; Buenos Aires for Argentina, Paraguay and Uruguay; Peking for Japan and China; Rio de Janeiro for Brazil; Lima for Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia; Santiago for Chile, and Melbourne for Australia and New Zealand. From these ten pioneer posts sprang the present world-wide chain of attachés and trade commissioners which represents the American business man in every important capital.

In addition to attachés at each capital of any importance, the foreign service has representatives at Alexandria, Batavia, Bogota, Bombay, Calcutta, Helsingfors, Manila, Montevideo, Sydney, Riga; at San Juan, Porto Rico and Ottawa. The last-named post, established late in 1924, is especially valuable since Canada takes approximately one-sixth of our exports each year. Expert information on the differences between Canadian and American markets is essential to our export sales organizations. The need of an office at Ottawa was demonstrated by the requests submitted by our manufacturers within a week after it was opened. These included a wide range, such as the sale of American textiles, radio apparatus, clocks, school equipment, scales and advertising novelties. Furthermore, the services of the office were at once sought by prospective Canadian buyers of sundry lines.

As the foreign-service contacts with the American business world became more and more intimate it was realized that reports on various commodity situations must be obtained with the least possible delay. This was especially

Dr. Julius Klein, Director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce

true of coffee, of which we consume more than any other country in the world. Hence an office was opened at São Paulo, under the general supervision of the attaché at Rio de Janeiro. Similar offices have also been opened at Hamburg, Johannesburg, Shanghai and Canton, China.

Our Commercial Attachés in the War

TO GO back a moment, it was peculiarly fortunate that the commercial-attaché system was inaugurated in time to have it function during the World War. Prior to its outbreak the major work was almost entirely trade promotive. With our entry into the great struggle the scope widened, because the personnel had to devote themselves also to economic developments that would aid in the prosecution of the conflict, especially in the pressing matter of finding raw materials like platinum, of which we had an insufficient supply. They also coöperated with the War Trade Board, the Shipping Board, the Food Administration, the War Industries Board, the Department of Agriculture, and, of course, the State and War departments.

With the signing of the Armistice the commercial attachés not only resumed the normal activities of trade promotion and investigation but helped to solve the many problems that developed with the readjustment period. In Argentina, Brazil, Japan, for example, they ironed out the difficulties involved in the deluge of American goods that far exceeded

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At Top—Trade Commissioner Axel H. Oxholm Investigating the Scandinavian Lumber Industry and Trade

Center—His Excellency Governor Yen Hsi San, the Enlightened and Progressive Shansi Ruler, and Commercial Attache Julean Arnold

At Right—American Trade Commissioner Philip S. Smith Golfing at La Paz, Bolivia, 13,500 Feet Above Sea Level. (The Flock of Llamas Might Interfere With the Mashie Shots)

BASE ORE AND HIGH GRADE

The Sun Rose and the Air Became Oppressive With the Morning Heat. Still He Went Steadily, Doggedly Forward

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THE men who knew Brandt Cooper believed chance was his only mistress, gambling his only passion, and the girl, Eledice, his one desire. But Eledice, who knew Brandt always carried with him, like an amulet for luck, a little chamois bag filled with flakes of gold, believed the hidden vein he sought out in the desert was his mistress, his passion and his desire in one. She should have judged him more fairly. Didn't he, each time he came back from his unending search, pour the soft grains of yellow gold into her cupped hands and tell her that some day he would make it into a wedding ring for her to wear? At such moments she was sure there never had been another man more considerate and gentle. But the time came—that time when Kerry Palmer's huge body lay bullet-stricken, with his soul hovering between this plane and a better one, and Brandt had fled, a fugitive, into the desert—the time came when she believed, as others believed, that he was hard and ruthless, as hard and ruthless as the desert of which he was intrinsically a part.

From the beginning it seemed as if those two men were destined to cross and antagonize each other. Mark even how they chanced to meet. Cooper, in need of a grubstake, had quit, temporarily, his search for the hidden vein of gold in order to prospect for a deposit of baser ore. And Palmer, in legal difficulties as usual, was footing it across the desert, seeking a new field in which to operate. They traveled, coming from opposite directions, along a trail that led mile after wearying mile across baked and creviced mud flats, shifting sands and banks of alkali, until they came within sight of the white spires and castellated crest of a low limestone butte—an upheaved segment of ancient sea bed that was surrounded by a far-reaching flow of porphyritic rock. Two generations of desert men had prospected that flow of porphyry without success and, cursing the place as barren, had turned incuriously away from the low butte of limestone and gone on toward the more promising foothills of the Sierras.

Cooper, plodding patiently behind his patient burros, veered off from the trail as soon as he sighted the eroded crest of the butte. In a dry wash at the edge of the porphyry he had found several worn and weathered fragments of whitish rock flecked with crumbling crystals of galena—tiny particles of bluish-gray mineral rich in lead and silver. He knew these fragments must have come from a vein in or near the limestone, and that during the passing of the ages they had been carried inch by inch and foot by foot down the channel of some long since obliterated stream to the place where he found them.

As the burros were turning unhurriedly toward the butte, one of them stopped and looked curiously along the trail. Cooper, aroused from the preoccupation of his search for other fragments of float, glanced up and perceived that another man was approaching. He spoke aloud, addressing the burros:

"Well, stupids, will you look at the bird! He's carrying his outfit across his shoulders on a stick. A water sack on one end of the stick and a traveling bag on the other end. Let's wait and see what the desert has turned up this time." When the man came close enough so that details of his appearance could be discerned, Cooper spoke again: "All dressed up like he was going to a party—must be the fellow they call Kerry Palmer."

He had never before seen Kerry Palmer, but he had heard of him many times, knew he was a mining engineer who wasted his talents promoting wildcat schemes—a big, capable, genial man, but vain, and cursed with a perversity that kept him always on the wrong side of things.

"Howdy, stranger," Cooper greeted when Palmer had come within hailing distance. "Are you going somewhere or are you just traveling?"

"I'm traveling, mister, traveling," Palmer answered cheerfully, seating himself on a smooth bowlder and feeling absently in his pockets for a cigarette.

Cooper proffered papers and tobacco.

"Thanks," Palmer said gratefully. "When I hit the trail I didn't take time to lay in a supply." He paused as he rolled and lighted the cigarette, smiling reminiscently, like a kid who has been into some harmless mischief. "Day before yesterday," he continued after a moment, explaining his presence on the desert, "some gentlemen called on me unexpectedly—stockholders in a copper property I've been promoting. At least I've been calling it a copper property. Those birds wanted to go out, right that moment, to see what they had been buying. Well, it was just an old abandoned hole in the ground, and I didn't have time to wreck the tunnel or to pull any of the usual stunts for keeping them on the outside of the diggings. When I began to stall for time they began to talk nasty. That was my cue to become dignified and walk away from them. I'm still walking." He glanced down at his shoes. "Almost worn out," he commented. "These light street shoes weren't meant for desert trails. But I have another pair in my bag that will carry me to the edge of the desert. There's a little town in the foothills ——"

Cooper nodded. "A good little town. I drift in there occasionally myself. But it is a long way from here. Must be a hundred and fifty miles."

"All of that," Palmer agreed indifferently. He paused again, puffing contentedly at the cigarette.

A giant of a man, this Kerry Palmer, although his enormous strength was concealed by the fat of good living. Cooper had heard tales of his prodigious feats—trips like this across the desert without rest or food; barroom fights against incredible odds; claim-jumping battles in which there had been nothing to gain but the momentary thrill of excitement and action. Cooper had heard many such tales, and as a background for each there had always been some whisper of trickery and crooked work. Yet as the man sat there with his hat pushed jauntily back from his wide forehead, his strong smooth hands clasped over one knee, a smile softening the hard lines of his face, he seemed the embodiment of all the better qualities and characteristics that are admired in men.

Palmer at that moment was thinking of the little town nestling in the foothills at the edge of the desert—a town of opportunity—a town where mining men from all parts of the world forgathered. In the dining room of Dad Moreland's hotel they exchanged the gossip of the camps, told of new discoveries of ore, related tales of fortunes won and lost in the never-ending quest for the hidden minerals of the earth—a quest as old as civilization, as new as the newest dawn. Moreland, himself a follower of the camps, left the management of the hotel to his daughter, the grave Eledice. A favorite with the mining men, this girl, the hope and despair of many a youngster with his reputation yet to make and his fortune yet to win.

"Yes, it's a good little town," Palmer said finally, repeating Cooper's statement. "I drift in there every so often myself. Like the rest of the mining fraternity, I usually go to pay my respects to Moreland's daughter."

The heat-etched lines of Cooper's bronzed face deepened and his eyes flashed with a cold light—a warning Palmer observed, but did not at the moment understand. Immediately he rose and whistled his burros into action.

"What's your hurry?" Palmer demanded. "You might as well stick around for a while and be sociable. What are you aiming to do? Prospect this flow of porphyry?"

The question seemed casual enough, but he watched with shrewd, appraising eyes for Cooper's reaction. Cooper ignored the question.

"You know your trail and I know mine," he said. "We might as well be traveling."

"Now wait a moment," Palmer insisted. "I'm interested in this formation. The limestone in contact with the porphyry recalls to my mind some facts I once learned from my textbooks. Perhaps if you stick around you may be able to learn something, even from a white-collar guy."

"Not about prospecting," Cooper said bluntly.

Palmer became sarcastic.

"Indeed! I suppose you consider yourself the final authority on the subject. Who are you anyhow?"

"My name is Brandt Cooper."

Cooper was no mean figure in the mining camps. A hard man, report said, dangerous when crossed. And the stories that were told about the ore deposits he had discovered and the fortunes he had sloughed away over the gambling tables heightened about him the glamour with which the world invests solitary men who live without respect for tradition or the conventions. Palmer began to appraise him with new interest; noticed for the first time his long, powerfully muscled arms, his huge shoulders, the great torso above lean flanks and tapering limbs. A body that was symbolical of strength and endurance! Now, recalling the stories he had heard regarding Cooper's friendship for Eledice, he was able to understand the danger signals he had observed when speaking of the girl. It was to Palmer's credit that, no matter what else might be said of him, there was in his character a certain inherent respect for women. Because of his high regard for Eledice, he resented Cooper's attitude, experienced an emotion of quick antagonism. But this was no time or place to yield to such an emotion. Believing that Cooper must have some definite reason for going up toward the butte, he decided he might be able to get in on something good if he went with him.

"So you are Brandt Cooper," he said ingratiatingly. "I've heard about you. If all I've heard is true, you certainly wouldn't be able to learn much from me about prospecting. As a matter of fact, I was stalling when I made that crack about delivering a lecture from my textbooks. You had said that I knew my trail and you knew yours—meaning for me to be on my way—and I began to stall for time, hating to admit that I don't know the trails in this part of the desert. I was trusting to luck when I started on this trip, and I haven't enough grub or water to last much longer. Now I'm appealing to your generosity. I want to stick with you until you go out to civilization again."

Cooper, knowing the other's reputation for making long trips across the desert with but a scanty supply of food, had no doubt he was lying—surmised his reason for lying. Another man might have tried to evade or avoid the situation Palmer was creating, but Cooper never evaded or avoided anything. Deliberately he took from his pocket the fragments of rock he had been carrying.

"What do you make of these?" he asked.

"Galena!" Palmer exclaimed.

"Yes, it's galena," Cooper agreed. "I believe there is a deposit of ore up near the butte—and I do my prospecting alone. However, I can't let it be said that I ever refused to share my supplies, so if you insist upon accompanying me ——" He paused and shrugged his heavy shoulders "But I'm going to impose one condition: You'll stay in camp until I'm ready to move again. If you try to do any prospecting on your own account you'll be mighty—unlucky."

Without further words he turned and plodded along after the burros. Palmer, repressing a smile of satisfaction mingled with contempt, swung into step beside him. Had he been in Cooper's place, he would not have permitted a stranger to accompany him—would have fought it out then and there rather than be forced into sharing a valuable secret. He did not guess he was but adding a new element of chance to the venture which appealed to the prospector's inherent love of risk.

Already Cooper was wondering to what extremes Palmer would go. Would he wait until ore was discovered and then bring in some of his associates and attempt to jump the claims? Would he be willing to attempt deliberate murder to gain possession? Or would he be content to stake out other claims in the vicinity of the discovery?

It was characteristic of Cooper to make any game in which he engaged attractive to his opponent; so, after they had walked together for a little distance, he began to speak of the possibilities that lay ahead of them; amused himself by playing upon Palmer's desire for easy wealth. He began by telling of other occasions when he had prospected the porphyry without success, and how, this trip, he had discovered the weathered fragments of vein matter.

"There is no trace of mineral anywhere else in the district," he explained. "So these fragments must have been carried down from this side of the butte by some ancient stream."

"Someone once told me," Palmer commented, "that the drainage had all been by way of a cañon that cuts out across the desert from the other side."

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Didn't He, Each Time He Came Back From His Unending Search, Pour the Soft Grains of Yellow Gold Into Her Cupped Hands?

SINGING VOICES

By Dr. Clarence C. Rice

AS THE curtain fell at the Metropolitan at the end of an act of a favorite opera the old-timers, who know every note and situation, got together as usual in the lobby to dissect the performance. One of them asked, "Why doesn't that artist get more genuine applause? The ushers and the claque made all the noise. The singer has a large voice, good diction; his technic is all that could be desired; in fact, he is correct musically in every detail, but he does not stir his audience. What's the trouble?"

"Well," replied the expert, "did he give you any thrill? The singing voice is just like the speaking voice; it's either pleasant to listen to or the reverse. In the case of this man, he has all the assets but one—the most important of all. His tone contains no warmth, no appeal; it's devoid of all pathetic quality; there are no tears in his voice. It's mechanical, cold and gray in color. It is a pity that time and money are wasted on a voice which gives no pleasure to an audience."

Margaret Matzenauer, the Prima Donna Contralto

These remarks interested me. It was an old story, and the question again presented itself: Can the quality—the timbre, it is called—of this man's voice and that of many other failures be improved? How can an uninteresting voice, though it be well executed, be made a pleasure to hear, sympathetic, perhaps pathetic, like the tones of a cello? How can the singer charm his audience? It is almost though happily not quite true that the soul-thrilling quality in a tone is born with the person and not acquired even by diligent study. Students must take every opportunity to listen to beautiful voices, study the method by which they create emotion. They certainly do not emit notes in a direct line from the throat, only slightly raised above the surface of the tongue, to a wide-open mouth. "White" singing, this is called, for it is colorless and unpleasant in quality. Rather, they should let tone gain appeal by placing it at the roof of the mouth, where it acquires color vibrations from the space behind and above the palate and from the resonant sinuses.

The Voice Sins of the Fathers

THE statement that the singing voice has the same quality as the speaking voice gives us a lead. The quality of a speaking voice is an inheritance. Members of the same family intone alike. A person cannot select his native place, where speaking voices are soft, round, sweet and agreeable. If he could he would not choose some parts of the Middle West, the South, or even of New England. When we listen to a competent English company on the dramatic stage we readily admit that their intonation is much more agreeable than that of the ordinary American voice. In spite of this, the American voice often has a quality of pathos and appeal without which a singing voice gives little pleasure.

Why do most vocal instructors who are very successful in teaching pitch, diction, technic and style pay so little attention to the quality of tone their pupils are producing? I suppose it's because the task is a very difficult one and therefore does not meet with success in the majority of cases.

The speaking voice should be trained in childhood. Beginners showing talent and deciding to commence vocal instruction should be taken away from families and locations where the speaking voice is not of proper quality and placed where they have opportunity to imitate agreeable voices. Voice teachers should permit their pupils to listen only to those singers whose voices give pleasure to an audience. If you would improve the voice you must improve the ear. Careless imitation is not enough, but intense studious imitation is necessary to copy the quality of tone of the successful artist. It will be of advantage to the soprano to listen to the tones of a violin, the contralto to the viola and the tenor to the cello.

It goes without saying that the singer must be thrilled by his own work. If every singer could take instruction for the dramatic stage, that would be helpful, for the actor playing a sympathetic part would be a great failure if he could not affect his audience. After all, it's the inherent character of the singer that counts. Most great artists are people of marked personality. Long study and serious contemplation of their work have placed them far above the standard of the ordinary performer. Fascinating quality of tone seems to be inherent in certain nations—the Welsh and Irish—while the Anglo-Saxons seem to be governed by a subconscious feeling of repression. They are not so willing to show their emotions to an audience; hence in singing, their tones are gray in color and cold in sentiment. Asking the opinion on this subject of Mr. Frank La Forge, a celebrated vocal teacher, I got the following answer:

"The most beautiful quality of the voice is produced when good diaphragmatic support and full relaxation of the throat prevail. Nature places the tone if not restricted by tension and lack of support."

A very suggestive explanation—complete muscular relaxation about the throat and unconscious power by means of a chest cavity filled with air; this expiratory power used steadily and economically. The singer can also assist Nature and add great value to the phrase by a thorough appreciation of the meaning of the text. Muscular relaxation will be aided by cheerfulness and a smiling countenance. I knew of one vocal teacher who made all her pupils assume a forced grin. This caused too great facial contraction, the enemy of relaxation.

On this subject of improving the quality of the voice, I made inquiry of another noted vocal instructor of New York City, Mr. Oscar Saenger. He said that he made every effort to eradicate the disagreeable qualities in a singer's voice first by improving the speaking voice. He had his pupils, before their singing lesson, read interesting selections from Shakspere with as much dramatic effect as possible, and he made them interpret the meaning of the text. He did not even allow them to run the scale in a mechanical way, because this had a tendency to create a monotonous tone. Such helpful suggestions as holding a rose in the hand and singing to it as to a beautiful personality he had found useful. One soprano, very successful because she has a voice of beautiful quality, told me that in the early part of her career she insisted on always having a very sympathetic friend in her audience and she mentally sang to her alone.

Madame Margaret Matzenauer, the quality of whose voice leaves little or nothing to be desired, writes me: "Improvement of timbre in a singing voice is to be accomplished only by absolute relaxation of the vocal apparatus, as well as correct diaphragmatic breathing."

Edna May in The Catch of the Season

Partisan Criticism

I ASKED the opinion of Madame Frances Alda, the famous soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, on this subject of beauty of tone. Nobody in the world is a better judge of voice. This is her opinion:

"Assuming that one is otherwise competent in the art of singing, the matter of putting timbre on the voice is largely one of relaxation acquired by muscular control.

"Head tones must be cultivated and the voice permitted to float. Throat muscles should be thoroughly relaxed and never allowed to tighten. Breathing must be done from the diaphragm."

The professional singer who is paid to entertain the public is always subjected to severe criticism. She knows that no matter how perfect a voice she has for the evening performance, and no matter if her acting is up to the highest standard, she may be adversely criticized by anyone in the audience who happens to be an admirer of some other artist. One can hear in the foyer between acts such comments as this: "Wasn't she divine! I never heard such beautiful singing."

As one strolls a little farther on he hears that this same artist is in rotten voice and that Signor Gatti should be arrested for casting her in the rôle.

So there you are. Many of an operatic audience are intense partisans and cannot admit good singing or acting by any artist except their favorites. The great singers know this and have long since discounted such adverse opinion. It's fair to say, of course, that various people hold different opinions as to the merits of a performance, but there are not a few who do not appreciate the difference between high-class and mediocre singing.

Frances Alda in La Boheme

If the public does not spare the artist with its criticism, I am happy to record that in the many conversations I have had with the best of singers I do not remember hearing one speak unkindly of another one's performance, even when they were singing the same rôles. And this is particularly true of vaudeville artists. What their inmost thoughts may be is another matter. The explanation of this apparent kindliness would seem to be that the great

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CORPORATIONS AND PEOPLE

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

NO ONE who pays the least attention to forces now at work can fail to notice what a rapid diffusion is taking place in the ownership of industry. It seems to be passing from the wealthy classes to those of small and moderate means. We cannot yet foresee all the effects of such a change, but at the very least the saving and investing habits of many thousands are being transformed by this shifting of stock ownership to the people at large.

The great corporations of the country are coming into the ownership of people who have only the slightest familiarity with financial markets, and little if any experience in the arts of speculation and investment. The methods by which these folk, mostly the employes and patrons of the corporations, are enlisted as part owners, resemble hardly at all those of Wall Street. The appeal to proprietorship is made on a more direct and simple basis, and the results are not likely to prove the same.

Yet any form of investment must eventually justify itself to the owner on the ground of security. Other motives which lead to ownership, such as pride, loyalty, good will and the mere instinct of gregariousness or association, must in the long run prove incidental. The enlistment or enrollment of millions of plain people as stockholders in the corporations through the device of employe or customer ownership campaigns will prove beneficial only provided the stocks thus disposed of are in themselves sound.

When a company sells stock to its employes other than officers it assumes a degree of moral responsibility which is lacking when the same securities are disposed of through bankers to impersonal, absentee and often distant investors. This is patently so, even though the legal obligations may be precisely the same.

Subway Riders Buy Stock Underground

Wages and Savings in the Same Basket

THE same kind of responsibility, although perhaps in a lesser degree, rests upon the company when it deliberately sells two and three shares of stock to local housewives, mechanics, clerks and school-teachers, instead of putting it out through a syndicate to the more professional type of investor and speculator. Employes and customers are partners even before they become stockholders. They are part of the same works, of the same community, and as neighbors are entitled to a more personal type of solicitude than outsiders, reached as they are through the cold, impersonal medium of the Wall Street investment markets.

Says the employer to himself, "The employe owner will be more of an asset to this business than an outsider. For he has a double interest in its welfare, in his salary and his dividends. The outsider is interested only in dividends."

But suppose the business does not always remain as successful as it is today? The employe may be thrown out of a job at just the moment when dividends stop and the price of the stock is down. In other words, how much of the worker's savings should be subject to the same risk as his employment? For at the very time the employe needs insurance he doesn't have it, provided he loses his job and his dividends at the same time. To have his savings in the same company that employs him increases his risks, theoretically at least.

A large and growing concern sets aside 40 per cent of its net profits for a fund to buy stock for employes. The head of the concern recently said, "We want it to be unnecessary for anyone in our organization to have an outside business interest. There is a big opportunity here for each one."

Of course there is a wonderful opportunity for each one as long as such a generous profit-sharing plan prevails, and as long as the profits themselves are large. But business has its lean as well as fat years and periods. Several employe stock plans were started in 1919 and 1920 at prices which must have looked pretty sick in 1921 and 1922. The present prosperity, which makes almost any stock plan look good, may not last forever.

Several years ago a company sold stock to employes at par when it was quoted at 180 in the open market. Naturally they were eager to subscribe. A year later the stock went to 240, but after that it fell to 94. Also a strike took place, and only about 20 per cent of the men who had started buying stock on part payments finished. There was a provision that anyone could get out with what he had paid in plus 6 per cent interest. When the stock fell below par there were employes who withdrew what they had put in, plus the interest, and bought the stock in the open market.

Lessons From the Past

THIS case illustrates the difficulties occasionally encountered in stock plans. But the company has persisted. To insure more stability in the future, it has reduced the par value of the stock.

Unless we have reached the business millennium, it is not to be presumed that all large corporations will always be well managed, although they all appear to be in the pink of condition in times of prosperity.

Memories are lamentably short. It was only ten or fifteen years ago that numbers of prominent corporations were being raked over the coals for mismanagement. Protective committees of stock and bond holders were being formed, while newspapers and magazines were filled with articles on the legislation needed to protect investors. All that is forgotten now, but it will be revived quickly enough should there be another period of corporate mismanagement.

A recent advertisement of a gas-company preferred-stock issue contains an illustration of an old man and an infant riding above the landscape on a magic carpet, which is a certificate of the company's stock. "It carries feeble old age and helpless infancy across the chill waters of poverty," says the title. Quite true. As far as anyone can now tell, the stock is a good investment. But why go so far as to add the words: "6.42 per cent for life"?

Who knows what will become of that or any other investment in a lifetime? The history of investments, like that of man in general, is not one of permanence so much as it is of change. Only twenty years ago the bonds of ferry companies were regarded as gilt-edge securities. Canals and toll roads had earlier gone the same way, before the days of railroads, and in the past fifteen years the railroads themselves have had their own troubles.

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Large Signs are Used to Sell Stock to Customers

THE LOVE OF A MORON

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Mr. Brathwaite Was a Wildcat, and if He Noticed That Marty Was Helpless Without His Glasses, He Certainly Didn't Appear To

AS NEARLY as I can recollect—I don't want to speak too hastily—Marty Howe is the only bird I ever knew who wanted to die for George Bernard Shaw. Ordinarily, I might say, this would be jake by me, because any time a bird wants to die for George Bernard Shaw he's just proving to me that he's nothing but a literary fellow, and any time one of these literary fellows wants to die, I don't care what for, all right.

You see, I'm a writing man myself, like Marty Howe and Shaw; but when I broke into the business twenty years ago, on the old Blade sporting desk, all that a newspaper man had to know was how much is a stick, how do you spell "alleged," and how quick could you make it from Shanahan's Café to the city desk, sober or not.

If it turned out, as just as probably as not it often did, that somebody on the sheet was happy in the belief that Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was the lady who wrote the syndicate articles on cooking, it certainly didn't follow that never again was he trusted with an assignment to cover a Woodmen of the World parade, or even a murder. In point of fact, believe it or not, there were men on the old Blade who went to their graves not knowing who wrote Il Penseroso, or, indeed, that it had been written. It never seemed to matter—until recently.

And Marty was, if the truth be told, one of those literary fellows; but I don't mind saying that I liked him anyway. You can ask anybody in the Blade office whether I'm narrow or not. Besides, Marty wore glasses, and I always had a hunch you could trust a nearsighted bird. Somehow they seemed honester to me. And Marty was young, just a year out of college when he came to the Blade, and always getting steamed up over matters that I would say wasn't worth it.

To be fair to him, though, he never tried to hide the fact that he was literary. He hadn't been on the paper a month before he was over asking for books to review, and he talked with the editorial writers. Oh, yes, he was open and aboveboard about it, even with me.

"Mapes," he says one day, "did you read that review of Saint Joan in the American Spectator this month?"

"No," I said, "I can't say that I did. How is it—red-hot?"

"The man that wrote it," he says, getting red-hot in the face, "is an imbecile. He ought to be hanged"

"Come, come, my boy," I says, "this is socialism. What do you mean—he ought to be hanged?"

"Why," says Marty, burning behind his glasses, "he speaks of Mrs. Warren's Profession as though it were Shaw's first play—a plain case of absolutely criminal ignorance. The merest child knows ——"

"Marty," I says, interrupting him, "you are at this very moment staring square into the eyes of a bozo that didn't even know that Shaw wasn't dead. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well!" he says.

I wasn't mad, though. Some of the so-called highbrows irritate hell out of me, but Marty never did. And I'm glad he didn't, because if he had he never would have come to live in my house, and then I'd have missed the finest little drama I ever sat in on. Besides, I didn't care if I wasn't up to the hilt on Shaw. I had a good job covering the Pink Sox during the baseball season; I had a nice little home; the missus was at the top of her cooking form, still dealing a slick hand of rummy and —— Well, to tell the truth, I hadn't missed Shaw any more than I'd missed Victor Hugo's uncle, which is just about as far as I can get from missing anybody.

So, from the first, Marty and I got along swell. We had just about a stand-off in education. I hadn't heard of H. L. Mencken, much less Shaw, but Marty hadn't even heard the news about Babe Ruth's being sold to the New York Yankees a couple of years ago. And there, you might say, we were!

Then he got married and came with his bride to live in our house.

It was a nice arrangement. I'd been looking for somebody decent and able to play rummy at the same time, because the missus was inclined to get skittish when I was on the road with the team and nobody in the house but her at night. I couldn't see what good a literary fellow might be in an emergency, and him nearsighted too; but on the other hand, Marty hadn't any vices outside of book reviewing, and he played rummy.

Now you'd think—anyway, I'd have thought—that the girl Marty would marry, being a bookworm, would be a kind of she-bookworm, short on beauty and long on horn-rimmed spectacles. In point of fact, quite vice versa. The new Mrs. June Howe, brought directly to us from her maiden home, proved to be what I would call a niggard as regards the literary aspect; but you didn't need more than one squint to see that Marty had a smooth taste in blondes.

Yes, sir, June was just a nice little bonbon, all gold and white and pink, ornamental as all get out. I might have picked her myself. So might Ziegfeld. But Brander Matthews wouldn't have, and how Marty came to do it is, to me, just another one of those manifold mysteries that fate devises for us boys and girls on earth.

"Will You Tell Me That?"

Be that as it may, the missus and I were glad to have them with us. In just about a week everything was pretty. Everybody got along swell with everybody else. The team was home; and in the evening, if we didn't go to a movie, we played a few rounds of rummy. And until one memorable evening there wasn't a single literary word let loose to mar the peace and quiet of our home life.

"All I got to say," I remarked to the missus, "is that if June knows any more about George Bernard Shaw than I do, then I'm no mind reader."

"Your opinion would be worth more," she replied shrewdly, "if you hadn't ever said that Amos Rusie was a better pitcher than old Barney Johnson."

"Statistics will show ——" I began, and then gave up. That was a ten-year-old argument, and what a sucker I'd be to get caught in it again. The missus never saw Rusie—or else she'd be my grandma.

But the fateful evening I referred to, about a month after Marty and June settled down with us, began harmlessly enough. We were dealing a few hands at a quarter of a cent a point, and conversation was general and ignorant and everybody seemed to be happy. Then June said it. "The Students' Club," she spoke carelessly, "is going to take up Shaw next Thursday. It seems," she said, "that they'd know by now that Shaw's just a fad."

The clock ticked sixty times; I counted them. Then Marty, his hand shaking as he laid four queens on the table, laughed nervously like he'd waked up from a nightmare.

"You didn't mean to say Shaw, dear," he corrected her. "You have the name mixed."

"No," June said positively; "Shaw's who I meant. I've never seen anything so disgusting as the way people have been taking on about that man! He's a fad—just a fad."

"Dear!" He wasn't angry or anything. He just seemed to be under pretty heavy pressure inside. "Dear, you don't mean Shaw, do you? Not Shaw!"

"Shaw!" June said kind of sharply. "S-h-a-w—George Bernard Shaw. He's a fad—a passing fad. Five years after his death nobody will remember him."

"Well," said the missus, hoping to do something about it, "Mrs. Arbuthnot was telling me he was a vegetarian." She turned to me. "I said I hear he's a vegetarian," she said—"eats nothing but vegetables."

"I see," I said; "I thought it meant maybe he was a chiropodist."

"Darling sweetheart!" Marty wasn't paying any attention to us. He'd laid his cards down and was holding June with his eyes. "You can't mean what you've just said—you can't, you can't! You were just joking, darling!"

"Joking!" Apparently she hadn't noticed what she'd started until then. "Why should I be joking? Don't you think he's a fad?"

"No!"

Well, sir, he said it so loud and so sudden that the missus nearly had one of her spells of neuralgia.

"No! No! Ten thousand times, no!"

Excited isn't half the word to describe him! At that second Marty was the hottest man north of the tropic of Capricorn. His face flamed, sparks shot out of his spectacles, and he glared at June as though he were going to bite her right then and there.

"No, no, no, no!"

"Now, now, dear," the missus put in again, pouring oil on the fire, "Shaw's all right. Nobody's picking on Shaw. Shaw's all right,

and everybody knows he is. . . . Did you discard that deuce?"

"No!"

And this one almost scared June out of her socks.

"If a man wants to be a vegetarian," the missus goes on, "why, all right, let him be a vegetarian. Myself, I like pork chops."

Well, the missus and I might just as well have been peasants in Upper Silesia for all the attention we were getting.

"On the other hand," the missus says, "it may not be so at all. The way dirty rumors start these days ——"

I saw a tear pop out of June's left cheek. She dabbed at it with her handkerchief. Then, with a jump, she was on her feet.

"Well, I think he is!" she cried into Marty's teeth. "I think he is! He is a fad—he is, he is!"

"June!"

"I like meat ——"

Then we were all on our feet—mostly on one another's. I got the card table back.

"Let me tell you this, young woman!" Marty was shouting. "Shaw is an immortal—an immortal, I tell you! He's the clearest thinking man alive today. He's a genius, a master ——"

"He's a fad! A fad! A fad!"

"That just shows what kind of intelligence you have! You can't appreciate him, that's all. He's over your head."

"Fad, fad, fad, fad!"

"He's not!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" I horned in. "Wait a minute, will you? After all ——"

"After all," the missus insisted doggedly—"after all, dearie, he's only a vegetarian."

"She doesn't know what she's talking about!" Marty shouted—everybody was shouting then. "Next thing you know she'll be casting aspersions on Ibsen!"

"I do!" June screamed, crying now. "I do! I do cast aspersions on Ibsen—and on you too! Aspersions on you—both of you—Ibsen and you and Shaw! You're all fads, fads, fads!"

The missus looked anxious.

"Dearie," she said worriedly, "I hope you're not going to say anything against Shakspere." She turned to me. "Shakspere," she said, "William Shakspere."

"I know," I said; "he's on the Evening News."

Marty looked bitter. "She probably never heard of Shakspere," he said. "I mean June," he added.

"Shakspere ate meat," said the missus.

"Shaw, Ibsen, Shakspere—who'll be the next one she'll disparage, I wonder," Marty went on bitterly. "I suppose nobody is sacred to such a woman."

"I never said a word against Shakspere—not a word!" June flared. "I never even mentioned Shakspere's name."

"You jumped on Shaw!" Marty shouted. "You can't say you didn't reflect on Shaw! You said he was a fad, a passing fad!"

"You pig!"

"You—you—you moron!"

Silence—for sixty-four ticks of the clock.

Then—"Well!" exclaimed the missus. "Moron!"

June gasped, stood poised for a second, and then, covering her face with her hands, ran for the door.

"I hate you! Oh, I hate you!"

We could hear her sobbing as she ran up the stairs to her room. And as for Marty, he stood pale and trembling, looking like he was paralyzed with fear. Then he groaned like an animal.

"What have I done? June! June!"

He ran out after her.

"Moron!" repeated the missus. "Moron!"

Then for a minute we just stood looking at each other. There was sweat on my forehead. It was worse than a World Series game. And all for George Bernard Shaw!

"Well," I said, "the way they carry on you'd think it was Shakspere himself!"

"Not counting the hand we didn't finish," the missus said, "you owe me seventy-four cents."

II

WELL, sir, the week that followed I wouldn't have missed for an open shot at an umpire. As nearly as the missus and I could figure it, we were in on box seats for one of the greatest literary controversies since Daisy Ashford didn't turn out to be Barrie. And if I got a laugh or two out of it, I want to say this in my own behalf—I didn't know it was serious. I thought it must be the usual way of settling differences of opinion among literary people. What did I know about literary people?

June came down next morning looking pretty ragged—like a bonbon that's been loaned to a careless friend. Words, no doubt, had been passed in the privacy of the boudoir.

"Now, dearie," the missus said, "no more Shaw this morning. We got sausages instead—sausages and pancakes."

"It isn't Shaw, Mrs. Mapes," she replied; "it's just that Martin appears to object to my thinking for myself and ——"

"I heard you!" The missus jumped.

"Martin!" she managed to gasp. "You scared me!"

"I heard you!" He was shaking his finger at June. "Talking behind my back, eh?"

"Oh, dear!" wailed the missus. "More literature!"

"Yes, I heard you—and you weren't thinking for yourself or anybody else. You can't think!"

"Oh, you think I can't think!"

"I know you can't think! If you could, you'd thought something else about Shaw."

"That's enough!" June was up again, not having eaten a bite. "That's enough! I told you if you mentioned that name again I'd never speak another word. I don't want any breakfast—not with you!"

When she'd gone, the missus looked kind of reproachfully at Marty.

"Marty," she said, "you're too nice a fellow to fly off the handle about a man like Shaw."

"Fly off the handle, nothing! Why, Mrs. Mapes, if she'd only approach the matter a little open-minded and not be so narrow; if only she'd have let me read the Don Juan act out of Man and Superman and the last act of Candida and the second act of Cæsar and Cleo——"

"Marty," I felt compelled to say, "if you cut my wife's throat with that meat knife I'll report you to the city editor."

That was just a sample of what we were due to get. The house was just a tooled-ooze edition of George Bernard Shaw come to life. Before many days passed I knew more about the old boy, catching information on the fly, as you might say, than I did about the wife herself.

"The point is," I explained to the missus, "this is the kind of thing reading leads you into. No good can come of much reading."

"The point is," the missus disagreed, as usual, "a girl ought always to make a clean breast of everything—before the marriage!"

"Marty," Said the Missus, "Control Yourself. June's Left—Gone Home to Her Mother"

"You mean," I said, "a wife ought to—to tell all?"

"Absolutely!" she said. "Especially in literary alliances."

"In what?"

"When a couple of literary birds marry. If a girl's a little weak on Sherwood Anderson, why, let her speak right out and say so—before it's too late."

"There oughtn't be any secrets from each other, eh?"

"Not a one. What June ought to have done was to pluck up courage, walk right up to Marty, and say, 'Now, Marty, I'm going to be frank with you, as I expect you to be frank with me. Regarding Ibsen, I think he's a wet smack. Shaw—he's a fad—a passing fad—and I don't think he's got a Chinaman's chance. As for ——' What's the other fellow's name?"

"Shakspere," I said. "William Shakspere."

"'As for Shakspere—William Shakspere—I can take him or leave him, and what of it? And now, Marty,' she ought to have said, 'come clean with me. Tell me honestly, how do you stand on Henry W. Longfellow?' Then they both would have known what they were getting. No heartbreaks afterward. They'd go into matrimony with their eyes open. As it is ——"

"And now," I said, "I don't want to crab a swell lot of oratory, but would you please mind telling me how it happened that it wasn't until after our marriage that you confessed to me how you felt about Amos Rusie and Walter Johnson? Will you tell me that?"

"In the first place," she snapped, "you never asked me. In the second, if you were looking for a wife with the kind of ideas you got about Amos Rusie and Walter Johnson, why did you come to a respectable house and not go over the hill to the insane asylum?"

"Sometimes I get to thinking," I said, "that over the hill was where I went."

"You couldn't have," said the missus, "because you're still loose."

Well, that's neither here nor there, only it began to give me a rough idea of how Marty might feel. It's pretty tough on a man to find out that he's married to a woman that's absolutely barmy on some of the most essential facts in life. Marty had his Shaw and I had my Walter Johnson. Looking at it another way, he had June and I had the missus.

And during the week things got worse and worse with our paying guests. They didn't say much when they were with us, either to each other or to us, and the missus and I never carried a conversation closer to Shaw than the winner

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"Marty," I Said, "Take This Bit of Advice From a Friend: Give Up Literature, My Boy; Give It Up Entirely"

PASÓ POR AQUÍ

He Sat by That Door, Where He Could See Into the Sick Room. They Were All Asleep

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VI

OF WHAT took place that night McEwen had never afterward any clear remembrance, except of the first hour or two. The drone of bees was in his ears, and a whir of wings. He moved in a thin, unreal mist, giddy and lightheaded, undone by thirst, weariness, loss of sleep—most of all by alkaline and poisonous dust, deep in his lungs. In the weary time that followed, though he daily fell more and more behind on sleep and rest, he was never so near to utter collapse as on this first interminable night. It remained for him a blurred and distorted vision of the dreadful offices of the sick room; of sickening odors; of stumbling from bed to bed as one sufferer or another shook with paroxysms of choking.

Of a voice, now far off and now clear, insistent with counsel and question, direction and appeal; of lamplight that waned and flared and dwindled again; of creak and clank and pounding of iron on iron in horrible rhythm, endless, slow, intolerable. That would be the windmill. Yes, but where? And what windmill?

Of terror, and weeping, and a young child that screamed. That woman—why, they had always told him grown people didn't take diphtheria. But she had it, all right. Had it as bad as the two youngsters too. She was the mother, it seemed. Yes, Florencio had told him that. Too bad for the children to die. . . . But who the devil was Florencio? The windmill turned dismally—clank and rattle and groan.

That was the least one choking now—Felix. Swab out his throat again. Hold the light. Careful. That's it. Burn it up. More cloth, old man. Hold the light this way. There, there, *pobrecito!* All right now. . . . Something was lurking in the corners, in the shadows. Must go see. Drive it away. What's that? What say? Make coffee? Sure. Coffee. Good idea. Salty coffee. Windmill pumpin' salt water. Batter and pound and squeal. Round and round. Round and round. Round and round. . . . Tell you what. Goin' to grease that damn windmill. Right now. . . . Huh? What's that? Wait till morning? All right. All ri'. Sure.

His feet were leaden. His arms minded well enough, but his hands were simply wonderful. Surprisin' skillful, those hands. How steady they were to clean membranes from little throats. Clever hands! They could bring water to these people, too, lift them up and hold the cup and not spill a drop. They could sponge off hot little bodies when the children cried out in delirium. Wring out rag too! Wonnerful hands! Mus' call people's 'tention to these hands sometime. There, there, let me wash you some more with the nice cool water. Now, now—nothing will hurt you. Uncle Happy's goin' to be right here, takin' care of you. Now, now—go to sleep—go-o to sleep!

But his feet were so big, so heavy and so clumsy, and his legs were insubordinate. Specially the calves. The calf of each leg, where there had once been good muscles of braided steel, was now filled with sluggish water of inferior quality. That wasn't the worst either. There was a distinct blank place, a vacuum, something like the bead in a spirit level, and it shifted here and there as the water sloshed about. Wonder nobody had ever noticed that.

Must be edgin' on toward morning. Sick people are worst between two and four, they say. And they're all easier now, every one. Both kids asleep—tossin' about! And now the mother was droppin' off. Yes, sir—she's goin' to sleep. What did the old man call her? Estefania. Yes—Est'fa' ——

He woke with sunlight in his eyes. His arm sprawled before him on a pine table and his head lay on his arm. He raised up, blinking, and looked around. This was the kitchen, a sorry spectacle. The sick room lay beyond an open door. He sat by that door, where he could see into the sick room.

They were all asleep. The woman stirred uneasily and threw out an arm. The old man lay huddled on a couch beyond the table.

McEwen stared. The fever had passed and his head was reasonably clear. He frowned, piecing together remembered scraps from the night before. The old man was Florencio Telles, the woman was the wife of his dead son, these were his grandchildren. Felix was one. Forget the other name. They had come back from a trip to El Paso a week ago, or some such matter, and must have brought the contagion with them. First one came down with the strangler, then another. Well poisoned with it, likely. Have to boil the drinking water. This was called Rancho Perdido—the Lost Ranch. Well named. The old fellow spoke good English.

McEwen was at home in Spanish, and, from what he remembered of last night, the talk had been carried on in either tongue indifferently. What a night!

He rose and tiptoed out with infinite precaution. The wind was dead. He went to the well and found the oil; he climbed up and drenched the bearings and gears. He was surprised to see how weak he was and how sore; and for the first time in his life he knew the feeling of giddiness and was forced to keep one hand clutched tightly to some support as he moved around the platform—he, Ross McEwen.

When he came back the old man met him with finger on lip. They sat on the warm ground, where they could keep watch upon the sick room, obliquely, through two doors; just far enough away for quiet speech to be unheard.

"Let them sleep. Every minute of sleep for them is so much coined gold. We won't make a move to wake them. And how is it with you, my son, how is it with you?"

"Fine and fancy. When I came here last night I had a thousand aches, and now I've only got one."

"And that one is all over?"

"That's the place. Never mind me. I'll be all right. How long has this been going on?"

"This is the fifth day for the oldest boy, I think. He came down with it first, Demetrio. We thought it was only a sore throat at first. Maybe six days. I am a little mixed up."

"Should think you would be. Now listen. I know something about diphtheria. Not much, but this for certain. Here's what you've got to do, old man: Quick as they wake up in there, you go to bed and stay in bed. You totter around much more and you're going to die. There's your fortune told, and no charge for it."

"Oh, I'm not bad. I do not cough hard. The strangler never hurts old people much." So he said, but every word was an effort.

"Hell, no, you're not bad. Just a walkin' corpse, tha's all. You get to bed and save your strength. When any two of 'em are chokin' to death at once that'll be time enough for you to hobble out and take one of them off my hands. Do they sleep this long, often?"

"Oh, no. This is the first time. They are always better when morning comes, but they have not all slept at the same time, never before. My daughter, you might say, has not slept at all. It has been grief and anxiety with her as much as the sickness. They will all feel encouraged now, since you've come. If it please God, we'll pull them all through."

"Look here!" said McEwen. "It can't be far to Luna's Well. Can't I catch up a horse and lope over there after while—bring help and send for a doctor?"

"There's no one there. Francisco Luna and Casimiro both have driven their stock to the Guadalupe Mountains, weeks ago. It has been too dry. And no one uses the old road now. All travel goes by the new way, beyond the new railroad."

"I found no one at the western ranches yesterday," said McEwen.

"No. Everyone is in the hills. The drought is too bad. There is no one but you. The nearest help is Alamogordo—thirty-five miles. And if you go there some will surely die

before you get back. I have no more strength. I will be flat on my back this day."

"That's where you belong. I'll be nurse and cook for this family. Got anything to cook?"

"Not much. Frijoles, jerky, bacon, flour, a little canned stuff and dried peaches."

McEwen frowned. "It is in my mind they ought to have eggs and milk."

"When the cattle come to water you can shut up a cow and a calf—or two of them—and we can have a little milk tonight. I'll show you which ones. As I told you last night, I turned out the cow I was keeping up, for fear I'd get down and she would die here in the pen."

"Don Florencio, I'm afraid I didn't get all you told me last night," said McEwen thoughtfully. "I was wild as a hawk, I reckon. Thought that windmill would certainly drive me crazy. Fever."

The old man nodded. "I knew, my son. It galled my heart to make demands on you, but there was no remedy. It had to be done. I was at the end of my strength. Little Felix, if not the other, would surely have been dead by now except for the mercy of God which sent you here."

McEwen seemed much struck by this last remark. He cocked his head a little to one side painfully, for his neck was stiff; he pursed his lip and held it between finger and thumb for a moment of meditation.

"So that was it!" he said. "I see! Always heard tell that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. I'll tell a man He does!"

A scanty breakfast, not without gratitude; a pitiful attempt at redding up the hopeless confusion and disorder. The sick woman's eyes followed McEwen as he worked. A good strangling spell all around, including the old man, then a period of respite. McEwen buckled on his gun and brought a hammer and a lard pail to Florencio's bed.

"If you need me, hammer on this, and I'll come a-running. I'm going out to the corral and shoot some beef tea. You tell me about what milk cows to shut up."

Don Florencio described several milk cows. "Any of them. Not all are in to water any one day. Stock generally come in every other day, because they get better grass at a distance. And my brand is T T—for my son Timoteo, who is dead. You will find the cattle in poor shape, but if you wait awhile you may get a smooth one."

McEwen nodded. "I was thinking that," he said. "I want some flour sacks. I'll hang some of the best up under the platform on the windmill tower, where the flies won't bother it."

They heard a shot later. A long time afterward he came in with a good chunk of meat, and set about preparing beef tea. "I shut up a cow to milk," he said. "A lot of saddle horses came in and I shut them up. Not any too much water in the tank. After while the cattle will begin bawling and milling around if the water's low. That will distress our family. Can't have that. So I'll just harness one onto the sweep of the horse power, slip on a blindfold and let him pump. You tell me which ones will work."

The old man described several horses.

"That's O. K.," said McEwen. "I've got two of them in the pen. Your woodpile is played out. Had to chop down some of your back pen for firewood."

He departed to start the horse power. Later, when beef tea had been served all around, he came over and sat by Florencio's bed.

"You have no drop or grain of medicine of any kind," he said, "and our milk won't be very good when we get it, from the looks of the cows—not for sick people. So, everything being just as it is, I didn't look for brands. I beefed the best one I could find, and hung the hide on the fence. Beef tea, right this very now, may make all the difference with our family. Me, I don't believe there's a man in New Mexico mean enough to make a fuss about it under the circumstances. But if there's any kick, there's the hide and I stand back of it. So that'll be all right. The brand was D W."

"It is my very good friend, Dave Woods, at San Nicolas. That will be all right. Don David is *muy simpático*. Sleep now, my son, sleep a little while you may. It will not be long. You have a hard night before you."

"I'm going up on the rising ground and set a couple of soap weeds afire," said McEwen at dark. "They'll make a big blaze and somebody might take notice. I'll hurry right back. Then I'll light some more about ten o'clock and do it again tomorrow night. Someone will be sure to see it. Just once, they might not think anything. But if they see a light in the same place three or four times, they might look down their nose and scratch their old hard heads—a smart man might. Don't you think so?"

"Why, yes," said Florencio; "it's worth trying."

"Those boys are not a bit better than they was. And your daughter is worse. We don't want to miss a bet. Yes, and I'll hold a blanket before the fire and take it away and put it back, over and over. That ought to help people guess that it is a signal. Only—they may guess that it was meant for someone else."

"Try it," said Florencio. "It may work. But I am not sure that our sick people are not holding their own. They are no better, certainly, even with your beef-tea medicine. But we can't expect to see a gain, if there is a gain, for days yet. And so far, they seem worse every night and then better every morning. The sunlight cheers them up at first, and then the day gets hot and they seem worse again. Try your signals, by all means. We need all the help there is. But if you could only guess how much less alone I feel now than before you came, good friend!"

"It must have been plain hell!" said the good friend.

"Isn't there any other one thing we can do?" demanded McEwen the next day, cudgeling his brains. It had been a terrible night. The little lives fluttered up and down; Estefanía was certainly worse; Florencio, though he had but few strangling spells, was very weak—the aftermath of his earlier labors.

"Not one thing. My poor ghost, no man could have done more. There is no more to do."

"But there is!" McEwen fairly sprang up, wearied as he was. "We have every handicap in the world, and only one advantage. And we don't use that one advantage. The sun has a feud with all the damn germs there is; your house is built for shade in this hot country. I'm going to tote all of you out in the sun with your bedding, and keep you there a spell. And while you're there I'll tear out a hole in the south end of your little old adobe wall and let

(Continued on Page 64)

That is How They Came to Lost Ranch Between Three and Four the Next Morning

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 27, 1926

The Dearest Way the Worst Way

TESTIMONY adduced at a recent hearing held by the House Committee on Immigration brought out in striking fashion the very limited ability of the Department of Labor to round up and send home aliens who have entered the country unlawfully, or whose criminal activities make their room better than their company.

The precise number of immigrants who have fraudulently or illegally come into the United States since 1921 is not certainly known. Official estimates put the total somewhere between two hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred and seventy-five thousand. New York alone is said to be harboring some two or three thousand deportable Chinese. The total number of foreigners unlawfully domiciled in the country is estimated by the Department of Labor as somewhere between a million and a million and a half. And yet conditions are such that very few of these smuggled-in aliens need fear being brought to book.

This weeding-out process, which is an important function of the Department of Labor, each year places heavier and heavier burdens upon it. The number of deportations steadily increased from two thousand seven hundred and sixty-two in 1920, to nine thousand four hundred and ninety-five in 1925; and in the current fiscal year they are likely to be considerably in excess of ten thousand. These figures do not include persons denied admittance.

Deportation is now effected under the act of February 5, 1917. This law is a joke, and the laugh is on the people of the United States for having passed an act so toothless and so clawless as to make it exceedingly difficult for immigration authorities to carry out its essential purpose. Representative William P. Holaday, of Illinois, introduced in the Sixty-eighth Congress a substitute measure which was much more tightly framed. There was nothing in it, however, which gave the sob sisters much chance to uncork their tear bottles; and even had they done so, they would have had hard work bringing lumps into the throats of the sentimentalists by reciting the inconveniences which the bill might cause to the bootleggers, smugglers of aliens, white slavers and drug peddlers who were the bull's-eye at which it was aimed.

Mr. Holaday's bill passed the House, but was later buried in the legislative shuffle. This measure, reintroduced, was the subject of an important hearing held on January twelfth. Mr. Harry E. Hull, Commissioner General of Immigration, and Mr. Robe Carl White, Assistant Secretary of Labor, were the star witnesses. The disclosures made by them give a close-up view of the handicaps under which the department struggles in all its efforts to keep out or put out undesirable aliens. These witnesses clearly showed how the wording of the act of 1917 often plays into the hands of criminal aliens and makes their deportation impossible. The outstanding feature of the situation is that the country has been able to stomach it for nine years.

According to the evidence, the average cost of deportations, of which there are now about nine hundred a month, is eighty-seven dollars. When funds run low, the commissioner simply has to pass the word to his subordinates that they must keep an eye on their dwindling balances. He does not commonly forbid them to make further arrests and deportations. He merely reminds them that there is little or no money with which to carry on their work. In May, 1925, it was necessary to issue a definite order to cease deportation to prevent the service from ending the year with a deficit. Even at the present time deportations are seriously curtailed for lack of funds. A letter from the district director at Buffalo reveals a typical situation. On January 1, 1926, with half the fiscal year still ahead of him, the balance of his immigration allotment was only six hundred and ninety-seven dollars and eighty-seven cents. Overhead alone would eat up double this amount, even if there were no deportations. The director goes on to say: "There is only one way to meet this situation, if additional funds cannot be supplied, and that is to immediately release all the aliens we are now holding in jails, make no more arrests, and refuse to take into custody those aliens for whom we hold warrants and who are due for early release from penal institutions within the district. This program does not appeal to me, and if put into actual operation, nothing short of absolute chaos would be the result."

Returning to conditions in 1925, it was stated that had routine deportations not been curtailed there would have been a deficit of three or four hundred thousand dollars. Even had this extra expenditure been allowed, the authorities could have done no more than the work in plain sight. They could have skimmed the surface, but they could not have dredged up many of the million or more illicit visitors submerged in the depths of the so-called melting pot.

The outlook for the fiscal year which will begin on July first next is by no means promising, for the budgetary allotment is one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars less than the amount asked for. This scissoring down of department estimates may or may not be sound economy. No doubt the director of the budget thought the reduction warranted. It is just possible that he erred, for the cheapest way to deal with an undesirable alien is to keep him out. The next cheapest is to put him out, and do it quickly. The most costly of all is to let him come in and stay in and turn him over to courts, jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums and other institutions, to be cared for at the expense of taxpayers for the rest of his days. Costs of this sort are distributed among states, counties and municipalities. They do not show on the books at Washington; but the taxpayer gets the bill and has to foot it. Of the three methods of handling undesirable aliens, immigration officials say the cheapest way is the best way, and the next cheapest is the next best.

Forty years late, we have made a promising start at immigration reform. If the country wishes to see the job through, Mr. Holaday's bill ought to pass both houses and presently be laid on the main desk in the Executive Mansion. One by one and without needless delay, all our statutes affecting immigration and naturalization should be overhauled and strengthened in accordance with the expressed sentiments of our native majority. It is not likely that these laws will be neglected. Even now they are under the closest scrutiny; but some of the most earnest scrutinizers are looking for small holes they can enlarge and for weak spots in which to make new rents under a score of plausible pretexts.

Immigration reform is still in its early stages. Nothing could be more fatuous than to regard it as an accomplished fact. The Johnson Act may look as strong and impregnable as some great dike or levee; but it is only by watching it and guarding it by day and by night, and by stopping each small seepage while it is still small, that we can save it from being washed away.

Our Educational Traffic Jam

IN SUMMING up certain phases of modern life a facetious commencement orator comforted his hearers with the statement that for education, at least, there is no speed limit. As far as his statement applies to colleges and universities, it is no doubt correct. Applied to primary, grammar and high schools, it is misleading. Our school boards do not, indeed, impose regulations forbidding pupils to learn more than a given amount in any single year. In this sense they set no speed limit; but a full third of our children are, nevertheless, held back and are compelled to move slowly and mark time. It is not the speed law but the traffic jam which checks their progress.

The average class in a large city school is too much like a convoy of ships. Individual speed is of small advantage, for the fast must hang back for the slow and the slowest automatically limits the pace of the entire flotilla. In most of our public schools the lower half of the class hangs on the coat tails of the upper half and retards its progress.

Broadly speaking, our schools are conducted on the theory that classes should consist of children of about the same age and that the great majority of them must move along together from year to year. It is thought necessary, after the first year of school life has been successfully completed, that nearly every child should be promoted. In the higher grades this program is pretty completely carried out; but it is usually at the expense of the bright and diligent students who are the victims not of an illiberal speed limit but of a traffic jam which slows them down even more effectually.

This system appears to be the outgrowth of an illogical assumption that the political equality which the Constitution assures us implies, in some vague way, a corresponding intellectual equality. An extension of this reasoning suggests that almost any two children of a given age are prepared to advance at an equal pace. Experience and common sense cry out against the absurdity of this fallacy; but for the most part we still cleave to it as if it were the foundation stone of our educational wisdom.

There is much less excuse today for this state of affairs than there was a generation or two ago. Tests perfected within recent years make it possible to grade even young children with extraordinary accuracy. Such tests reveal the genius and the dullard alike and assign to their proper rank all the intermediates.

With such plentiful data for guidance it should be easily possible to classify children less by age and more by ability, in such a manner that each could move along at his natural gait without holding back his quicker companions. A still better plan, and one which has been seriously proposed by students of the subject, is to have three separate sets of schools—for the backward, for the average and for the geniuses respectively. The logic of the propoaal is flawless. The objection that the cost would be prohibitive might be overcome; but until the nature of parents undergoes a striking change it would simply be asking for trouble for the authorities to herd in one woman's children with boys and girls who are but little better than morons, and send her next-door neighbor's youngsters to the school for geniuses.

The obstacles which block the adoption of a system which will permit every child to advance as rapidly as his ability and application warrant, with due precautions against overtaxing his powers, are not easily to be brushed aside; and yet it is not too much to hope that we may soon find among them experts who can devise an improved and workable system which will relieve the present congestion and materially speed up the journey of young Americans from nursery to college.

No one who has given even casual attention to the existing situation will deny that our public-school system, no less than our city streets, stands in urgent need of competent traffic officers enforcing a well-considered system to which we may look for speed and safety.

THE IMMIGRATION LAWS ARE WORKING

By James J. Davis
SECRETARY OF LABOR

THE numerically restrictive immigration law has withstood the assaults of those in the United States who desire an open-door policy for the emigrants of the whole world. It has been viciously attacked and ridiculed. It has been the subject of untrue stories of hardship, "sob stories" as we call them, and other manner of abuse, to the end that the present American policy of guarding the gates might be broken down and this country made the asylum, which some choose to say is the true mission of the United States in the family of nations.

The asylum idea is fast going by the board. The word "asylum" was intended to mean, at the time that it came into use, a political asylum for high-minded or splendidly equipped but, nevertheless, much oppressed patriots. Unfortunately, there is much evidence that the United States has been a larger asylum for social degenerates than for persons sound in body, mind and spirit who have been politically oppressed, except as such oppression has resulted from violent attempts to overthrow organized governments.

The United States today stands before the world with the announcement that America is first of all for her citizens, and that the kind of guests she will receive and the number who in the future may be permitted to come in from without are going to be determined by the interests of those already here. She has announced that she intends to preserve her national institutions, that she does not intend to make the mistake of certain nations of the past; she is willing to absorb, but not to be absorbed.

It will be recalled that at the time the first numerical limitation act was passed there were in the United States between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 wage earners out of employment. This numerical limitation of 1921 was framed first of all to act as a stop-gap for immigration, and from 978,163 in 1921 the total of immigration was reduced in 1922 to 243,953. This undoubtedly very materially assisted the United States in acquiring economic stability. Members of Congress who advocated the quota means of limitation have stated that the consideration which moved them to place this limitation on a percentage basis was an endeavor to control immigration in such a way as to maintain the racial equilibrium or, as it might be more correctly stated, to preserve the ratio of national origin of the present native stock. Whether their contention or judgment on that matter is correct, as an administrative officer I am not prepared to say.

No sane citizen would seek to remove from the statute books the laws which restrict immigration on the basis of physical, mental and moral fitness. It was not until 1891 that persons suffering from loathsome and dangerous contagious diseases were debarred from the United States; feeble-minded persons, epileptics, aliens afflicted with tuberculosis, physical defects, and so on, were not excluded by legislation until 1907. It is astonishing to note to what length persons in the United States will go to endeavor to have admitted feeble-minded, insane and diseased aliens. Appeals are received even in cases of persons afflicted with loathsome and dangerous contagious diseases, and frequently they come from American citizens, in the interest of friends or relatives who have been detained at ports of entry. The cases in which pressure has been exerted on public officials to admit feeble-minded and insane persons are legion.

I cite this situation to show that all restrictive immigration laws are capable of working some hardship upon the persons debarred. The best we can do, if we follow the policy of restriction, is to be as humane about the selection as possible and endeavor to prevent inadmissible aliens from breaking up their homes and coming to this country. In the administration of all the immigration laws we must remember that we are dealing with human beings and not with bags of salt or other merchandise such as is dealt with by our other departments, which enforce laws and regulations having to do with the exclusion or control of the importation of commodities.

In the enactment and administration of laws numerically limiting immigration, considerations of common humanity to individuals can and should be given, but

(Continued on Page 71)

OFFICER, THIS CONTEMPT OF LAW IS GETTING BEYOND A JOKE! HERE'S A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN BEEN CARRYING A PISTOL!
BANDIT
THUG
GUNMAN
ANTI-PISTOL LAW
HERBERT JOHNSON

A PROTEST FROM THE VESTED INTERESTS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

They Can't Spare the Time

MY DAUGHTER Gracie has been registered at Vassar for fifteen years and I expected her to enter next fall, but she says she's going to open a place called Ye Olde-Fashioned Toasted Sandwiche and Book Shoppe and won't have time to go." Tecumseh Sherman Brown, leader of the Prairie County bar and well-known real-estate agent of Central City, was talking to his partner. "Gracie says that anybody who knows as many raccoon coats as she does ought to cash in on them. Her mother asked her this morning at our so-called breakfast table what she expected to be doing in ten years, and she said that she didn't know, but she'd have a lot of jack.

"I ran into her in the hall the other morning about half-past three, when I got up to go hunting. She was just coming in from a high-school dance. Knowing that I probably wouldn't see her again for two or three weeks, I asked her to sit down a minute and talk. I explained how I'd been saving and planning all these years so she could go to college, and she said she appreciated how much fun I'd lost, but she said there was no use spending all that money when she'd only end up on a soda-fountain stool. 'Let me go into business,' she said. 'There's ten thousand a year in the antique craze alone, not counting the sandwiches and the circulating library. I can pay my rent with the suppressed books.'

"I asked her if she had a location in mind. She said she was having trouble finding one expensive enough to be successful. 'While I'm on the subject,' she went on, 'there's no use in you trying to educate Brother Bob either. He hasn't a chance of playing football well enough for the Sunday picture papers and he doesn't play any musical instrument. Besides, Bob says he may want to be a writer some day and he doesn't think he ought to handicap himself unnecessarily. Bob has a plan for introducing the self-service idea into drug stores so people can get their meals without delay. He has counted up and found that the time lost in drug stores runs into the millions. There is a fortune in his invention, but it has to be handled without delay. He can't really afford to go to college.'

MAKING UP IN PUBLIC

If They Had Tried It in the Old Days

"So I'm taking the cash surrender value of the educational insurance policies I have struggled to keep up, and my wife and I are going to take a little trip. It will be the first time we've ever taken one when she won't need to grow melancholy when the time approaches to go into the dining car." —*McCready Huston.*

If I Were a Cecil De Millionaire

IF I WERE a Cecil De Millionaire
As shadowed upon the screen,
You'd live in a palace so rich and rare
'Twould tempt any mighty queen—
A palace of ivory, pearls and gold,
With vassals bedecked in silk,
You'd feed upon food of a kind untold,
Drink diamond dust in your milk.

Your breakfast would be like a royal feast,
Your luncheon a meal of state,
Your dinner Lucullan at the least,
A gorgeous, stupendous fête.
Your halls would have pillars a half-mile high,
Weird tapestries drape each room;
Your roof would be frescoed to mock the sky;
Your lawn should be lush with bloom.

And every day, from dawn to night,
Out there in the marble pool,
Your guests would disport them in wild delight
Like naiads and nymphs from school.
Oh, Lordy! The riot from dusk to morn!
Just dancing and food and wine,
With rumble of drums and the mellow horn
Inspiring the steps divine.

And, after it all, when the fade-out came
Enhancing your wondrous charms,
We'd stand on a dais with gold aflame,
Serene in each other's arms.
I never have seen such a home, my dear,
Although I've been everywhere—
But that is the style, it is very clear,
Of a Cecil De Millionaire.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

Adventures of Alice

THE shop had quaint, leaded-glass windows, and above the door hung a sign, Ye Olde Antique Shoppe. Alice entered, and there among a medley of lamps, tables, chairs and other miscellaneous furniture and bric-a-brac stood her old friend, the Red Queen.

"So this is an antique shoppe," said Alice.

"It certainly is," replied the Red Queen, beaming. "It is the newest, most up-to-date antique shop in the city. We have all the latest—for heaven's sake, don't sit on that chair!"

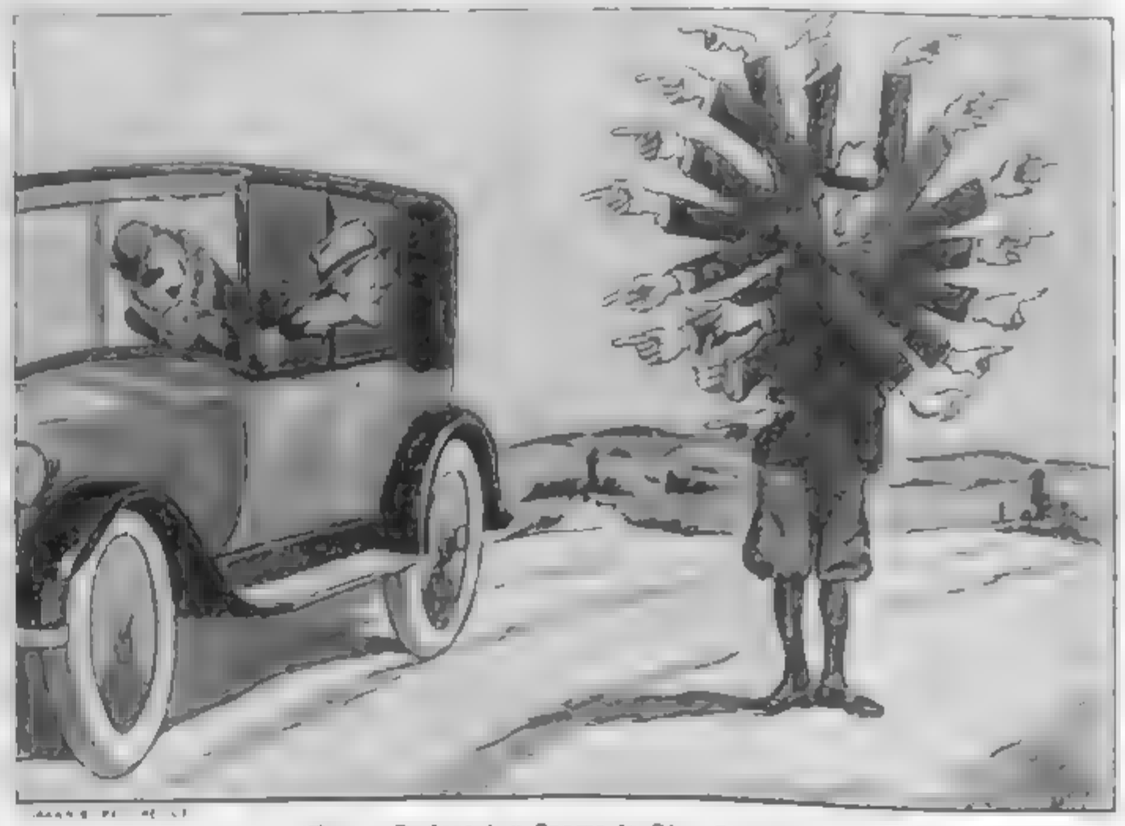
"Why not?" Alice asked.

"It'll fall apart if you sit on it. It's a genuine Sheraton or Chippendale or something. Can't you see that the seat is busted?"

"What good is it then?"

(Continued on Page 129)

The Optimist



How a Pedestrian Seems to Give Directions

"Eat plenty of vegetables" say the food experts

Good vegetable soup is one of the most delicious and tempting and beneficial ways to eat vegetables.

The enormous popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup proves how eager people are to eat vegetables, and how they enjoy them blended with appetizing and invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, savory herbs and skillful seasoning.

For Campbell's contains, in addition to its fifteen different vegetables, no less than seventeen other ingredients.

It's healthful to eat so many vegetables, for they abound in the iron and mineral salts your body needs.

And Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so hearty and filling that it is often made the principal dish at luncheon or supper.

Baby Limas
Peas
Tomatoes
Sweet Corn
Carrots
Turnips
White Potatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Celery
Okra
Onion
Leek
Cabbage
Sweet Red Pepper
Parsley

and 17 other ingredients

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

NO THOROUGHFARE

His Left Hand Caught Bat's Right Wrist and Brought it Upward With Such a Wrench That the Pistol in Bat's Right Hand Spun and Fell Yards Away

XV

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT OCCURRED to young Sam Savery, in a moment of retrospect unusual to the young man, that a good many things had happened to him in the last few days; and he began to perceive that the adventure was not to end so gayly as it had begun. Loving engines and understanding them, so that his ability to remedy their ills gave him not only a living but a congenial one, his life had run on an irresponsible routine; yet it had been based firmly enough on the solid basis of his affection for Millie. A pleasant routine. Now, in a matter of a few days, all these things were changed. He had slipped into this episode of the back road in a mood of pleasurable and thrilling anticipation, foreseeing only delightful contact with two attractive girls. But almost at once, his mischievous curiosity had given him a man to hate; and there is as much solid meat for the soul in hating a man as in loving him. When, as the event progressed, he acquired other targets for his mental maledictions, he had been exhilarated by the experience, deterred by no sense of fear on his own account, enjoying himself to the full. But tonight, first in the real or the imaginary peril of the two girls, and now in the mood which sat on Sheriff Budd, Sam began to perceive in the situation possibilities more dark and grim than he had anticipated. He caught in the air a hint of tragedy. Felt abruptly very much alone, and had a strange desire to go back to Millie and tell the tale to her and let her comfort him.

He drove, thus, in silence; and in the seat behind him the sheriff and his deputy rode in silence too. Sam's attention fixed itself upon the road; and he had to watch his way with care, for the easterly storm was waxing, the rain slithered across the windshield, and he was unwilling to open the glass and let the drops beat against his face. The car was this night in an agreeable mood; the engine ran smoothly and purringly, and they climbed the first hill with no too arduous effort, and dropped down the long uneven grade past the abandoned farm and so to the bridge in the lowlands; and up again, and down to cross the second bridge. And sometime after midnight they reached the main road. The No Thoroughfare sign was at one side, out of the way; they had left it so when they went in, in such haste, before.

Sam checked his car there. The sheriff had not confided to the young man his present plans, but Sam understood quite well that the older man meant to seek out Sloughter and have a word with him.

So he asked over his shoulder now, "Where d'you want to go, Dave?"

The sheriff said mildly, "Take us up to the Cove, Sam. Can you?"

Sam's thought spoke itself.

"I could run you down to Sloughter's," he offered.

"Guess he'll be abed by now," Budd reminded him gently. "Bat's car is in the village. I'll get him to drive me down, along toward morning."

"Where'll you put up?" Sam asked, obeying the other's instructions and turning to the left. "Be kind of cold sitting out in the rain all night."

"Well," the sheriff remarked, "Bat and me, we've got some talking still to do. You can leave us there all right, Sam."

So they went on past Buck's garage and the dark house where Buck and Millie must long since be asleep; and Sam had a homesick twinge. And they came to the village, and Bat and the sheriff alighted; and Bat started toward where his car was standing, but Dave Budd stood for a minute to say good night to Sam.

"Much obliged for your trouble," he said agreeably. "You've been right willing, Sam, carrying me around."

"Glad to," Sam said uncomfortably. There was a gentleness in the other's tone faintly ominous; he felt his scalp prickle; and he was at once intensely curious as to what the sheriff now would do, and intensely glad the older man's stroke would not be directed at him. He had never thought of Sheriff Budd as a particularly awe-inspiring figure, but the man's mild eye and his slow stride and his patient kindliness had now something compelling about them, as though they clothed a strength and a purpose resolved and invincible. He sensed so keenly, too, the deep sorrow which the other wore like a cloak; a stern sorrow, curiously implacable. And Sam was almost unwilling to say good night, to turn away. Dave Budd looked so much like a man who needed a friend.

But Sam had at last to leave him there. He remembered afterward how the single electric bulb burning above the door of the store shed a spot of naked light across the older man's bulky figure; how Dave stood there looking after him till Bat's car emerged from the shadows by the store and stopped to take him in. He had time to see the sheriff climb heavily into the car, but the machine did not move, thereafter, until Sam was beyond sight of it. He looked back once or twice to discover whether its headlights pursued him, but they did not appear; and at last he turned his eyes ahead and drove on toward the back road

The young man passed Buck's house almost reluctantly; he felt a yearning to stop, to turn into the garage, and go to bed in his old accustomed place there. The blackness of the night, the rain and the invincible silence which lay across the countryside combined to produce in him an intolerable loneliness and longing. It was in the end pride which drove him on, but when he had left the highway behind, the engrossing business of piloting his car absorbed him, and his thoughts, as well as his eyes, were now all turned ahead. The drive seemed interminable; he was sleepy and dazed with fatigue when he rolled down the last grade and swung into the farmyard. It occurred to him that the rain might put his car out of action, wet the ignition wires or the coil; so he drove past the house and around to the barn, and in through the open doors.

As he passed the kitchen he had seen a light there. Thought sleepily that young Mat Snowden, who had appeared so mysteriously out of the night, must be sitting up for his coming. He had meant to ask Dave who Snowden was, had forgotten to do so. Had forgotten, he realized now, even the two girls left behind here, so infected was he by the mood of sorrow and faint loneliness which emanated from the sheriff silent in the seat behind him. He remembered them now, remembered with a sudden accentuation of his loneliness how Snowden and Peg had looked at each other, even in the moment of that first meeting. He was asking the young man now as he went through the shed from the barn to the house, and stepped in through the kitchen door.

But that which he discovered there was so surprising that he forgot every other thought in his amazement. For Snowden was here, but he was not alone. In a chair tilted characteristically against the wall, his eyes half closed in an indolent similitude of drowsiness, sat Bill Stackhoe; and so many things had filled the days since Sam last saw the fat man that he had almost forgotten Bill.

He stared astonished, wide-awake enough now; and he said in an exclamatory tone, "Where'd you come from?"

Snowden watched them with mild attention; and Bill Stackhoe said drowsily, "Evening, Sam. Or it's morning by now, ain't it?"

"Thought you'd gone," Sam protested. "What are you doing in here anyhow? Thought you was staying in the village. When did you come back?"

(Continued on Page 30)

Reprinted by permission from London (England) Morning Post—November 7, 1925

"LUXURY MOTORING"

"Eight-cylinder Vehicles an Inexpensive Indulgence"

By H. Massac Buist *

"One of the three outstanding developments brought to public notice at the recent international passenger-car show at Olympia was the coming of the eight-cylinder-in-line engine—not as an experiment, but as a well-proved, thoroughly commercialized form of luxury motoring, • • • marketed today at prices that compare favorably with six and even with four-cylinder engined vehicles. • • •

"In making a first post-show season road trial of a 'straight-eight' car I sought, not something utterly new, but a well-proved proposition, presented in its latest guise at comparatively a very low price.

"Therefore, I selected the Hupmobile, the engine being of moderate size from the English point of view, and of small size from the American. And so it possesses the advantages of compactness, occupying no more space than an ordinary six-cylinder engine of the volume, and developing more power per cubic inch of piston displacement than is customary in transatlantic practice. Certainly common sense characterizes the design.

"Refinement is the first quality that strikes you when handling this car. Release from effort is the second impression received. The lesson learned from aero-engine practice concerning the necessity to make the crankshaft of proportionately great diameter is applied here. It is idle to have the acceleration and flexibility of an eight-cylinder engine if you have to sacrifice smooth performance, instead of attaining it.

"The 'straight-eight' Hupmobile has such pleasant and undisturbed fluency of functioning that it fully justifies the two extra cylinders.

"The back axle gearing is on the wise American principle that is now beginning to be exploited generally in this country, where folk are as averse from changing gears as they are fond of doing so on the Continent. The result is that this is a car which you start by engaging the second speed and pass immediately into the direct drive, which need not be taken out even when negotiating steep gradients.

"To appreciate this achievement it is needful to point out that nowadays most cars are so geared, and have so adequate a power-weight ratio, that they can negotiate appreciable gradients on the top gear—provided you 'allow the engine to turn,' as it is called. That is still the way car-performance is commonly demonstrated, particularly in cases where the potential customer is evidently not aware that any car which can perform in spirited fashion on a hill only by doing most of the climbing by momentum as distinct from engine power, is a poor thing of its kind.

"With the lapse of every year the need for safe driving becomes more imperative; therefore we should have motor vehicles that can do their work, including quick hill-climbing, without being rushed at the foot. The way to test hill-climbing is to approach the rise so leisurely that one could pull up at any moment. If the back axle gearing is suitable, provided the engine is up to its work—as few are—you can proceed on top gear with ease and spirit. The 'straight-eight' Hupmobile fulfills the extremely difficult and rare combination of these desiderata.

"For the rest, this Hupmobile has a new cam-and-lever steering gear designed specially for use with balloon tyres. When it is necessary to change gears they prove very easy and quiet. The clutch is refined and smooth; the four-wheel brakes are more than adequate and light to apply. The coachwork details are thought out on commonsense lines.

"My trial was made with a saloon (sedan) body, therefore one had the opportunity of testing the quietness of the car, as well as its comfort; both are praiseworthy.

"Altogether, this is a vehicle of distinctive design and performance, which represents remarkable value, for here is a still rare type of luxurious motoring combined with durability."

* H. Massac Buist is considered, both in his own country and in the United States, to be one of the leading motor car critics of Great Britain. His training and experience in engineering enable him to choose unerringly the better points of mechanical design and the finer manufacturing practice. The Hupp Motor Car Corporation feels that it is unnecessary to add any comment of its own to Mr. Buist's article.

New Series

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 28)

"Well," Bill told him lazily—"well, as a matter of fact, Sam, I haven't been what you might call away."

"I heard you'd gone," Sam insisted.

Stackhoe nodded.

"I did go. But I came back in from the other side," he explained. "You know, I told you I wanted to look around some. And Mat here, he was living on the country hereabouts; so I came back to visit him."

Snowden grinned; and the fat man saw him.

"Yes, laugh, you young rip," he assented wearily. "But I'm too old to sleep on the ground."

Sam looked from one of them to the other. And abruptly remembrance came to him. He spoke to Snowden.

"You were camping by that spring up above the quarry hole," he challenged.

"That's right," Mat agreed. "I had to move out though. Too many neighbors, with them here in this house. I moved higher up the hill. Had to carry water from the spring after that, and it's been a nuisance too."

"I saw you on the road, going to town one morning," Sam told Stackhoe. "The day I walked out."

The fat man nodded.

"Yes, that's so," he agreed. "I got out of sight too. I've watched you more'n once, Sam. I was down by the bridge that day you looked at the new timbers under her."

"I remember. The bushes moved," Sam ejaculated. "What you up to?" he demanded. "What are you around here for?"

Bill countered with another question.

"Where'd you leave the sheriff?" he asked.

Sam explained.

"He's going to see Sloughter in the morning," he added.

Stackhoe looked at Mat.

"Prob'ly be noon before he gets to see him," he remarked. "I guess Sloughter'll be in to meet the truck tonight." And Mat nodded his assent.

"What truck?" Sam demanded. "Down at the mill?"

"I did you a good turn down there the other night," Mat reminded him. "They'd have had you if I hadn't led them the other way."

Sam stared at him, and then remembered.

"That's right," he agreed. "I heard someone yell to them. Was that you? Say, much obliged. We were in a jam then, sure."

"You're quite a hand to get into jams, seems to me," Stackhoe said lazily.

Sam grinned. "That's my middle name," he agreed. "But I've been lucky so far."

"You're quite a hand to talk too," Bill warned him. "I guess you tell about everything you know, don't you? To the first one that comes along." His tone became serious. "You want to get over that, Sam."

"He can't do any harm now," Mat commented. "The sheriff is going to stop this anyway. Tomorrow's the blow-off."

"Kind of a shame too," Stackhoe said whimsically; and Sam asked sharply

"You in with Sloughter?"

Stackhoe looked at him idly; and Snowden chuckled.

"Not to say in with them," the fat man said. "We're Federal officers, Sam." The young man was still with surprise; and Bill added indolently, "Had quite a paying proposition here, Sam. Sloughter was bringing the stuff down and sending it across in boats to a canning factory over on the other side the river. Trucking it from there. We never let on we knew, but we've been picking up the trucks at the other end fast as they came down. Keeping an eye on them all along the line. I guess Sloughter's been getting kind of irritable lately. He's lost a good bit of money."

Sloughter

He was silent for a moment, then added gently, "But long as the sheriff is taking a hand, we're going to clean up tonight. The whole crew is due in at the mill about four o'clock, Sloughter and all; and we're aiming to collect them there. Ever see a raid, Sam?"

Sam stared dumbly, shook his head.

"What kind of a raid?"

"You can come along down with me," Bill explained. "It's a wet night and I never did like rain, but I kind of want to look on. We'll lay out in the bushes. They don't need to know I'm on it. Mat'll stay here and look out for the guns."

Sam grinned. "Sure I'll go. Unless you want I should stay here too."

"Guess Mat can take care of things here," Bill commented. "Looked for a while tonight he'd need to, before you got here." He added soberly, "This deputy sheriff, he ain't what I'd call reliable; and Lin Ruble is a bad one when he gets going. We didn't want to show up till we had to, but I was worried some we'd have to for a while."

"They gone to bed?" Sam asked, glancing toward the other door.

And Snowden said, "Yes. Yes, they've been asleep for hours." He added to Stackhoe, "You know, it's getting along towards time. They might come early."

"The boys are there," Stackhoe reminded him. "I'm just looking on. But we might as well start, Sam," he agreed.

When presently they set out, Sam was trembling with delightful excitement. The affair seemed to him to have assumed once more that glamorous and thrilling air which it had worn in the beginning. It was raining harder, but he scarce remarked it. Snowden had insisted on lending him an oiled-silk shirt, and Stackhoe was similarly protected; and when presently they reached the cover of the pines the rain fell only gently. Stackhoe had, as they left the house, bidden Sam be silent and go carefully; and Sam followed the fat man now, a little astonished at the speed with which the other made his way. It was about three o'clock in the morning, he judged; there was sufficient time. Yet the fat man moved swiftly as though haste sat upon his heels.

In spite of the darkness, they made good time; and before Sam realized it they were close by the clearing where the mill was located.

Stackhoe checked him with a touch on the arm, and Sam whispered, "Are we there? I thought it was farther."

(Continued on Page 44)

"Better Fill Her Up," He Said. "Might Happen to Need It Yet"

* BULLETIN

Buicks last longer

— registrations prove it

In the United States, today, there are more Buicks registered than any other cars except two very low priced ones.

Buick leadership in registrations among all other motor cars means extra miles turned in by old Buicks, loyal service from cars that would not be running at all if they were not Buicks, built as only Buick builds.

Buick engineering has given long life to Buick cars by thinking always of superior strength and placing it in every Buick part. And then, by surrounding that strength with such protection as the famous "Sealed Chassis" and the "Triple Sealed Engine." All Buick operating parts are barricaded from dirt and wear to insure longer life with less upkeep.

And every Buick has the long-lived Buick Valve-in-Head Engine, famous everywhere for power and performance; proved superior in stamina by more than twenty-one years of outstanding service.

When you eventually register your own Buick, you will find that it has surpassing staying-power. This attribute belongs to Buick. *Registrations prove it!*

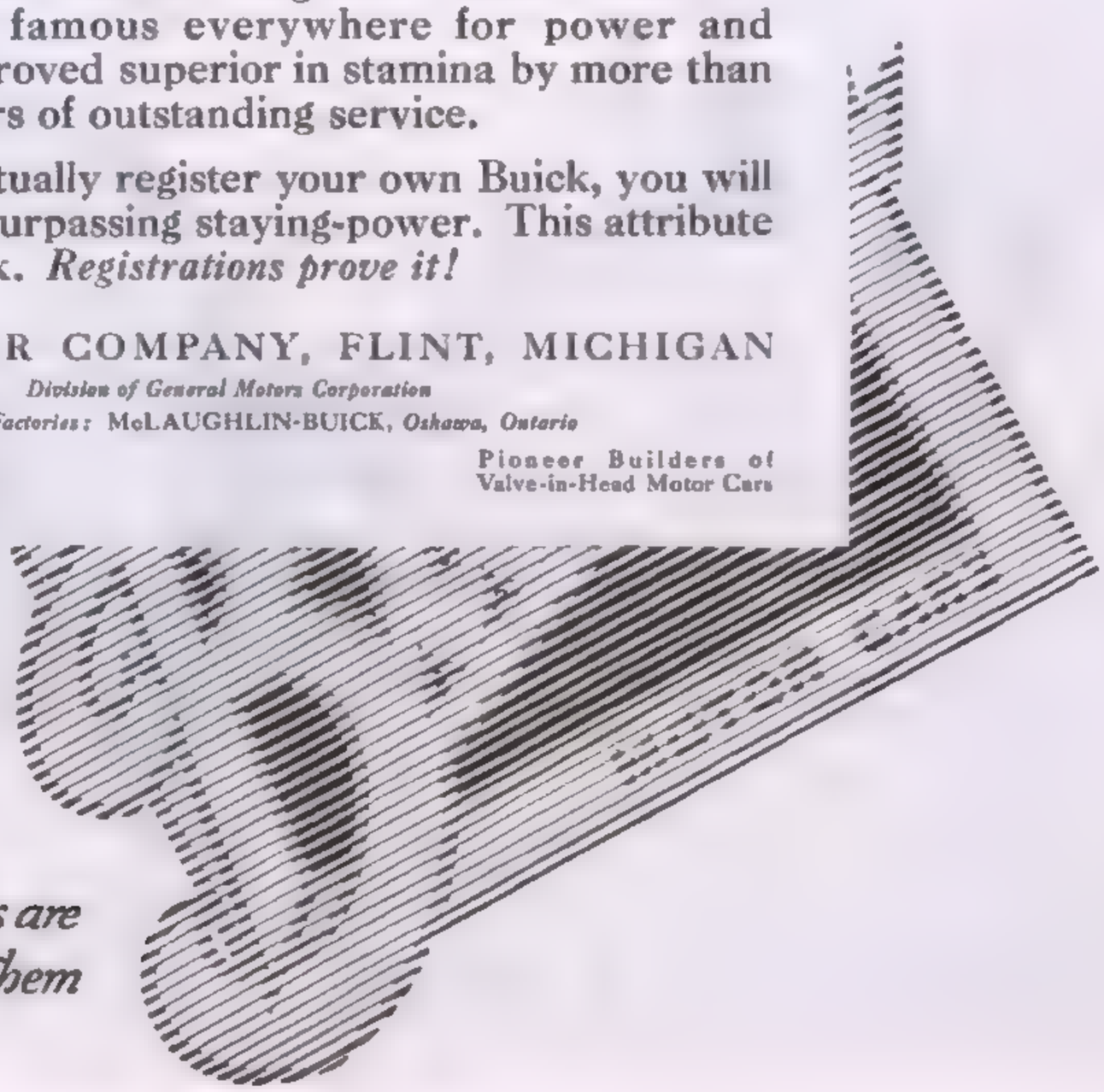
BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars



* *When Better Automobiles are Built* · Buick *Will Build Them*

Listen, My Children, and You Shall Hear of the Midday Ride of Plupy's Dear

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

SUNDAY, January 11, 186—today is sunday. it might jest as well be sunday as enny other day in the week. i am glad it is not yesterday. i dont beleeve i cood get throug another day like yesterday. i think yesterday was about the wirst day in my life so far. what happens to me after this wont maik mutch diference to me. i dont beleeve i shood even wink a ey if deth on the pail horse came hel whooping round the corner. there i dont cair what i say or what i do.

but i started out to wright this story and i am going to finnish it if i drop dead before i am haff throug. if i do drop dead i shant care a cuss. there. I am wrighting this from a bed of pane.

well yesterday morning i got up in the nite 2 times to see if the stars was out. they was and i felt pretty good about it. i wish now that it had been snowing nine feet deep from here to Hampton Beach. i wood have wished so then if i had gnew what was befoar me. but i coodent know and i woodent have beleeved it if my best frend had told me. well as i sed befoar i got up in the morning erly and went down stares and took cair of Nellie and split and brougt in wood enuf to last 2 days. then i et breckfast and went out and give Nellie another rub down. then i got sum hot water and sum harness sope and blacking and i washed and blacked the harness.

mother sed i blacked my hands and arms moar than i did the harness. then she let me hang the harness up in the back kitchen to dry and then i had to wash my hands and arms for most a haff hour with soft sope and hot water befoar they was cleen. then it was time for dinner. while i was wirking Bug Chadwick come up to get me to go down to his house to see a fite between Pozzy and Alf Killam. Alf Killam is a cusn of Bugs and they want to give him a good time. i told him i had to go out of town. so he went off and then Gimmy Fitzgerald come over and wanted me to come to Plug Atherton's rooster fite. he sed Plug was going to put his rooster into the reverent Mr. Stewarts the Advent ministers hen coop. he sed that the old minister practised his sirmons Saturdays all day and you cood hear him 3 miles and he never wood know what was being did. so Gimmy asted me to come over. i told him the same that i told Bug.

then gosh what do you think. Beany he come up and asted me to go down and spend the afternoon with him. i was auful glad to see Beany and wood have liked to go down if i hadent been going to do sumthing that was about 500 times as good. so i told Beany i was sorry. that was a auful lie but a feller had got to be perlite to a frend. and Beany he went off. i was glad to see Beany but i dident ask him to come again for you cant trust Beany where there is a prety girl.

well i et my dinner but i dont remember what we had and then i beat the dust out of the sleig cushons and pollished up the sleig bells and the brass nobs on the harniss and brushed Nellie down oncet moar and she shown jest like a horse chesnut. i had braded her main and tale and when i unbraded it and combed it out it ripled jest like the hair of a spanil dog. then i harnessed Nellie and hiched her and then i went in and put on my best cloths and my new mittens. then i drove out of the yard. Nellie was prancing and dancing jest like a circus horse and i never saw her look so fine. when i drove up to Luciles gait she come out dressed splendid and i got out and threw off the robe and held Nellie by the head. i wood have liked to help her in but i was afrade i coodent hold Nellie with one hand so i xplained it to her and she laffed and got in and pulled the robe over her and sed all rite and i gumped in and Nellie went up on her hine legs and away we went.

it was a splendid after noon and bully aleighing. evrybody whitch had a horse and sleig was out and sum that had 2. old Woodbridge Odlin was out with his span of dock tailed blacks and old E. O. Loverin the man whitch got stang in the lip at the picknick by a hornet was out with a black horse and a brite yellow sleig and Beanys father with a bay trotter and Levi Tole, Ed Toles father drove the Chase mare and Gim Odlin a pacer and Charles Tole drove Pett and Nell a span of white horses and old Man Chirchill a black stalion and old Emory Tuck of East Kingston drove a span of browns and old Wakeup Robinson a gray with a skeepskin coller and Dan Gilman, Fattys big brother had a rone and evrybody else. but there wasent ennyone whitch had a li'elier horse than i and nobody had haff as prety a girl as i did.

i had a red ribbon on my whip. when a feller takes a girl to ride and puts a red ribbon on his whip it meens they is most as good as engaiged. and if he wears her hat and she wears his it meens sumthing else. but we aint them kind of peeple. but it is all rite to have a red ribbon on your whip if the girl you are taiking to ride is willing and Lucile was willing for she dident objec. so it was all rite wasent it.

well when we went throug Front Street i saw Bug and Pozzy and Whack and Alf Killam and they took off their hats and i notised that Alf had a black ey so i gess it was a

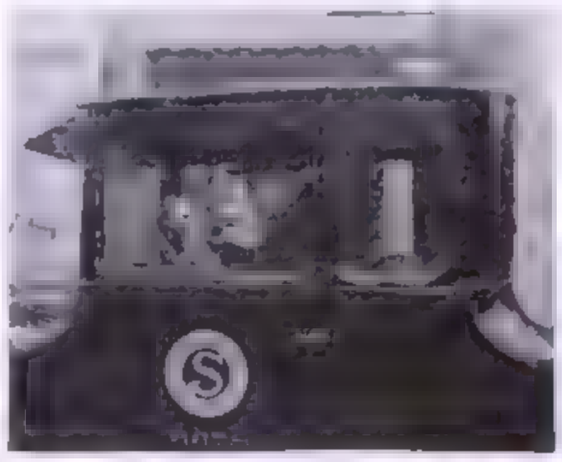
(Continued on Page 169)

Of Coarse I Cood See Out of the Corner of My Ey That She Saw Us But I Pertended Not to See Her

SWIFT

—a food service

YOU DO NOT have to live in a large city to enjoy daily, fine fresh meats, dairy and poultry products. Swift's Refrigerator Car Service delivers these foods in perfect condition to thousands of small towns throughout the country.



1 By automobile, Swift Salesmen travel from town to town on regular schedules. Orders from retail dealers are dispatched each evening to the Swift plant serving that district.

2 The next morning these orders are filled systematically and promptly. Shipments are on their way within twenty-four hours. Speed and precision are the essentials of this service.

3 The goods are loaded, in the order of station stops, into refrigerator cars which are attached to regular trains moving on schedule time.

4 At each station the orders for retailers of that town are quickly unloaded. In this manner small towns and cities receive a fast, regular service on perishable products that could not otherwise be obtained.

SWIFT & COMPANY sells quality meats, dairy and poultry products direct to retail dealers.

In the case of small towns this is accomplished through a system of direct refrigerator car deliveries. In larger cities retailers secure their supplies from Swift Branch Houses.

This form of marketing is used because our products are perishable and we must see that they reach the retailers in perfect condition.

By this method we can parallel the shifts in demand, and eliminate the waste of over-supply and the inconvenience of scarcities.

Direct selling to retailers has proved to be the quickest and most economical method of assuring a constant supply of wholesome foods.

Large volume makes possible such a low unit profit that it has no appreciable effect on the prices paid by the consumer or to the livestock producer.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

Swift & Company's new Year Book is the most interesting it has ever published. Every page contains information on subjects of great importance to you. Send the coupon for your copy—now.

Swift & Company, Public Relations Dept.,
4342 Packer Ave., U. S. Yards,
Chicago, Ill

Please send me free of charge a copy of Swift & Company's 1926 Year Book.

Name

Address

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

She's all right now!

THEY had worried about little Jane. She was a delicate child and had been troubled continually with faulty elimination. Finally the doctor advised mother to stop giving her drug laxatives and to start her eating Post's Bran Flakes as an "Ounce of Prevention." That solved the problem.

Millions of families have welcomed Post's Bran Flakes because it has banished the need for drug laxatives and established normal eliminative habits.

Constipation, the source of so much sickness, is often caused by lack of bulk in the diet. The intestine requires bulk if it is to function properly.

Most "bulk foods" are flavorless and distasteful. People do not eat them, because they do not like them. Post's Bran Flakes, however, combines bulk with palatability. It is a delicious cereal food that you will eat regularly because you like it.

Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious food. In addition to bulk it also supplies the body with such vital food elements as phosphorus, iron, protein, and vitamin B.

You will find no difficulty in getting the children to eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly. It is delicious served as a cereal with milk or cream and with fruits in season. It also makes tempting cookies, bread and muffins.

Stop the drug-laxative habit. It is only a temporary make-shift that makes matters much worse later. Correct faulty elimination by including Post's Bran Flakes regularly in the diet.

Eat it every day as an "Ounce of Prevention" and get started down the "Road to Wellville."

Send for *"An Ounce of Prevention"*

a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our folder showing different ways of serving bran.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Dept. SEP. 4-B-226,
Battle Creek, Michigan

Makers of POST HEALTH PRODUCTS Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Chocolate

If you live in Canada, Address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario

everybody every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

"Now you'll like Bran"

Try

5¢ *at all candy counters*

© P. C. Co., 1926

POKER FACE

By CARL CLAUSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE fashion show at Whiting's Department Store was in full swing, and the sidewalk beyond the great plate-glass windows was crowded with admiring women. At the corner window the crowd was the densest. The curiosity of the shoppers had been aroused by an unusual sight.

In the show window among the wax dummies was standing a young man in faultless attire. His face was powdered and rouged into a cunning likeness of a dummy. Even his eyelashes were beaded, and his upper lip was a cupid's bow of deep carmine. By not so much as the twitching of an eyelid did he show the slightest sign of life. Only the minutest scrutiny betrayed the flesh-and-blood identity of the professional automaton among the waxed dummies.

The employment of such men for advertising purposes is perhaps not a new thing. You see them now and then in every large city, and they are always the object of much curiosity. Their occupation is not a lucrative one, considering the strain which prolonged perfect immobility imposes upon the human organism.

The milling shoppers regarded the dummy with amusement, awe and speculation, each according to his own temperament. They frankly stared, and the dummy stared back, imperturbably, impersonally and without the slightest apparent interest in life other than that of displaying to best advantage the suit he wore.

It was hard to believe that warm human blood coursed under the waxlike pallor of his cheek, or that a heart beat under the flawless coat he was displaying

Calahan Sent Two Shots From His Automatic After the Flying Legs. Both Went Wide

A year or two earlier Sylvester Fensmark had been an artists' model. As such he had enjoyed a brief period of popularity among the attic dwellers in the artists' colony to the west of old Washington Square. This popularity had been due not only to his perfect physique and his finely chiseled features but also to the fact that he had schooled himself to hold a pose for an almost unbelievable length of time.

On one occasion when he was posing before an art class in the Village and had stood immovable for over an hour, one of the students, a girl, threw down her brush and exclaimed hysterically:

"If he doesn't move soon I shall scream!"

Sylvester had mocked her in his light almost feminine voice as he slipped off the pedestal, and it had taken the girl the rest of the term to live down her hysterical outburst.

His popularity as a model had been short-lived, however. He never knew the reason for this, and if someone had told him he would have scoffed at the idea. He was well satisfied with himself. Though he did not in so many words express the idea that in being handsome and perfectly proportioned he had done his share for humanity, down in the deep recesses of his mind some such notion existed.

This was not strange. There had never been any period of his life when he was not petted or fussed over. Someone, usually a woman, had always strewn his path with roses. Suffering was unknown to him, and so arrogance and conceit held sway in the queer, warped little thing which was Sylvester's soul.

For a year or two he was the fashion in Greenwich Village, then one by one his patrons began to drop him. They drew and painted his remarkable limbs and torso and his cameolike profile until wearied to the point of satiation with so much perfection. His face was so utterly devoid of expression and character that some wag dubbed him Poker Face, and the name stuck.

For some time after his popularity had waned he earned a precarious livelihood by picking up an hour of posing here and there among the more recent arrivals in the Village at fifty to seventy-five cents the hour. His adversity did not sober him. He became embittered against the world which had given him a taste of prosperity, and which, in consequence, he now felt owed him a living.

In his extremity he considered various ways of collecting this debt, but dismissed them all as too hazardous.

II

IT HAPPENED that one day, after he had been sitting for hours on the edge of his sagging bed, staring at his frayed cuffs and smoking cigarette after cigarette, his roving eye was attracted by an advertisement among the classified lines of the morning paper. As the advertisement seemed to be in his line, he made a note of the address, pulled his cap down over his eyes and started for the place—an old loft building on East Eleventh Street, off University Place.

The proprietor, a florid-looking man with a bristling pompadour and hairy hands, looked him over from head to foot. His arms and wrists, thighs and ankles were measured and his profile was studied from every angle.

"You'll do," the man said briefly.

Sylvester found himself hired as a model for the manufacture of wax dummies. A plaster cast was taken of him and from this cast wax dummies for show-window display purposes were made. For his services as the original he received one hundred dollars.

It was not long after this that, as he passed a clothing store in the Forties, he saw in the show window one of these replicas of himself in wax. He paused and stared at it. He was not given to self-appraisal, but for one fleeting and disagreeable moment he saw something in the waxen face of the dummy that made him pause, or rather he saw nothing there, and that nothing made him pause. The phrase "beautiful but dumb" had not yet been coined.

When he turned away from the window and walked back to his room, there was a thoughtful look in his pale-blue eyes. As he slunk down Bleecker Street, dodging the pushcart peddlers and the waddling splayfooted denizens of the crowded sidewalk, his mind was seething with the injustice of his position, and he was ripe for almost anything that required cunning, but not too much courage.

It was his likeness to the waxen dummies that made Vance, the busy and overworked general manager of Whiting's Department Store, pause in the midst of his multitudinous duties and stare at Sylvester when he presented himself with an application for employment, on the strength of, one might say, the family resemblance. Mr. Vance's alert mind saw at once the possibilities of the situation from a publicity angle, and when Sylvester informed him that he had been an artists' model he was hired on the spot for a period of ten weeks at a very good salary.

Sylvester had entered upon his new duties as an advertising automaton without any definite idea of how he could put the limited time of ten weeks to the best use. But he kept his eyes and ears open. By the time he had been working there four weeks he had noted many things of interest to him, chief among these the movements of Mr. Albert Cronin, the store's cashier.

Mr. Cronin's movements could hardly be called erratic. He arrived at the store at nine A.M. from his Bronx apartment in the Hundred-and-nineties, spent seven hours wrestling with large sums of money that meant absolutely nothing to him except as units of the day's column of figures, which must be made to balance at the end of it. At 4:30 he departed for home, arriving there by way of Subway express in exactly thirty-three minutes. At 5:30 he sat down to dinner and at 6.30 he and Mrs. Cronin put on their hats and coats and went to a show or out to call on some neighbor, except when inclement weather kept them to their books or a game of rummy.

The life of the Cronins was about as exciting as the life of two silkworms in the same cocoon, and they were just as much wrapped up in each other. In the summer Mr. Cronin's route was changed slightly, once a week. The Cronins owned a small summer cottage at Rocky Ford, on the North Shore of Long Island, where Mrs. Cronin spent a four-month vacation pumping water from a well six times a day and cooking on a coal-oil stove, and liking it.

On Saturday morning Mr. Cronin came out on the nine o'clock train, and spent the week-end watching his young golden-haired wife fight a bumper crop of freckles with cold cream and hot towels. Mr. Cronin was hardly ancient himself. When pressed he would plead guilty to thirty-three Indian summers. He was a tall, slightly stooped young man with a preoccupied manner. He walked with an air of carrying something fragile or easily broken. He was a country boy from upstate, and he had never quite recovered from his amazement when, after five years of service in the auditing department, Whiting's had promoted him to cashier. Although he had lived in New York over ten years now, he was curiously ignorant about it. He was vaguely aware that such a place as Washington Square existed. His knowledge of the Bowery was gleaned from the election returns and from magazine fiction, but he could tell you to a pennyweight how many ounces of eighteen-carat gold it took to do the ceiling of the Woolworth lobby, and how many thousand dollars'

worth of gold leaf went to paint the spires of the Radiator Building. He held his job as cashier of Whiting's because he was more interested in statistics than in spaghetti. This was the man whose movements Sylvester watched with interest.

III

IN THE basement of the big store a fireproof vault had been built—a room some fourteen feet wide by twenty feet long. In the far end of this room there was a large safe with doors of manganese steel, and the outside door leading into the vault was a massive affair of the same material. In addition to its intricate locking devices, this outside door carried a burglar alarm and a time lock. In the daytime the door was left open, as the vault was used as a storage place for the firm's old records. An elderly man in a gray uniform stood guard there during business hours, coming on duty at nine in the morning. One wall of the vault was occupied by a row of steel filing cabinets, the contents of which dated back over twenty years. Against the other stood some dozen or more of wax figures. They were kept there partly because it was handy to the show windows and partly for lack of any other place to store them.

In his capacity as advertising automaton, Sylvester, as well as the window dressers, had access to the vault. He put on and removed his make-up here, screened from the gaze of the curious.

It was while he was engaged in removing it on the evening of the second Friday of his employment that Cronin came into the vault, almost on the stroke of four o'clock, accompanied by a bank messenger. Sylvester watched the cashier open the safe as he—Cronin—had been doing every Friday night for five years, count the money which was the firm's pay roll for the week, sign for it, close the door of the safe, put a small black-leather Gladstone bag on top of the filing cabinet and leave for home. The black bag contained his shaving outfit, some library books and his favorite silk pajama suit. He'd call for the bag at 8:45 Saturday morning on his way to the Pennsylvania Station, where he took the nine o'clock Long Island train to Rocky Ford.

From Friday evening until Saturday at ten A.M., when the pay roll was made up, the safe held some sixty-odd thousand dollars. At no other time did it contain any more than sufficient change to begin business with the following day. The store's daily receipts were banked every evening just before closing time, by special arrangement with its bank.

As Sylvester noted these details his mind became filled with the possibilities of the situation. He was not brilliant, but when a man has spent the best part of his life side-stepping hard work his brain becomes at least as nimble as his feet.

Once more we find him seated on the edge of his sagging bed, smoking cigarette after cigarette and staring at the wall opposite. For five consecutive Fridays he had spied on Cronin's movements, had followed him to his flat in the Bronx, had watched him enter the vault on Saturday mornings for his bag and depart for Rocky Ford with his black Gladstone bag after turning the day's business over to Lipke, his assistant. Sylvester also noted that Cronin kept the key of the bag tied to the handle with a piece of string. Further, that precisely at ten o'clock, Lipke, his pay roll ready, came to the vault, accompanied by a messenger girl, and opened the safe.

Sylvester's pale-blue eyes narrowed as he considered the possibilities of three-quarters of an hour between eight o'clock, when the time lock automatically released the bolt of the vault door and the watchman opened it, and 8:45, when Cronin called for his black Gladstone bag. Sixty thousand dollars put out at 6 per cent was thirty-six hundred a year, or three hundred a month. Even in expensive New York a man could live very comfortably on such an income.

He had no intention of bolting. To lose himself among the six million was an easy matter.

For weeks he toyed with the idea. It was with him day and night—when he stood motionless in the show window doing his stunt, outstaring the curious, and when he prepared his frugal meals in his attic apartment on Bleecker Street, listening to the subdued roar of the Sixth Avenue Elevated. Sometimes in the middle of the night he'd wake up bathed in perspiration at some disturbing dream, and lie staring at the ceiling, breathless at his own temerity. But in the end he committed himself definitely to the idea of robbing the great Whiting Store of its sixty-thousand-dollar pay roll.

IV

THE first thing he did was to buy a Gladstone bag similar to the one Cronin carried, a very common type. As the cashier's bag was nearly new, it was a simple matter to mar his own here and there to conform with Cronin's. He also purchased a light-brown wig and a complete woman's attire, explaining at the store where he bought the garments that he was a female impersonator, which the saleswoman who waited on him was ready enough to believe when he had been fitted.

After putting the clothes into the bag he walked down to the Pennsylvania Station and checked it, ready for the day when he would need it. On his way home he bought a small can of quickly drying brown paint and a small brush. He was now ready.

He timed himself for the coup on the Friday one week before his contract with the store expired. During the day he made a few simple arrangements vital to the success of his plan. His locker in the vault contained three complete suits with shirts, collars, ties and shoes to match. Two were formal evening suits, a tuxedo and a cutaway, and the third, a Prince Albert with a pair of gray-striped trousers.

He interchanged these from day to day at the instructions from the advertising manager of the men's department. Under no circumstances was he permitted to leave the store wearing them.

It was his habit to dress two of the wax figures in the vault in outfits in exact duplicate of the one which he was to demonstrate that day, and have the window trimmers carry the figures to the show window for him, the idea of the publicity stunt being to see if the public could tell Sylvester from the two dummies. His phenomenal ability to remain motionless and the fact that he always picked out two figures of which he himself was the original made this no easy task, and he had become almost a personage in the shopping district of the Forties, a fact which flattered his vanity not a little.

On the Friday evening in question, after having asked for the Saturday morning off—the store closing at noon—he entered the vault from the show window with his make-up still on his face. Against the wall nearest the safe stood a wax figure in an evening suit, dressed by himself during the morning in accordance with his plans. Sylvester puttered about the vault, walked in and out between it and the stairway to the show windows to impress the guard with his frequent passing back and forth, thus confusing the aged man.

At five minutes to four o'clock Sylvester went into the vault for the last time. He glanced out of the open door to assure himself that the guard's back was turned, then he stepped backward quickly and stood motionless against the wall beside the wax figure which he had dressed during the day for this purpose, his face turned toward the door of the safe. (Continued on Page 56)

The Milling Shoppers Regarded the Dummy With Amusement, Awe and Speculation, Each According to His Own Temperament

Body by Fisher. Three words that stand for the ultimate in fine and lasting body construction, in purity of design, in beauty and service of all interior trimmings. The simple phrase Body by Fisher carries a world of meaning in motor car satisfaction

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER

UNDERSTUDYING THE SOLONS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

She Straightened Up With a Terrible Effort at Dignity. "No," She Pronounced, "I Never Talk to the Help"

IT WAS during the closing hours of the Sixty-seventh Congress, in March of 1923. Senator Moses held the floor; held it truculently, aggressively, shouldering, as he does, at rulings and opposition like a football player at his rival's line. But he wasn't making much headway. Suavely, and with frequent reference to the logic of their position, his opponents blocked him, while from his own side he couldn't seem to win the support he needed.

Suddenly he turned to a group of us who sat together on the long softly padded couches at the rear of the chamber, sacred to cabinet members, congressmen, governors and senate employes, and waved a guarded yet inclusive arm toward his colleagues in the seats of the mighty.

"I wish," he said, in one of those interesting asides that never find their way into the Congressional Record—"I wish some of you fellows were in these seats. We'd get this amendment through."

We wished so ourselves, for we were all senators' secretaries, and the amendment which Senator Moses was trying to put into a deficiency bill provided, among other things, an increase in our salaries. Whether we could have justified the senator's confidence, I do not know. But I do believe that there were certain men in our group who were the compeers of many members in the art of guiding a measure safely through the tangled jungle of Senate rules and tradition and opposition.

From a Senator's Mail Bag

FROM the fierce light that beats on Capitol Hill, those men hide, obscure and content, in the shadows of their mighty chiefs; and the fiercer the light, the deeper the shadow. Yet in that dim background they study the road, they oil the machinery, they sometimes pull the lever that starts a bill on its successful way, with the senator directing it. And take it from one who was among the least of these, some of them certainly know their stuff. They have to.

Consider the average day of a secretary in the office of a senator from one of the big industrial states while Congress, let us say, is in session. He reaches the senatorial offices in that great stone building that rears its white bulk between Union Station and the Capitol sometime between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. The office messenger has preceded him and is deftly splitting open a hundred or so letters that came in the first mail. There will be bundles of several hundred more arriving at intervals throughout the day, all to be answered before the office closes at about seven o'clock that evening.

The secretary goes to his desk, in a room just outside the senator's private office, and runs quickly through the mail. There is a certain uniformity in many of the missives before him. In one sense they are nearly all alike. They are asking for something. It may be only a public document or it may be money from the Treasury, but they want it. Men, women and children sign them. The men want jobs or certain favors from the great government departments. The women want jobs for themselves or their menfolk and favors from departments. The children want jobs—they seem to think that Senate pages are hired by the regiment—and material for school essays, and appointments to West Point or Annapolis. The very old men want their pensions increased. Many of the younger men want their allowances from the Veterans' Bureau raised. All, it seems, voted for the senator at the last election and carry in their vest pockets a solid array of votes that a state leader might envy. These they are ready to swing for or against him, according to whether or not their requests are granted.

There are requests for the senator to speak at fraternal rallies, at educational conventions, at Rotary Clubs, at political meetings. There are protests against pending legislation, beautifully balanced by letters approving the same bills. There are letters from persons who want to borrow money to buy clothes or to send the writers to their places of legal residence to cast their votes. There are appeals from prospective travelers asking letters of introduction from the Secretary of State to diplomatic and consular officers abroad. There is propaganda—printed, written, pictured—from every paid and unpaid secretariat on the six continents. There are burning notes from bishops and from barkeeps; from society leaders and from scrubwomen; from pacifists and from jingoes; from parlor pinks and from standpatters. Everyone writes to his senator—and everyone gets a nicely franked answer, and, if possible, the thing he asks for.

At least once a day there sparkles from this pile of correspondence a gem of originality. I recall one letter that wanted the senator to act as the writer's counsel in a lawsuit to be brought against the German nation. The author had, he said, attended a theater on one of the heatless Mondays during the war. It was cold up there in the family circle. He had become ill the following day. Clearly this was the fault of Germany, for which that republic should now pay heavy damages. How soon did the senator think suit could be begun, and how large an award of damages might the plaintiff expect?

Another was from a girl, "a perfect 36," and, she assured the senator, considered good-looking by both sexes. As his loyal constituent, she would appreciate five or six of the gowns of the senator's wife. Could he send them immediately? She had a heavy date with the boy friend next Saturday evening.

Every letter is read, every letter answered. The secretary makes two piles of them, the most important to be taken up directly with the senator, the others to be handled by the staff. Then he calls one of the stenographers from an outer office and dictates, for the secretary himself is served by a clerical force. Letters that deal with matters relating to the departments and do not require the senator's individual attention are disposed of first. The department is asked to grant, if possible, the favor requested, or to supply such information as the constituent requires.

Nothing to Do But Work

IN THE meantime the telephones have been jangling. Newspapers are calling for information; long distance is plugging in constituents from back home who want immediate information. Visitors are crowding the room. All hope to see the senator. Nearly all have pregnant messages which, they insist, are for his ears alone.

Within an hour the senator arrives. The secretary drops his dictation and turns the telephone over to one of the clerks. He is alone with the senator for a busy few minutes. In that time he has laid before his chief the calendar of activities for the day. The senator—announces his secretary in a volley of reminders, questions, suggestions and counsel—will attend a committee meeting at eleven o'clock. At 10:30 he will receive a delegation of manufacturers who have an important viewpoint to express on the pending tariff bill. At twelve o'clock the session opens. At two o'clock he will confer with the President. At five o'clock he will take a delegation of prominent real-estate men from the home state to see the Secretary of War. They want to make a deal for one of the abandoned army cantonments. There are important measures on the calendar of the Senate. The proposed amendment to the Commerce

(Continued on Page 40

$825

Coach or Coupe, at factory

An Entirely New Basis of Ownership

Embodying the fullest scope of General Motors' resources, the new Pontiac Six introduces into its field an entirely new basis of ownership—*quality instead of price* • • • At a price so unexpectedly low that only General Motors could achieve it, the Pontiac Six provides many elements of quality that every buyer has always wanted—and until now could not obtain.

The Pontiac Six, companion car to the Oakland Six, is built and distributed by

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

CHIEF • OF • THE • SIXES

(Continued from Page 38)

Act comes up that afternoon, with a number of new features that affect the industries of the senator's state. Here is the correspondence on them, and a brief summary of the facts. The chairman of the state political committee is calling on long distance. Shall he be heard immediately, or shall some of the visitors be seen first? There are twelve persons waiting in the secretary's office. Five of these the senator really should see. The others the secretary can attend to.

"Yes"—"No"—"Very well"—"Immediately"—"In fifteen minutes"—"I'll attend to that"—"You do it" answers the senator, quickly, decisively. Then the visitors are ushered in.

Here lies the greatest test of the efficient secretary. He must know by his wide acquaintanceship, by his appraisals of personal values, which of those visitors should get past the door that leads to the senator's office and which he can handle better himself. Sometimes he errs, and the error is costly. He may waste valuable time for the senator by letting the wrong man in. He may make bitter enemies for his chief by keeping the wrong one out. Generally he accompanies the visitors, introducing them to the senator and presenting in a few terse sentences the nature of their business, a recital which if left to the visitors themselves might be spread over half the morning.

Somewhere in the short interval between receiving visitors and attending his committee meeting the senator must see and reply to correspondence which the secretary has set aside for him. He dictates to one of the stenographers while the secretary sits at his elbow to answer questions, to offer information or suggestions. Long before the correspondence basket is empty the senator leaves for his meeting. The mail will be finished that evening after the session.

The secretary returns to his desk to receive more visitors and to dictate his share of the correspondence. A war veteran, tired of waiting for his compensation claim to be straightened out, drops in. A business man, weary of futile correspondence with a clerk in one of the departments over a tax matter, arrives. A job hunter, hopeful of a minor position in another department, is there. A naturalized citizen, whose wife has been held at Ellis Island and may be returned to the homeland, asks that the senator use his influence to keep her in this country. Each has made the trip from the home state with the hopeful conviction that just a word from the senator will sweep away rulings and barriers and grant him, magically, his desire.

It is touching, this confidence in the power of political office. Sometimes it is justified; more often hopeless. But the secretary tries. Into his motor car or a taxicab he conducts the strangely assorted group, and with them makes the round of the departments. The former soldier he takes to the Veterans' Bureau and there explains his case. The files are dragged down from their shelves, and, with the secretary as his counsel, the veteran presents his argument. The business man is taken to the great gray pile of the Treasury Building. He follows at the secretary's heels to the particular office in which the matter that vexes him may be settled. Together he and the secretary present that case and a decision is reached. The job hunter is conducted personally to the particular building where lie his hopes of a government position. If he is worthy and properly accredited, the secretary uses the senatorial influence in his behalf. The distraught husband is taken to the Department of Labor. Again the files are consulted. If there is an element of hope the secretary presses the case, again using the power of the senator's approval. If not the situation is explained.

The Senate Chamber Music

MUCH is accomplished by the secretary in his capacity as counsel and adviser to his chief's constituents, for about him drifts the aura of authority. Departmental Washington recognizes him as the mouthpiece of that most powerful of men, the influential senator of the majority party.

If the departmental visits have gone smoothly the secretary may be back at his office by noon. More mail, more telephone calls, more visitors await him. While he attends to these he keeps a trained ear open for what is going on in the ornate chamber across Capitol Park—what bills are up, what action is being taken on them—for he should be in constant touch with everything that happens there. How can this be done? The method is both simple and ingenious.

In every senator's office, in the Senate cloakrooms, in the Senate restaurant, in every committee room, hangs a bell. It is connected with a push button at the desk of one of the attachés on the floor of the Senate. With this button he signals the story of what is happening on the floor. One ring means the yeas and nays are being taken. Two rings signal the call of the Senate and the call for absentees. Three rings mean the Senate has gone into executive session, and everyone, even the omnipresent reporters, must leave to permit the senators to discuss in absolute privacy such questions as the confirmation of appointments. Four rings sound joyously. They spell adjournment. Five rings mean the doors have been opened after executive session and visitors and reporters may return to those sacrosanct halls. Six rings mean recess.

The calls are always imperative and sometimes embarrassing. It is worth a trip to Washington to visit the Senate restaurant and suddenly see a group of dignified solons leave their muttons as they hasten upstairs to be present at the yea-and-nay vote that the one ring has signaled. It is hard on a witness in the midst of his studied and eloquent plea before a special committee to have the committee suddenly arise during the most emphatic part of his peroration and dash for the Senate Chamber at the imperative two rings that call members to their deliberations. For these signals are intended really for the senators, although they keep the secretaries, who watch the calendars of bills, in constant and intimate touch with the activities of their chiefs.

Now, unless some unexpected development sends him to the chamber to consult with the senator, the secretary can study requests for legislation. Much of this work falls along well-charted lines. A Civil War veteran wants a special bill increasing his pension. A woman has been struck by a post-office truck and wants to collect damages through a special act of Congress. The heirs of a man who sold a boat to the Government fifty years ago and was never paid for it want a bill offered that will give them the sales price plus interest. The officials of an upstate county want a bridge thrown across a stream, or an appropriation to dredge a local creek and make it into a navigable river. A physician wants a bill offered requiring a poison label on every bottle of a familiar but dangerous household chemical sold indiscriminately at corner groceries.

A Hero to His Secretary

THE secretary considers carefully these requests. Some of them are covered in bills already pending. He informs the letter writers and assures them that the senator will interest himself in the pending measure. Others are new, but because they run along familiar lines the secretary can prepare the bill. After drawing it up according to precedent and models, he may show it to the Legislative Counsel, who will check it for accuracy of form. The purpose of the Legislative Counsel is to serve the committees, but its members are usually generously willing to assist an individual senator in minor matters of this nature.

When the bill is drafted the secretary makes out a complete report to accompany it. This tells who requested the measure, who opposes it, why it is needed, and includes the correspondence. It will be shown to the senator on his return to the office, and he will determine whether it is in the proper form and whether it should be introduced.

Then there is pending legislation to be watched. The senator's bill for the relief, let's say, of the Flat-foot Aborigines on Limpin' Bear Island has lain dormant too long in the Committee on Fallen Arches and Suspension Bridges. The secretary drops down to consult the clerk of that committee.

"The chief," he says, "wants this bill reported out so that he can get a vote on it before the session ends."

The clerk may be counted on to demur, pointing out that there is a lot of more important legislation and the committee can't get to the Aborigines bill for several months. But the secretary, if he's a good one, insists, and possibly the clerk promises to see that the measure will go before a special subcommittee of three at the next meeting. They confer on who would be the most friendly members of the subcommittee, and then part with mutual promises of assistance. At his first opportunity the secretary will tell his senator about the subcommittee, and the senator will talk to his three colleagues, urging them to press the bill through.

The following morning the secretary may receive a visit from that clerk, who is, of course, secretary to whatever senator is chairman of the Committee on Fallen Arches and Suspension Bridges.

"My chief," he says, "has a bill in your senator's committee that he wants out. What can be done about getting it through? Your Aborigines bill looks good."

For secretaries in their own way can roll logs as adroitly as the best of columnists.

I do not mean to suggest that the secretary does the senator's work. Really important and significant legislation is studied, conferred over and drafted by the senator. It is watched by him through the long mazes of its legislative history with intense interest and energy. He introduces it at the proper moment. He talks to the members of the committee to which it has been assigned. He marks its position on the calendar so he can be prepared to fight for it when it comes up. He personally consults the heads of the departments whose activities it may affect, to win their collaboration and approval. He keeps in constant touch with the experts at home who first suggested the need of the measure.

The secretary can help here by arranging and sometimes briefing the information that pertains to the bill, by making the proper appointments for consultations, by notifying interested persons of the time of public hearings and urging them to attend.

But there is a daily grist of legislation, formal, traditional and of minor importance, of whose details he can relieve his chief, counting on the senator to approve it and to fight it through. Few can realize, I am convinced, the quantity of work which falls on the shoulders of a senator from a big state. Few know how much of himself he gives to the work. Time after time I have seen my chief, after a busy day in the Senate, sit up all night with a multitude of papers before him and a group of experts at his side, studying a bill that was to come up the next day, or drafting a measure that had to be introduced at the earliest opportunity. I have never seen him get on a train without a fat brief case filled with papers he had to study. I cannot recall ever visiting him at his apartment when he was not surrounded by these papers. Except for the social engagements which his position makes inescapable, I think he never spent a moment in Washington during the session when he was not at work. I do not say all senators work that hard. But mine did.

And while I'm discussing him I want to file a strong minority report on the commonly accepted aphorism that no man is a hero to his secretary—or is it valet? Anyhow, my senator was and still is, to me, a great man. Through all our years of association I never lost my first admiration for his energy, his tolerance, his wisdom—not even when I was arguing myself hoarse telling him he was all wrong.

Have you ever noticed the terrific death toll of the Senate? True, many of its members have long laid aside their youth, but they are not old enough to die off as they do. The deaths usually occur shortly after final adjournment—due to a breakdown that comes with the reaction to a strenuous session.

Within recent years, particularly since the direct election of senators, there has been a tremendous increase in their work. I have heard it said that the burdens of the presidency today are at least five times what they were during McKinley's Administration. That applies to a senatorship as well. Before 1913 the senator was elected to office by the state legislature. The direct primary meant that he was chosen by the people, just as a congressman is. The result was that the senator became immediately answerable to the people, and they began to consider him as a sort of supercongressman, representing them directly instead of representing the sovereign state as the Constitution originally contemplated. He became a supercongressman, with the whole state for his constituency, instead of one small district. And the constituents realized this and poured in on him the same variety of requests that they had theretofore taken up almost exclusively with members of the Lower House. All this, of course, meant added work and responsibility for the secretary.

Labors of the Supercongressman

IT MEANT, too, a grueling fight for reelection of the senator, carried to the people every six years. Yet the senators themselves, so far as I know, approve of it. I remember hearing one senator discuss it much as follows, after he had gone through a preprimary campaign in a state which boasts more than sixty counties and a population of almost ten million:

"I spent twenty-five days in twenty-five of the counties, making five speeches a day. I had to do this while keeping up as well as possible the discharge of senatorial duties at Washington. I ought to have gone into every county. Though all this effort may have been a bit hard, and though undoubtedly the business of the state was for a time slighted, yet I am sure that the experience greatly increased my capacity to serve the state, and that it put me into wholesome relations with my constituents."

Yes, it's an impossible job—yet it's done, at the cost of health, peace of mind and money; and senators such as my former chief love it.

Let me illustrate: On March 14, 1924, Senate Resolution 161, providing for an additional clerk for senators from the larger states was submitted by Reed of Pennsylvania.

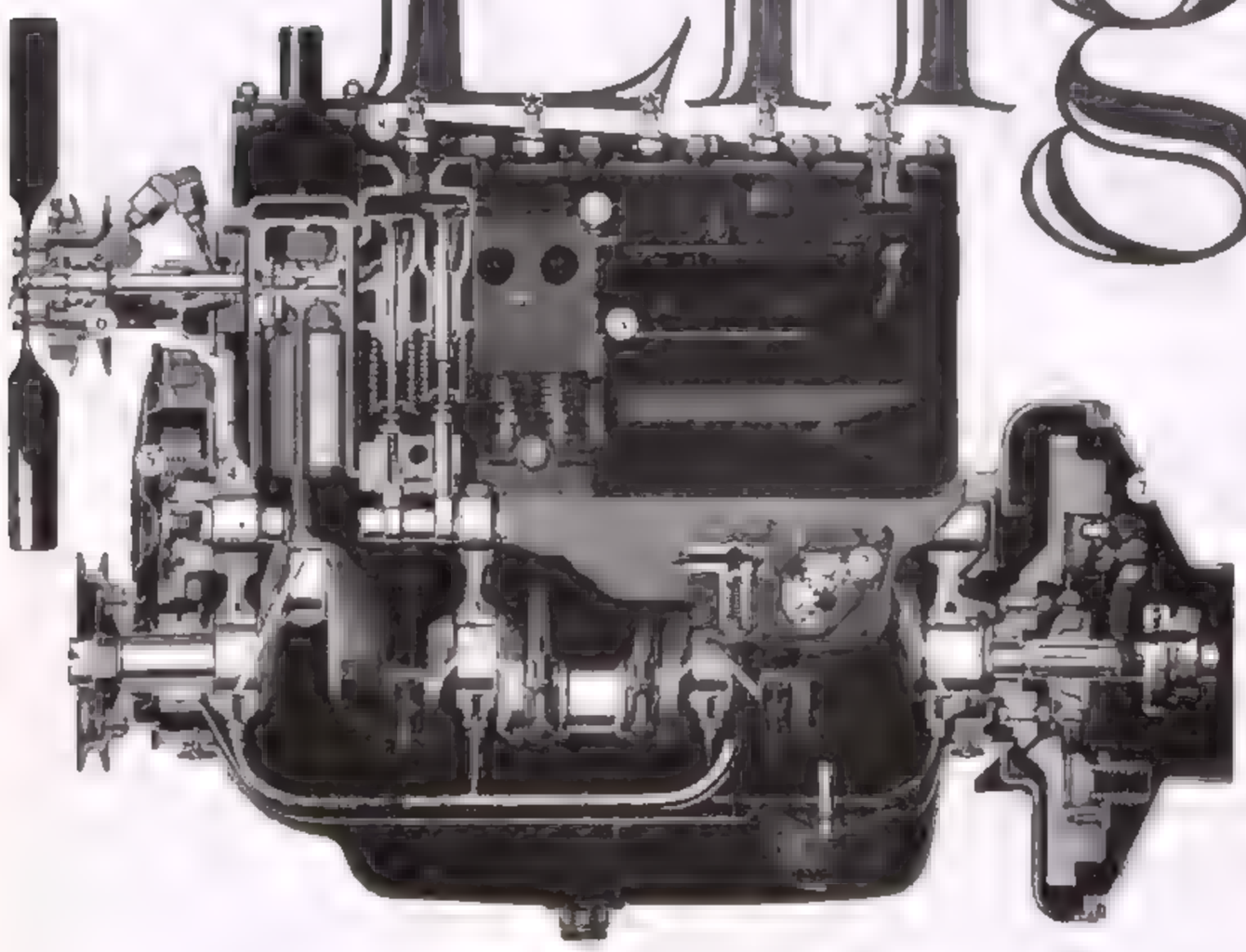
"I beg the Senate," he said, "to consider seriously the burden under which senators from states of huge population now labor. As I have already said to some of the senators, in explanation of the resolution, my incoming mail last year numbered over 100,000 pieces, and our office used, in actual typewritten letters, more than 40,000 letter sheets. The junior senator from New York—Copeland—who is one of the senators who would get a clerk under the resolution, has stated that it takes the time of one clerk for two hours and a half each morning merely to open the envelopes in which the mail comes and to lay the letters out flat without reading them."

To which Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania added:

"The situation with some of us is serious. I think I may without impropriety say that I have to pay out of my pocket $10,250 a year for extra clerical force in my office, and if this resolution passes it will not be in relief of what I pay out; it will be to enable me to get an additional clerk, that I may shorten the hours of labor of those in the office a little. We open at eight in the morning and run to seven in the evening, and there is someone there every evening.

(Continued on Page 42)

There is only One New-Day Jewett Engine



1—Six smooth L-head cylinders deliver an abundance of lively power, with an economy some 20% greater than even former Jewetts. A heavy, drop-forged crankshaft, dynamically balanced and mounted on four bearings, insures an almost unbelievable smoothness and quietness at all speeds.

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3—Jewett's capable manifold has 4 ports (others have only 2) insuring quick, uniform and complete distribution of gas to all cylinders.

4—Jewett's water jacket extends *all the way* to the bottom of the cylinders—providing *uniform* and *perfect* cooling *always*. Jewett's valves are set at an angle—instead of parallel with cylinders—insuring quicker, surer action, and greater cooling space around cylinders and parts.

5—A newer, more efficient and wholly silent chain (the best obtainable) drives the cam and timing shafts.

—and the water pump (6) is integral with the fan; Jewett's flywheel (7) is completely enclosed; the cylinder head (8) is tapered instead of being flat; a heavy water jacket cover plate insures cleaner and better castings with no fins between cylinders; the distributor is mounted separately from the generator and timed by spiral gears lubricated by the engine's oiling system; and there's a host of other *exclusive* refinements.

MUCH of that totally new performance that has amazed and thrilled the thousands who have driven the New-Day car is due to that *only* New-Day Jewett engine.

For here is a power plant retaining the best qualities of those earlier Jewett engines that established so many still unequaled records—and yet an exclusive engine as strikingly different in the things it will do as The New-Day Jewett is different from ordinary cars.

Almost human in its responsiveness to the driver's every wish, this truly New-Day engine provides a quickness of acceleration, an abundance of lively and obedient power, and smoothness and quietness of operation that can only be understood and appreciated by actual experience.

The moment you raise the hood of this New-Day Jewett and study its sturdy and efficient power plant —you'll see a tremendous difference in the arrangement and design of its essential elements. Even the most unmechanical of men will observe this difference at first glance.

But far more important than those differences in design and in appearance—is that even greater difference in the things this engine will do and the ease with which it will do them. For every one of its many exclusive features, major and minor alike, contribute some definite thing to that remarkable performance—in traffic and on open road—that so many thousands of motorists have found only in The New-Day Jewett Six.

Study the design of this New-Day engine—you thousands of motor-wise men who delight in mechanical perfection. But you who are interested more in the things an engine will do than in how it does them —just take the wheel of this New-Day Jewett and drive it as far or as long as you like.

Drive it in competition with any car you care to—ask of it any of the features of performance you have always wanted but never had—and you will find—as thousands upon thousands have already found—a truly "New-Day" performance, a performance more nimble, more brilliant, and more satisfying than you have ever before found in any other car.

The New-Day
JEWETT SIX
$995
f. o. b. Detroit
Tax Extra

(744)

(Continued from Page 40)

"As I said, in addition to the allowance made by the Government, during the last two years I have paid out of my own pocket $10,250 a year for clerical salaries. That is because of the enormous amount of mail matter and other matters requiring the consideration of the clerical force which come pouring in from the state of Pennsylvania. That is the basis upon which we submit the matter to the Senate."

Senator Willis, of Ohio, entered the discussion with the statement that in one day he sent out from his office 1200 pieces of mail, 1000 of which he signed himself.

It is interesting to note here that at the time Pepper made his statement, his salary as senator was $7500 a year. This means that he was turning over his full salary and nearly $3000 more to his secretary and clerks.

If the legislative day has been a light one and there is no special call for him elsewhere, the senator returns to his office sometime between five and six o'clock. There more visitors await him, there more mail must be dictated, there hundreds of letters must be signed. During the session the secretary has been weeding out the callers. Those that remain have business so important that the senator himself must see them. Yet often even these men are turned over to the secretary.

Here is a typical story told me by one of my former colleagues over the luncheon table one day in the Senate Office Building restaurant:

"I had a mean job on my hands this morning, a hold-over from yesterday. Two of the big men from our state came in at noon to see the senator. I couldn't get them to him. He was at a conference committee meeting, trying to keep the House members from pulling the teeth out of his big bill. I told that to the visitors and offered to do what I could in the case. But they were the pompous kind, self-important as a county chairwoman, you know, and didn't dare discuss it with me. So they had to wait. They sat around in my office until six o'clock, when the senator got back. They were with him about two minutes when the chief called me.

"'Jim,' he said, 'these gentlemen will tell you what they want. Get it for them.'"

My friend jabbed viciously at his steak. "That was all," he growled. "So today I hustled out and got it."

Joys of Being One of the Help

"But why," wailed the secretary—"why do they do it? Why do they always insist on wasting their own time and the senator's? It wasn't long ago that some officers of a big corporation which wanted to dissolve came down to see me. It was between sessions, and the senator was in Europe. They were unable to straighten out affairs until some difficulty involving tax matters—which I shan't describe to you—had been patched up. For six months their accountants and their lawyers had been trying to get the thing done and everything was hopelessly jammed. Then they came to me. I am known, of course, down at the Treasury Department, and the senator's name carries a lot of weight there. I don't mean to say that the clerks will do anything irregular for us, but they will hustle harder when one of us gets behind a thing and pushes it. And I know the details of the department. I worked there once before I came to the Senate Office Building. In a few weeks I had the matter straightened out. The lawyers got a large fee.

"Me? I got an awfully well written note of thanks.

"Then there was another experience that I should have liked to tell them about. It happened just after the Armistice was signed. My senator was on the finance committee then. You know what that meant. He had no time for anything except committee work. Regardless of that, a woman crashed the gate one day and demanded to see him. I knew who she was—freezing high society back home, and the sort that couldn't understand why her name would not drag him out of any committee meeting. Finally she told me what she wanted. Her son was a lieutenant in the American Expeditionary Forces. Her husband had just died. She wanted the son to come home immediately. I promised her the senator would act on the case. That night when I drove him home in my car I told him about it. He ordered me to go the limit, so I cabled to Pershing over the chief's name. The boy was home in three weeks."

I sympathized with him, for I remembered similar experiences of my own. I told him how a woman had once walked into my office, demanding to see the senator. I told her he was attending a session and would not return for several hours, and then asked the nature of her business. She straightened up with a terrible effort at dignity.

"No," she pronounced, "I never talk to the help."

I learned later that she wanted to be the President's private stenographer. She had never used the typewriter, but she just knew she could learn quickly as soon as she got the job—with the help of the senator's influence. And she was framing up mentally a lot of snappy letters she was going to write to some of the folks back home—on White House stationery.

An Aristocracy of Ability

But so runs the day until seven or eight o'clock at night, when the office is closed and the senator goes home with an armful of papers to study for tomorrow's grind. The secretary, unless he is lucky, will probably spend some of the evening at the Library of Congress, looking up material relating to pending legislation or statistics to be used in an address on the floor. Or perhaps he may take some important upstate members of the party which his senator represents to dinner, then drive them around the capital in his car.

I know some secretaries who have an expense account for this type of entertaining. Often it is well-expended money, for the secretary who has that premier quality in politics—the ability to be what is generally known as a good mixer—can help his senator tremendously in his association with the folks from home.

Obviously the majority of secretaries have a wide acquaintanceship among the politically important of the senator's state. Most of them, I should say, are men who have helped in the campaign that put their chiefs in office; others have graduated from secretaryship to a congressman, where they learned the essentials of their trade. Some have risen with the senator from his comparatively humble beginning. They may have been with him as stenographers in a law or business firm, while the office of senator was still in the unvisioned distance. Some of the secretaries were newspapermen whose daily association with the candidate, and whose knowledge of the political situations of which they wrote, made them valuable aides when the office was finally achieved.

Their salaries vary, although they are theoretically fixed by statute. The secretary to a senator draws $3300 a year from the Treasurer of the United States under the act that went into effect in July, 1924. Before that he received $2500, plus $240 bonus, under the Wartime Act. Those secretaries who are clerks of some of the important committees, such as finance, appropriations, foreign relations and banking and currency have larger salaries, ranging up to about $5000.

It is almost impossible, however, for the senators representing big states to get men who are qualified to carry on the work at the salaries allowed. The demand for experienced secretaries has forced many members of the Upper Chamber to dig deep into their pockets to get the men they want, and to make up the difference between the amount allowed by Uncle Sam and the actual salary paid, which has, in some cases, mounted to $12,000. Each senator is allowed by law three clerks in addition to his secretary. These are the stenographers and file clerks, whose salaries are fixed at $1940, $1830 and $1520. Chairmen of important committees are allowed extra clerks, whom the Government pays. It frequently happens, however, that the senator supplements these salaries, too, out of his own pocket, or adds at his own expense another clerk to the staff.

There is, among the secretaries themselves, an aristocracy, not of wealth or of office, but of ability, to which one wins only by long experience. Generally the best of them are clerks of important committees as well as secretaries to individual senators. With their chiefs, they advance in responsibilities by the action of the seniority rule. After a senator has held office for a number of years he becomes chairman of one of the important committees—that is, if he is on the majority side. His secretary than automatically becomes clerk of that committee. Virtually all the detail work of the committee is in his hands, and his opportunities for acquiring knowledge of the particular specialty with which the committee is concerned are unlimited.

From Little Acorns

From such work men have risen to the guarded heights of political place and power. There is, for instance, Senator Moses himself. In his youth he was private secretary to Governor Goodell of New Hampshire, and later to Governor John McLane at the time of the Portsmouth Conference. In the Senate today sits William J. Harris of Georgia, who began his public career as secretary to the late Senator A. S. Clay. Representing North Carolina is Senator Lee S. Overman, in the late 70's secretary to Governors Vance and Jarvis of his home state. Young La Follette was secretary to the late Fighting Bob until death stilled that protesting voice.

Albert Henry Washburn, minister to Austria, received his first practical training for diplomacy as secretary to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in 1893. Before that he held a similar job for a congressman, and worked his way through college while doing it.

Charles Moore, chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts in Washington, first became interested in the work of beautifying our national capital when he was secretary to Senator James McMillan. In that capacity he was clerk of the Senate Committee of the District of Columbia, which, under McMillan's leadership, took the steps which assured recognition of the old L'Enfant plan in the present-day development of the city.

The list of former secretaries to congressmen who have become members themselves is too long to tell. The rise of secretaries to the Presidents to high positions is still more remarkable. Witness the careers of Daniel Scott Lamont, who became Secretary of War; of George B. Cortelyou, former Postmaster-General, former Secretary of the Treasury and the first Secretary of the former Department of Commerce and Labor; of William Loeb, Jr., who became collector of the port of New York secretaries all! The late John Hay, former United States Ambassador to England, and one of the most famous of our Secretaries of State, was in his youth secretary to President Lincoln.

Across the Atlantic the story still holds. Lord Milner, statesman and colonial administrator, started his public career as private secretary to a Chancellor of the Exchequer whose name few now remember; Lord Cromer, diplomat, was once private secretary to the Viceroy of India; and the famed Lord Rowton was first known as secretary to Disraeli.

Don'ts for Constituents

A formidable list, yet it does little more than suggest the number of men who by understudying the great have achieved some measure of greatness themselves. And sometimes as I watched the best of them at their daily work during that time, brief in years but ages long in experience, when I, too, was playing *alter ego* to greatness, I wondered that the list wasn't longer.

Of such material may still be made some of the men who head your senator's staff, a staff which is paid to serve the constituency as well as the senator. Yet most persons are reluctant to use it. They think that nothing can be done unless they reach personally the harassed ear of the senator himself. To those who are thinking of going to their senator in search of a job, of a letter of introduction, of an increase in pension, of a new deal from the Veterans' Bureau or to express their views on pending legislation, I should like to offer—respectfully, and with hat in hand—the following suggestions:

Don't spend the railroad fare to Washington if a letter will present your case effectively. In a well-conducted senatorial office every letter is read carefully, every request is acted upon, every communication that warrants the senator's attention reaches his desk.

Don't waylay the senator when he comes to your town on an official visit, to pour your sorrows into his ear. Put them in writing and put in all the facts. Then he and his staff and the departments at Washington with whom the matter must be taken up can act intelligently on them.

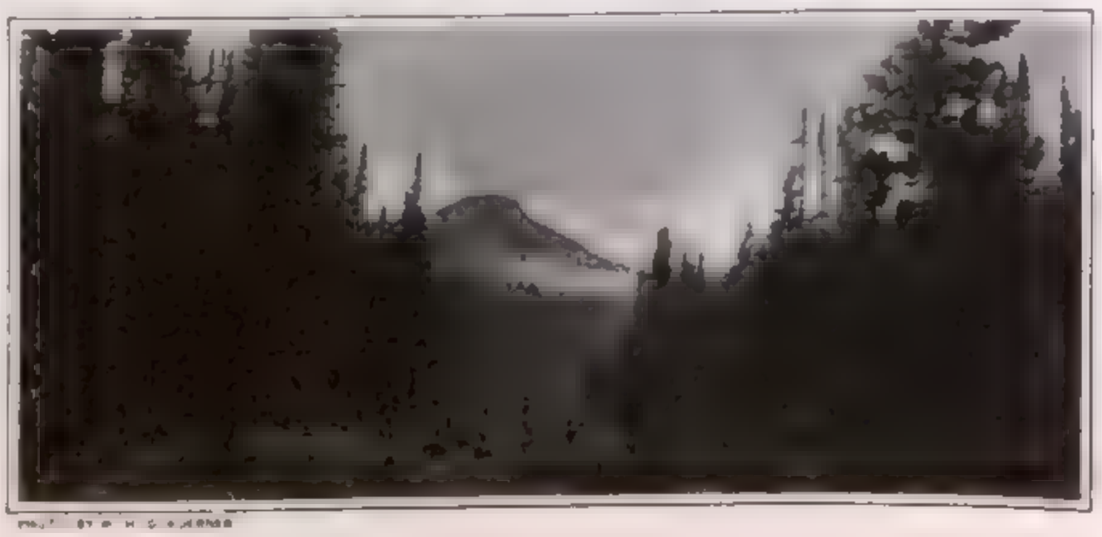
If you must go to Washington try to make an appointment in advance. In spite of his heavy correspondence, his many committee meetings and his attendance at the sessions, the senator always finds time to see a constituent whose case requires personal attention.

When you see the senator don't tell him how to do his work. There are details about the activities and methods at Washington that take years to master. He knows them better than you.

Don't tell the secretary how to do his work either. He's an expert in his line. If he didn't know his job the senator would fire him.

Don't tell the senator that if you don't get what you want you are going to vote against him. If your senator is worthy of his high office, he'll help you because of the justice of your case. If he isn't, I hope you'd vote against him anyhow.

Probably my own and many other senators would tell me that these directions are in entire disagreement with their own pet ideas. But I'm used to that. Disagreeing with his senator now and then is part of a secretary's job.



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But the copy-book editors overlooked the money spent at the jewelry store.

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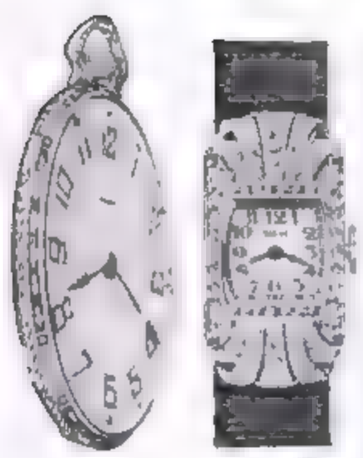

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NO THOROUGHFARE

Continued from Page 30)

"We come the shortest way," Stackhoe explained. "You went way around, the night you came down."

"There was a light here that night," Sam commented. "No lanterns now."

"They're in out of the rain," the fat man guessed. "Won't come out till it's time." He found cover under a low hemlock. "Nothing for us to do but lay here and soak, Sam."

And a moment later, when Sam's curiosity led him to questioning, Stackhoe said steadily, "Better not talk, son. Voices carry on a rainy night. Lay still."

Sam, perforce, obliged; and the rain struck the boughs above him and dripped upon his back, and little streams now and then pattered on his shoulders or trickled beneath his collar. He stared across the little opening toward the dark bulk of the mill upon the farther shore of the stream, and he listened, his mouth wide to assist his hearing. But save for the shadowy bulk of the mill and the gloomy silhouettes of the trees, he could see nothing; and save for the many little noises of the night his ears caught no sound. The minutes dragged interminably on, yet did in the end become an hour; and the truck had not come, nor had any sign of life developed about the mill itself. Though Stackhoe still lay silent, Sam sensed in the other's very motionlessness a certain doubtful foreboding. But he obeyed the other's injunction to be still.

Another half hour passed; and in the end Sam was forced to a question.

"Where's your men?" he whispered.

"They come in through the woods," Bill explained, "from the river. They're in on the other side. Hush up, Sam."

So Sam hushed up and waited on and on; and the rain increased, the wind freshening a little with the approach of day. And at long last Sam realized that the blackness of the night was fading; that he could see a little more clearly the blackness of the mill and the trees beyond; and presently he could even catch a glimpse of the water trickling below the dam, see its movement there.

And by and by he could not forbear saying to Stackhoe, "It's daylight."

Stackhoe did not for a moment respond; then he moved arduously, rolled on his side and to one elbow and sat up and groaned with pain.

"That's right," he agreed; and his eyes were troubled.

"They didn't come," Sam reminded him.

"Won't come now," the fat man assented. "Wonder what happened," he added, to himself. "Something tip them off? The truck was due."

Sam could make no suggestion; and the other got laboriously to his feet.

"Stay here, Sam," he directed. "I'm going over there."

"I'll come along," Sam offered, but the fat man shook his head and his word was compelling.

"No," he replied. "No, you wait for me here."

He seemed to take for granted Sam's obedience, for he went forward into the open and toward the stream. And after a little Sam saw a movement on the other shore, and another man appeared, and then two or three more. And Stackhoe talked with them across the water; and two of them turned aside toward the mill and came back presently to make report to him. So at length the fat man left them and they disappeared into the undergrowth while Stackhoe came back to Sam.

"Something slipped," he said morosely. "That's too bad. But there's no use our staying here. Let's go get some breakfast, Sam." He grinned a little. "Reckon they'll give us breakfast at the farm?" he inquired.

"Guess they will," Sam agreed; and the two men turned back up the hill. They walked swiftly, but this did not prevent Sam from asking questions, nor Stackhoe from answering them. The wind was now whipping through the trees above them, filling the awakened day with a boisterous rush of sound that drowned nearer noises. They were at ease, attention centered on the way and on their talk, and they had come up through the wood to the old orchard and emerged from the thick growth into the pelting rain, when Stackhoe halted, freezing still, and made a quick compelling gesture that checked Sam in his tracks.

A moment later Sam heard two muffled cracks of sound; and then deep silence fell again, a silence through which rushed the wind, through which drove the rain.

Sam cried in a hushed voice, "What was that?"

But Stackhoe turned without a word and plunged back down the hill, and Sam raced with a pounding heart upon his heels. In the darkness they had gone swiftly yet safely; now in the light they could perceive all the pitfalls in the way; and again and again Sam tripped and almost fell where he had gone so securely before. Stackhoe, amazingly light of foot and sure, increased for a time his lead, but when presently they came down to the levels, Sam overtook him, and ran at his shoulder; and he asked:

"Shots, wan't they?"

Stackhoe said nothing; his breath was short from his haste.

"Two of 'em," Sam cried.

"One before that," Stackhoe gasped. And they plunged out into the opening beside the mill, and paused and looked this way and that; and Sam, turning to his companion, discovered a pistol in the other's hand.

"Nobody here," he panted.

"Somebody did some shooting," Stackhoe reminded him.

"It was over that way," Sam suggested. "A little more."

"It was?" The fat man turned at once; and since he seemed to know where to go, Sam followed him. They broke again into a run and Sam discovered that they were upon a wood road that wound among the trees. He remarked even in that moment that it showed signs of travel. This way, he realized, the truck had been used to come.

He was absorbed in contemplating the wheel marks in the ruts when abruptly they came in sight of a car, standing in the way ahead of them.

Stackhoe slowed to a walk, moving cautiously; and Sam saw the machine and cried, "That's Bat's car!"

The fat man said nothing, but there was a grim alertness in his bearing; and he stopped once and then again to look around and to listen. And then Sam's eyes cast ahead; and he gave a low cry and leaped that way.

The car was stopped on the farther side of a brook which here cut across the road. But between the car and the brook something lay on the ground; a huddle of clothing; a man lying there. When Sam came up to him he saw that the man lay face down; the rain pelting upon the back of his neck washed away a little trickle of red. Sam perceived that this man was dead; and he knew a moment later that the dead man was Dave Budd, all his perplexities, and his sorrowful courage, and his patient kindliness come here to an eternal end.

XVI

SAM was not used to the ways of violence; he had lived the life of a normally peaceful man, and save for an occasional good-natured rough and tumble, his only battles had been fought with a balky engine as an opponent. He had learned during these last few days to feel something like hatred for Lin Ruble, and to long for an opportunity to plant his fists in that young man's grinning countenance, but even this emotion was not unmixed with a friendly admiration for the other's impudent daring and assurance. The wounding of one dog and the death of another had for a while suggested that this adventure might be more serious than it seemed, but Sam had never conceived the reality of deadly peril inherent in the situation.

He had always been inclined, as young men are, to dream; the glimpse of an attractive girl was enough to set his fancy racing. And in such dreams he had sometimes imagined himself, the girl in question limp within the circle of his arm, holding off a horde of enemies with a revolver spitting fire from his fist. He had even seen, in his dreams, these marauders fall; but the affair had always been dramatic, thrilling, somehow glamorous. They had thrown up their arms, they had fallen as it were with a gesture; he had even heard their despairing curses as they fell. Thus in his fancies had death by violence been conceived. But this was otherwise.

It was so completely different from anything he could have imagined that it lacked all reality. In that moment when he ran forward, darting ahead of the slower-moving Stackhoe, his intelligence perceived tragedy on the ground before him even while his emotions were dulled and paralyzed, refusing to react to the drama of the moment. Poor Dave Budd lying on his face did not look like Dave Budd at all; he looked rather like something that had fallen off a hook; he looked like a tailor's dummy toppled forward there. His garments were already well soaked and pelted down by the rain; and it did not seem possible that there was a human body within them or beneath them. It was as though in death Dave had shrunk and collapsed into himself; as though life had inflated him, and having fled had left him empty as a pricked balloon. Not even the little stain on the back of his neck, washed away by the rain, was sufficient to bring home the reality of the moment to Sam. He looked down upon Dave, who had been his friend, with no sense of horror or of pity or of fear; he knew with his intelligence that Dave lay here dead, but his emotions had not yet roused themselves to react to this knowledge in conventional ways.

Sam had waded heedlessly through the brook to come to where Dave lay, but though he had come in such haste, having reached the body he made no move to touch it. There was, he understood quite well, no use in that. He leaned low, looking rigidly down; and he must have stayed in that position for some seconds, for Bill Stackhoe, who was in no haste at all, had time to come to his side. Sam saw Bill's foot on the ground beside him; and he straightened and looked at the other man. Bill, he remarked, held his pistol in his hand; and his sleepy eyes wandered here and there through the wood about them.

"Guess he's dead," said Sam, and a gust of rain pelted in his face so that he had to wipe the water from his lips with his hand.

"Sheriff, ain't it?" Stackhoe inquired softly.

Sam was faintly surprised at this, until he understood that the fat man's eyes were so absorbed in other matters that they dared not turn toward the dead man lying here.

"Yes, it's Dave," he agreed.

"He was a good man," Bill said gently. "But he'd got onto the wrong road."

Sam caught the other's interest in their surroundings, peered through the gray rain among the trees. He said nothing for a moment, trying to make himself believe that this was reality; that he and Bill did in fact stand here in the rain, in the slaty light of dawn, in the quiet woods. This was not at all his conception of a death by violence; this faint far patter of shots in the rain; this huddle of old clothes lying on the ground.

"That's Bat's car," he said at last. "Bat must be around."

Stackhoe nodded. "The bed of the brook was soft," he said. "They had a pair of steel troughs they put across for the truck. Bat and the sheriff must have stopped to get them out so they could cross the brook." He added: "The troughs are in under those cedars."

"Where's Bat?" Sam urged. "He must have been around here."

The fat man's broad countenance showed some disquiet.

"Things have gone wrong," he reminded Sam. "The truck didn't come. I'll have to get to a telephone. Maybe they cracked down on Bat and the sheriff." His voice faded to a whisper and his eyes fixed themselves in one particular direction. Sam's glance followed them; and he saw Bill's pistol move a little forward.

After a moment Bill whispered, "Bat know you, does he?"

"Sure," said Sam.

"Somebody in there," Stackhoe explained. "Maybe it's him. Call out and tell him who I am."

"I don't see him," Sam objected.

"Call him," Bill insisted; and Sam obeyed, shouting in a voice curiously hollow, "Bat!"

There was no reply, but he thought he saw a movement in a thicket of low hemlock which lay that way.

"Bat!" he called again; and then he added, "Come on out, Bat. This is a Federal man."

He waited then and this time was sure the branches moved; and then Bat appeared, and he came cautiously toward them. Now and then he looked behind him, and to either side. He, too, Sam saw, carried his pistol in his hand; and he was drenched with rain and his eyes were red for lack of sleep. His feet dragged, as though testifying to a reluctance which he sought to overcome. But he drew near where they stood.

Stackhoe said reassuringly, "It's all right. I guess they've gone."

Bat looked at him quickly; and after a moment he started to speak, and his throat was so husky the words refused to form. He coughed, and tried again.

"There wasn't only one," he said. He stared at Stackhoe doubtfully. "Thought you left last week," he commented.

"I hung around," Stackhoe told him. He added apologetically, "I've been kind of wet-nursing this bunch in here. Till you and Dave got into it."

"I told Dave to leave 'em alone," Bat declared. Sam watched him with a crawling distaste, a curious horror for which he could not wholly account. Bat had been in Sloughter's pay, he knew; the part he played now was blackly false, and Stackhoe must know this. So he was surprised at the fat man's demeanor now.

"What happened?" Bill asked, his eyes no longer peering into the wood about them. He seemed, in fact, half asleep; seemed to look at nothing at all.

"We come to the brook and got out to see if the bed would let us drive through," Bat explained quickly. "And this shot come from off there." He waved an arm. "And Dave, he went down. I ran that way and I saw a man running. Tried for him twice, but he got out of sight quick."

"Know who it was?" Bill inquired equably.

Bat hesitated. "Don't know as I do."

"You knew the gang, didn't you?" Stackhoe reminded him. "Must have some notion."

"It looked like Lin to me," Bat confessed reluctantly; and curiously then his dark face paled, and he tried to retract the word. "I don't know either," he declared. "Ought not to say that, I guess. Didn't see him at all."

"What brought you and Dave in here?" Stackhoe inquired without curiosity.

"Dave was on the warpath," Bat explained. "We went down to Sloughter's early; and they said he weren't at home,

(Continued on Page 49)

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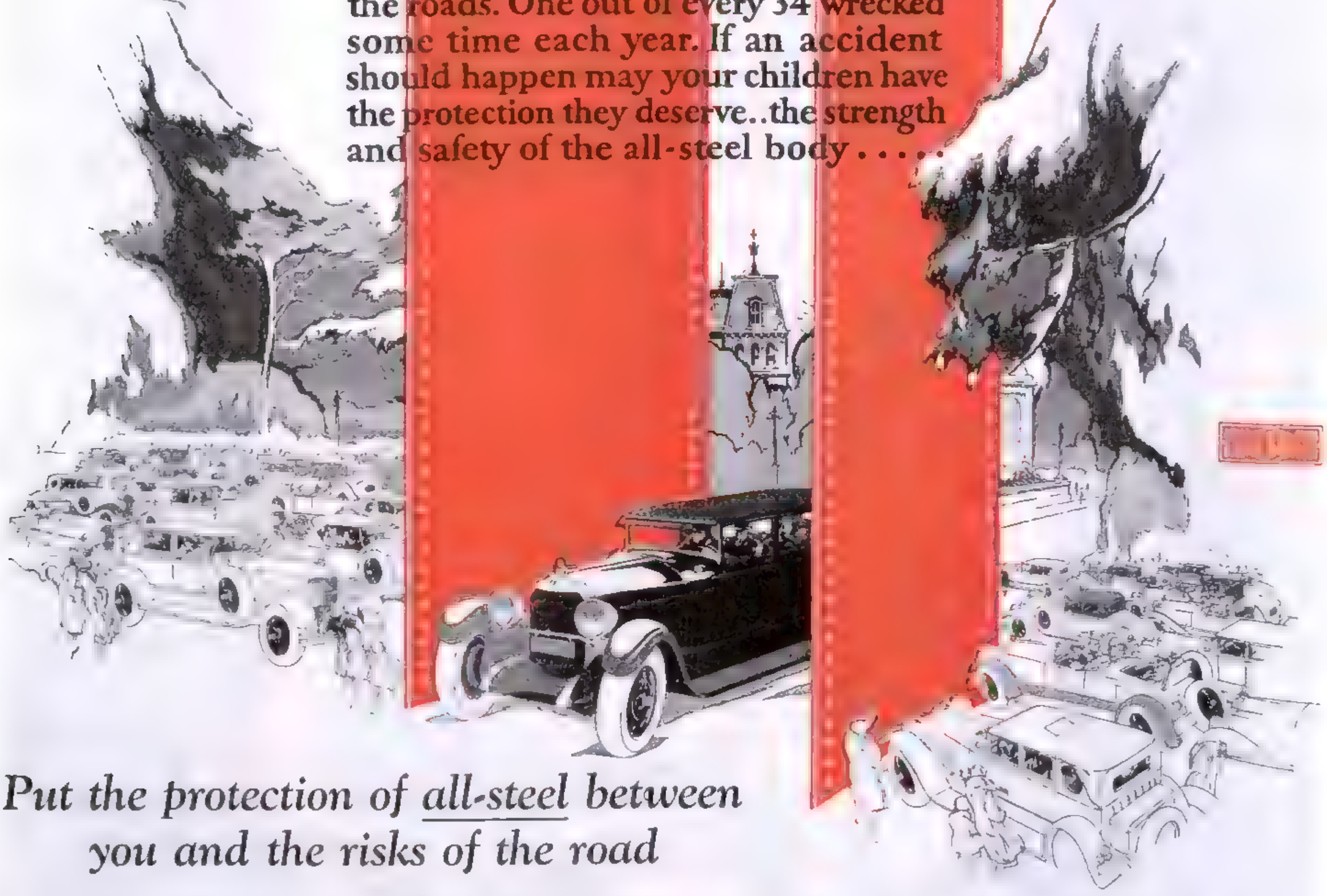

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(Continued from Page 44)

and his car was gone. We figured he'd come in here; figured there might be a truck coming through. So nothing would do Dave but he'd come in. He aimed to lay down the law to Sloughter, put a stop to this."

"Might have done that before, mightn't he?"

Bat looked sidewise at Sam.

"He had to make a play," he said. "This is between you and me." The man was regaining his assurance. "Looked like the whole thing was blowing up. Sam here had mixed in, and there wan't anything else for Dave to do."

"Mean he was in with them?" Bill asked gently; and Bat nodded.

"Not direct," he confessed. "He didn't deal with Sloughter. I'm just telling you." He hesitated. "I did what he told me to," he protested.

Sam abruptly laughed.

"Bat, you dirty dog," he cried. "Dave never took a cent from them. He jumped on you when I told him you was in it."

Bat's eyes reddened, but he grinned.

"All right," he assented. "You've had a lot to say right along."

"How many shots?" Stackhoe asked impassively.

"Whoever it was shot once," Bat replied. "And I cracked at him twice." He produced his pistol and broke it and showed two empty shells. "See," he pointed out.

Bill indifferently took the weapon from him and examined it and handed it back again. "Better fill her up," he said. "Might happen to need it yet."

"Why, I don't happen to have any cartridges with me," Bat said easily. "Or I would," he added, as though to emphasize his statement.

Bill made no comment on this, returning to the matter of the murderer.

"Chase him far?" he asked.

"Pretty near down to Blood Brook," Bat declared.

"I'll take a look down there," Stackhoe decided.

"I'll show you," Bat agreed.

Bill hesitated; and he looked at Sam and at Bat again. "Got a robe in your car, Bat?" he asked. "Cover Dave up, will you? We'll have to let him lie till the coroner comes."

Bat nodded. "There's a robe, yes," he agreed. Hesitated faintly. "Go get it, Sam."

Sam started, readily enough, but though the car was only a step or two away, Stackhoe halted him.

"No, Sam," he suggested. "You trot up to the house and fetch Mat down here. Bat, you cover Dave up. Sam, go along."

He added, a moment later, as Sam turned aside, "And don't talk more'n you have to, Sam."

Sam grinned. "I can keep my mouth shut," he agreed. His eye fell on Bat, standing curiously rigid; and the fat man saw the direction of Sam's glance, and he looked at Bat, too, in that way he had, as though he were half asleep. And Bat, with their eyes upon him, moved stiffly to the car and got a great robe there and returned and spread it gingerly over the huddle on the ground. Sam saw that he was pale when he had done, and he heard Bill say sympathetically:

"Bother you, does it?"

"Bother me? No!" Bat insisted. "Why should it bother me?"

Sam was suddenly very anxious to stay; he felt the air vibrating with the tension under which they moved.

But Bill called to him, "Go on, Sam."

So Sam obediently turned away, choosing his course through the wood, and left the two men beside the body there.

He went at first at a fast walk, but as he left the others behind and the wood closed in about him the young man began to feel the reaction from these events just passed. This manifested itself at first in wariness; he cast quick glances all about him among the trees, and he wished for his shotgun, and he imagined shadows followed him, and each new slither of rain before the gusty wind sounded in his ears like running feet approaching him. Then as he drew farther away from the scene itself, he began abruptly to shake and tremble with a nervous nausea; comprehension came to him of what in fact had passed, and this emotional awakening swept over him so shakingly that he had to sit down for a moment, and then to sprawl on his face, sick and weak and fearful, huddling with his face in his arms. When he got up to go on again, it was doubtfully, his knees weak beneath him, and his face was gray as dust beneath the streaking rain.

The young man came thus to the house at last to find Mat in the kitchen with a kettle boiling over the fire; and Snowden heard Sam and opened the door to him, and saw his pallor and asked quickly:

"What's happened?"

"Bill wants you," Sam explained.

"He all right?"

Sam was choking, breathless and weak.

"Sheriff Budd's been killed," he said, "down there. Bill's with him, and Bat Brace, the deputy sheriff."

Mat looked at him shrewdly.

"Who killed the sheriff?"

"Bat says someone shot at them from the woods," he explained, hesitated momentarily. "Anyway, Bill wants you to come right down."

"Where is he?" Mat asked; and when Sam explained, the other said: "Got your car here? You have, haven't you? We can drive down there, around past the other farm, and down the wood road. Quicker than through the woods."

"Bat's car is there," Sam commented.

"May need 'em both," Mat reminded him. He hesitated. "The girls here are just getting up," he said. "I'll go tell them we're going."

Sam had a momentary pang; it fled before a settling hopelessness. He remembered again that moment the night before when Mat and Peg had looked into each other's eyes. Knew that so far as he and they were concerned, the episode was done. So let Mat go to them as he wished. Yet while he waited in the kitchen he wondered if Peg would come to speak to him; and a moment later his heart lifted its beat a little, for their voices drew nearer.

They came into the kitchen with Mat, and Nell spoke to Sam, as caressingly as always.

"Poor Sam," she cried when she saw him. "You're awfully wet. You must get into dry clothes."

He scarce looked at her, his eyes on Peg.

"I'm all right," he protested. Nell made him uncomfortable; she wearied him. But Peg was so fine and strong.

"I won't let you go out again till you change," Nell insisted, but Peg smiled at him and said quietly, "Don't be absurd, Nell. Good morning, Sam." She looked toward Mat again. "Don't worry about us. We'll be quite all right."

He nodded, smiling at her.

"I don't think there'll be anyone to bother you," he agreed. "And I'll come back as soon as I can."

Peg's eyes drooped faintly.

"I hope so," she agreed softly; and Sam thought rebelliously that she was as bad as Nell. Thus flattering this man she had not seen till half a dozen hours before.

"Well, I'm ready when you are," Mat reminded Sam; and Sam without a word went out to get his car. He had a momentary thought that he might pack his belongings into it and take them with him; he knew quite definitely that he would not return to his old footing here. He would go away somewhere; find a new place; find, he thought miserably, another old horse stall in which to make his bed.

"Guess that's me," he told himself. "Living in barns everywhere I go." But he would come back for his things, come back for a last word with Peg and Nell; perhaps they would be sorry at his going. He cranked the car with a rebellious twist and backed into the barnyard, and Mat swung in as he passed the kitchen door. He had a pair of doughnuts in his hand.

"Nell sent these to you," he explained. "Guess you're ready for a bite to eat, aren't you?"

Sam's lip curled, and his eyes smarted a little. But he ate the doughnuts and felt somewhat better. Also, the car was running well, and that appeased him. He drove up the steep climb, and topped the ridge and swung down again and came to the abandoned farm. Mat there directed him, around the barn and through the orchard and to the old wood road opening among the trees. As they went, Mat asked questions; and Sam answered them in a disinterested way, his eyes and his thoughts upon the road. He was surprised to discover how quickly they came to the other car; saw it looming darkly ahead of them in the rain. Neither Bill Stackhoe nor the deputy was in sight as they approached, but when they drew up behind Bat's car, first the fat man and then Bat got out of the rear seat and came to meet them. Mat swung to the ground, and Sam stopped his engine, and he, too, got down.

Bill spoke to his ally briefly.

"Guess you'd better stay here, Mat," he said. "I want to get to a telephone. Sam'll drive us in. Bat figures to go with me."

"Sure," Bat agreed readily; and Snowden looked at him with an attentive eye.

"What do you think?" the young man asked.

"Well," said Stackhoe sleepily, "Bat here says it looked like young Lin Ruble."

Mat shook his head.

"Lin's no gunman," he protested.

"That so?" Stackhoe inquired.

"Sure," Mat argued. "He's a boxer. Professional, you know. More likely to use his fists than a gun."

Sam felt uncomfortably that this was directed at him.

"He shot the Airedale," he protested. "And Lady, too, I guess."

"Don't believe he'd pot a man from ambush," Snowden insisted. And Bill said good-humoredly:

"You never got around to beating him up, did you, Sam?"

Sam colored hotly.

"I never came up with him yet," he agreed. "But if I ever do there'll be fur flying."

"Not if I was you," Bill urged. He added more briskly, "Well, anyway, Mat, you stay here. I wouldn't wonder if they tried to run the truck over the bridge up north. If they did, we got 'em there. Don't know about Sloughter. But he's been feeding us shipments for quite a spell now. I expect he's about sick of the game." There was a vast good humor in his tone, and Snowden grinned.

"Got enough on him, if you want," he reminded Stackhoe; and the fat man nodded.

"Well, I'll see," he agreed, "when I get to a phone. Main thing is, I want to find out which of them was in here, which of them might have taken a crack at poor old Dave."

Snowden nodded, seriously enough now.

"I'll stay here," he agreed.

"Ought to be someone here in a couple of hours," Stackhoe promised. He turned to Bat. "Get in, Bat," he suggested; and Bat climbed into the rear seat of Sam's car and Bill got in beside him. Sam cranked the engine and backed and filled till he had turned around. So started to retrace his way.

When he emerged onto the back road at the abandoned farm, he asked Bill, over his shoulder, "Where do you want to go?"

"Where's the nearest phone?"

"At Buck's, I guess," Sam confessed, and abruptly and with a quick yearning thought of Millie.

Behind him, he heard Bill chuckle, heard the fat man ask, "Why, Sam, what makes your ears so red?"

XVII

AS SAM, driving watchfully to avoid ruts and skidding patches of clay, drew farther and farther away from the spot where poor Dave Budd lay in the rain beneath the car robe, his dulled emotions began to wake to life again; he began to realize to the full how black a deed was this one. If ever a man had been kindly and generous and fit for friendliness, then Dave Budd had been that man; and that Dave should have been thus shot down, shot from behind with no moment of warning, clipped like a candle in the full of life, seemed to Sam suddenly atrocious and hideous beyond belief. He had almost forgotten how much he liked Dave; how much everyone liked the sheriff, that man who did his sometimes unpleasant duties always in a fashion of patient kindliness. Dave Budd had been a peace officer in the highest sense; a man who devoted himself not so much to the business of punishment as of protection; and a man who had a way of protecting men not only from other men, but from themselves. Sam knew well enough that it was Dave's support which had made it possible for Millie to keep her father on sober honest ground; and he knew that there were scores of others throughout the county of whom the same might be said. Dave, sheriff for so many years that his elections were no longer seriously contested, had constituted himself father and friend to every man; and now someone had killed him, and Sam found his fingers clenching on the wheel with the fury of his bitterness at that incredible brutality, that treacherous crime.

He had momentarily a prevision of the effect of this word upon the community, where few lacked some personal basis for a friendly feeling toward Dave. Millie, he knew, would weep; and she was not one given to weeping easily, save perhaps in moments of wrath at her father, or at Sam himself. Sam thought of her with a faint smile of sympathy—of sympathy and of regret for that he had sometimes thus angered her. And from her his thoughts passed naturally to Peg and Nell; and he found himself resenting the fact that they had been this morning as bright and as gay as usual. Then remembered that they had not been told of Dave's death; and in any case, he reminded himself, they had not known Dave well enough to share the blasting anger which this crime awoke in him, would evoke in others when they knew. He forgave them their indifference, his thoughts returning to Dave again.

He found himself recalling his talk with Dave last night; and the sorrow which sat in the eyes of the older man at what Sam had to tell him. That sorrow, Sam remembered, had been because of Bat, riding with Bill Stackhoe in the rear seat now. Because Bat had done amiss; and because Dave blamed his own too-great kindliness for Bat's error. Yet Dave had not been angry at Bat; not angry, merely sorrowful and stern. Sam shook his head, as though he were arguing with Dave himself, professing his lack of sympathy with this point of view. He abhorred this Bat Brace; hated the look of him and his sullen tongue, and his brooding and inflamed eyes; and hated him because he had clouded Dave's last hours of life with sorrow and with pain. He remarked a curious difference between this feeling which he had toward Bat and the hatred he felt for Lin Ruble. Bat he hated as a man hates a crippled snake, with the impulse to stamp and crush and grind. Thought of the deputy made him almost physically sick, but when he thought of Lin it was with a feeling curiously like admiration, almost liking him. Lin had earned his hatred fairly enough; and Sam was quite determined at the first opportunity that offered to square accounts with that young man.

But he thought Lin had a quality of humor in him, thought the other would take his licking with a grin. After that it seemed to Sam even possible that he and Lin might become friends; there was a reckless devil in the other man which Sam perceived appreciatively.

He remembered, with a faint shock of dismay, that if Bat had seen aright, then Lin had killed Dave Budd. But Sam shook

(Continued on Page 51)

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In the dining-room at the left is shown the "Gobelin" Design—a rich-hued rug in blue, taupe and brown. It's Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug No. 548.

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What is more suitable for the kitchen than this neat tile effect in blue and white? It is called "Mosaic"—Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug No. 408

(Lower Illustration)

Shown above is the "Gentian" Design—a large floral motif of blue against a background of tan and browns. It is Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug No. 396.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 49

his head at this, finding it curiously incredible. Lin might have tried to shoot away the sheriff's hat as a jest, but Sam thought the other would never kill thus wantonly and treacherously a man like Dave. He found himself half accepting Lin's guilt in order that he might prepare a defense for that young man; elaborated this plea that the tragedy had been an accident. Then decided this could not be; that Bat had been mistaken, that he had seen some other member of Sloughter's crew, mistaken him for Lin. Sam thought of Sloughter with a shiver of repulsion; felt Sloughter would have given the word for Dave's killing without a qualm.

His thoughts thus busy, he paid no heed to the progress they made toward the main highway. The sluicing rain, coming out of the east to meet them, slashed at the windshield and covered it with a sheet of disturbed water, distorting his vision. He watched the road immediately before his wheels, regardless of how far they had come, how far they had still to go. Day was waxing; the dull gray of the long and dreary dawn had given way to a certain pallid brightness; and now and then the raindrops passing beside the car caught some light from the dull sky and fell glisteningly like jewels against the somber background of the further rain.

His horror passed; that horror which had been his first emotion when at last he fully comprehended the fact that Dave was dead. Horror and terror, these gave way to pity; and Sam's eyes were wet with more than rain and his fingers on the wheel clenched and relaxed convulsively. He perceived that all Dave's life was come to frustration now; that whatever his other ways had been, he had followed in the end the wrong road and found his destruction at the end of it.

And as he thought this, Sam came to the end of the back road and turned into the highway, and Bill Stackhoe spoke to him from the seat behind.

"Wait a minute, Sam."

Sam, who had been so absorbed that he had been unconscious of the occasional words of the men in the back seat, was so startled that he stopped the car with a jolt; and big Bill Stackhoe lurched against the seat behind him, thrown forward by his own unchecked momentum.

"Whoa!" he gasped explosively.

"What's the matter?" Sam asked.

Bill climbed out of the car and stepped behind it; and Sam, leaning out, saw him lift that rude trestle which bore the No Thoroughfare sign and set it in place across the mouth of the road again. He came back to climb to his seat once more.

"Too many folks been driving right by that sign, or shoving it out of the way," he said in an explanatory voice. "'Stead of paying attention to it and sticking to the good road. They'd keep off the bad roads, keep out of a lot of trouble, if they'd pay attention to the signs."

Sam made no comment, yet he found what Bill said curiously applicable to poor Dave Budd; and his throat choked a little at the memory.

They were moving now toward the village of Sunday Cove; toward Buck Fernham's house, and the garage, and Millie. And Sam remembered, his attention caught by the familiar road; and he thought of Millie with a curious quick leap of pleasure; and he was suddenly very tired, and it seemed to him that to see her would rest him. Yet he made his tone casual as he spoke to Bill over his shoulder.

"Want to stop at Buck's, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, guess I do," Bill agreed. "Get on the telephone, and then I can tell what to do next. I've got to let them know about Dave."

"Millie's going to—grieve for him," Sam said.

"Guess a lot of folks will," the fat man assented. "Most everybody seemed to like Dave."

Bat Brace spoke a word of approval.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Yes, sir. Dave sure was a fine man. Mighty good to me."

His words were fair enough, but Sam could not repress a twisted grin, as though resenting even praise for Dave from Bat. Then he forgot the other, his eyes casting ahead. He could see the house, and a car stopped by the gas pump beside the road, and someone there in a yellow slicker and sou'wester hat, standing by the car. This might have been Buck; there was nothing distinguishing in the contours of the long oilskin coat. But Sam knew it was not Buck; knew it for Millie. And his eyes fixed on her so eagerly that at first he did not recognize the car. Not till someone stepped out of it to face Millie there; and he saw that this was Lin Ruble, and then knew the car for the one he had trailed on that night that seemed so long ago.

Lin must have thought Sam's car merely one of the occasional passers-by; for he stood where he was, talking to Millie, laughing at her a little, till Sam ground to a halt and leaped to the ground.

And Sam strode toward Lin; and Sam's eyes were burning; and Millie looked at him, and she cried angrily, "Sam, he's been pestering me!"

Sam flung himself at Lin, full of destruction, intoxicated with delight that the moment had come at last.

"I'll fix him, Millie," he cried. And to Lin, "Now, blast you." And the leap.

But that first attack was not so fruitful as he had expected, as he had intended. He got home no blow; and somewhat to his own surprise, he received none. Lin had slipped to one side, and thrust his arm under Sam's and swung Sam around; and Sam found himself pinned in a position of curious helplessness, his arms held at his sides by the other's grip. And he flushed with furious rage at this frustration, and writhed and twisted to be free.

Lin seemed to wish to placate him.

"Now, kid!" he protested. "Now, kid, calm down. You don't want any row with me."

Their faces were not inches apart; and Sam clamored in his teeth, "I'll clean you. I'm going to take you apart."

Lin grinned at him, holding Sam tight in spite of the other's struggles.

"No you won't," he insisted. "Come out of it, kid! You haven't got a chance. Talk it over. Cool off, son!"

Sam, wrenching and turning, had Lin now between him and the car, from which Stackhoe and the deputy had just alighted. And he saw, over Lin's shoulder, Stackhoe's indolent and disinterested glance, and Bat's fixed and attentive glare; and he saw also Millie, watching with parted lips, a curious rigidity in her posture. Shame at his own ridiculous helplessness gave him new fury, so that he tried to wrestle the other to the ground; and failing this he jerked and jerked, tugging backward, fighting to free one arm.

"Let go!" he clamored. "Let go and fight!"

"You don't want to fight!" Lin urged, good-naturedly enough. "You haven't got a chance, kid!"

Sam may have felt some qualms. He had not before encountered Lin so close at hand; had not till now realized that the other was an inch taller, definitely heavier, perhaps even stronger than himself. Prudence might have advised him to do as Lin urged; to let their encounter lapse into an argument. But Sam was, as has been said, red-headed; and there were this morning many matters burning in the boy, matters which required a physical outlet.

He forced himself to believe that Lin had killed Dave, and he cried harshly, "You blamed murderer!"

Lin was so surprised that his grip a little loosened; and before he could repair the damage, Sam had an arm free, drawn back for a blow. An exultant cry broke upon his lips. But the blow did not land; for though Lin may have been surprised, he was also ready. His fist, coming up between them, caught Sam under the chin, not with that sharp and stunning impact which goes to make a knock-out, but still with a force and a follow-through which flung Sam back with a blinding pain in his jaw and a bleeding tongue, and set him harshly down upon his hunkers in a puddle of oily water on the ground.

The moment for words had passed; and Lin stood warily, looking all around. But when Sam scrambled to his feet Lin stepped back with a watchful eye; and when Sam charged, head down and arms swinging, Lin evaded him with a tripping little step and at the same time brought his fist upward, a rigid arm and body all behind it. At the height of Lin's shoulder, this fist met Sam's mouth from the side, somewhat glancingly; and from it poor Sam rebounded, half whirled in the air, fell on his face and slid a little forward and lay still, an affecting spectacle, his very fall sublime.

Fell and lay still; and Millie swooped to his side.

But no one gave her heed; for as Lin struck Sam, and as Sam went down, Bat Brace took his turn in the affair. He came upon Lin blusteringly, his left hand clenched as though he would have struck, his right hand drawn in a curious fashion to his side and half concealed there. And he cried a hoarse oath, a black and abusive word, so that Lin met him with battle in his eye.

Yet no blow was struck, this phase passing quickly; for fat Bill Stackhoe could when he chose move with a certain swiftness; and so he moved now. His left hand caught Bat's right wrist and brought it upward with such a wrench that the pistol in Bat's right hand spun and fell yards away. And Bill released the deputy then, but he kept between Bat and the pistol. His own weapon now was in his hand, the rain streaking it, wetting it, yet no wise palliating the fact that it was ready to take a decisive part in the affray.

Bat cried, "What the devil!"

And Lin swung toward him, with little mincing steps.

"Want some of the same, do you?" he challenged.

But Bill Stackhoe made a sleepy gesture with his pistol hand.

"Stand still," he said. "The both of you."

"Watch him!" Bat warned the fat man.

Bill nodded. "I'm watching both of you," he agreed.

"What's going on?" Lin demanded. "What's it about? What's happened anyway?"

"You know well enough," Bat told him.

Lin frowned. "What do I know so well?" he insisted.

Bill undertook to explain.

"You see, Lin," he said slowly, "Bat here, and Dave Budd, they went looking for Sloughter, your boss, this morning. Went down to his house early and he wasn't there."

Lin stared at him. "Where do you come in?" he asked.

"Why, you see," Bill explained mildly, "I'm a Federal prohibition officer. Been keeping an eye on you all lately."

Lin nodded, and he lighted a cigarette and flicked the match away.

"I knew it," he commented. "I told the old man you all were on to him. Been letting him feed it to you, haven't you?"

"Why, we have picked up a few truckloads," Bill agreed.

"I told him to cut it out," Lin declared. "I always refused to have anything to do with it myself." He grinned virtuously.

Bill considered this. "Well," he remarked, "you understand that you're under arrest. I guess we've got enough to put you on trial anyway."

"Got nothing on me," Lin insisted.

"Oh, yes, we have," Bat told him. "Yes we have too."

Lin glared at him. "I'll shut your head for you in a minute, Bat," he said truculently.

Bill interposed. "No," he said gently. "No, you won't harm Bat here. You see, Lin," he continued, "this is more than plain bootlegging now. Bat and Dave went in to the old mill looking for Sloughter, and somebody took a crack at them from the woods and got Dave."

"Somebody! It was him!" Bat cried. "I saw him!"

Lin looked at him with a speculative eye.

"You did?" he inquired.

"Yes, I did."

"That's funny," Lin remarked.

"Why?" Bill inquired; and he silenced Bat with a gesture. "What's so funny about that?"

"A dirty shame," Lin said, half to himself. "Old Dave never did anybody any harm. Good scout. Who the devil would kill him?"

Bat laughed harshly; and Lin eyed him with a steady glance which served to silence the deputy.

"Well," said Lin to the fat man, "this here is wrong. He didn't see me. I had to drive the old man. We left here about three o'clock, went up to the bridge at Parsons. Funny thing too. Just about the time we got there there was a truckload of booze going through and they got stopped on the bridge. A shot happened to get Sloughter in the leg and I took him to the hospital and came down here to get his things. I was at the hospital from about a quarter of five till pretty near seven. What time was Dave shot?"

Bill considered; then he nodded.

"Well, that makes it sure," he remarked; and there was something in his tone which Bat Brace found appalling, so that the deputy swung to the fat man with a snarl.

"You letting him get away with that?" he challenged.

The fat man eyed him.

"Bat," he said, "you're careless. You ought to know more about a pistol than you do."

Bat's mouth opened, but he did not speak; and Bill went mildly on, "You see, Bat, when that gun of yours is fired, the hammer is left resting on the empty cartridge. Cylinder don't turn till the hammer rises again. You said you fired twice; and you showed me the gun with two empties in it. But the cartridge under the hammer was loaded, Bat. You'd reloaded that chamber without noticing."

Bat, as though involuntarily, backed a little away.

"You want to notice little things," said Bill. "For instance." The gun in his hand roared; the bullet struck Bat's pistol in the mud so that it bounded like a live thing and fell back again.

"You notice I can shoot straight," Bill pointed out. "Now me," he added, "I noticed that about the cartridges. You'd fired three times, Bat; and you reloaded one chamber. You shot Dave yourself, it looks to me."

Lin had been silenced by this interchange; he uttered a low ejaculation now.

"And he laid it onto me," he muttered direfully.

Bill Stackhoe nodded.

"He'd have done better," he reminded Lin. "He aimed to start a ruckus with you, here a minute ago; and you'd hit back; and he'd have killed you, here in the rain. Resisting arrest, I guess that would have been. Shut your mouth anyway. That's the way it goes; you start doing a thing and you have to keep it up, even if it's killing men."

Bat made a wrenching movement, as though he fought for breath; and Bill eyed him dispassionately.

"I'd hate to get into the habit of killing men, Bat," he said. "But if I've got to, I'd kind of like to begin with you."

But there was no more resistance in Bat; it would not be necessary to kill this man save in judicial ways.

Bill saw his slow collapse; and his posture eased.

Then Buck Fernham, half clad, came blundering out of the house into the rain, running from one to another with his questions.

"What's the shooting?" he demanded. "What's going on here? What's the matter?" He saw Sam on the ground, his head

on Millie's knees. "Sam, what's happened to you?" he cried.

Millie called him to time.

"Take a hold of his arm, pa," she commanded. "Help him into the house. I've got to take care of Sam."

XVIII

BUCK FERNHAM was a man with wrongs and no audience; and when Bill Stackhoe first came to Sunday Cove, with his singular capacity for sleeping while he seemed to listen and listening while he seemed to sleep, Buck had looked upon the affair as providential; and he had talked to Bill long and lingeringly. But Buck was also a man full of unappeased curiosity; and Stackhoe's habit of reticence seemed to Buck at times annoying beyond all endurance. On this particular day, a Sunday in late June when the heat lay shimmeringly along the bare pastures back from the water, Buck's garage was as cool a place as any, the westerly wind sucking through the wide rear door and emerging at the front. Big Bill Stackhoe sat in a chair tilted back against the jamb of this front door, balancing himself in a position which might in another have been precarious, but which was given stability by Bill's very bulk. Buck half sprawled on the ground across the doorway, his legs extended before him, his chin on his chest, his shoulders sagging against the other jamb of the door. Across the road in front of them the slope, scantily clad in grass and low and stubborn clumps of tough ground pine, ran down to the fringe of bowlders along the shore. There, though the wind was westerly, long rollers glided in and burst against the ledges with a violence out of all keeping with the slow deliberation of their movements. It was as though by contact with the bowlders they were detonated; the spray flung itself skyward, seemed to hang for a moment glistening in the sun, then dropped inertly back into the sea again. Buck and Bill Stackhoe could catch glimpses of people here and there along the rocks, where picnic parties had lunched and now, in the water or out of it, disported themselves. And immediately in front of them, along the slate-black ribbon of the roadway, an almost continuous stream of cars whirled to and fro, the constant recurrent hissing of their tires upon the sticky asphalt at times rising to such a pitch as almost to interfere with the conversation that went forward in the door of the garage. Buck grumbled at them fretfully.

"Makes me sick," he protested. "Tearing by."

Bill grinned. "If they was all to stop for gas you'd be kep' busy," he commented. "Guess you're just as well satisfied they should go by."

"Millie'd take care of 'em," Buck said. "She waits on the cash trade." His tone had a weary bitterness, for this was one of his favorite wrongs. "A man can't sleep at nights," he grumbled. "They go by, all hours. And the bulk of 'em going nowhere."

"Going nowhere in a hurry," Bill agreed. He added reminiscently, "I rode on a train once, out through from Cincinnati to St. Louis. Ran through the southern end of Indiana, along in there, in the daytime, and it was the Fourth of July. And all day long folks kept getting on that train and riding two-three stations and getting off again. Hot as Tophet it was—steaming hot. And it was hotter than that on the train. But it was the Fourth of July and everyone was bound to go somewhere, just for the sake of going."

"Where was you going?" Buck asked curiously, and Stackhoe chuckled.

"It don't matter a bit," he assured the other. "I was just illustrating. Now they've got automobiles to go in and they keep going just the same. Just go nowhere and come back, and that's their idea of a good time."

"Fifty miles an hour, up and down past my house," Buck agreed.

"Well, long as they stick to this road and the main roads they mostly get along all right," Bill reminded him. "It's when you get off the main road and go charging ahead that you're apt to strike a bridge down or something. Charging around back and forth the way the world is now, a fair lot of folks are bound to hit the ditch. Or a speed cop."

Buck snorted rebelliously. "Too blamed many speed cops," he exclaimed. "Too many laws around here anyway."

Stackhoe nodded. "Pretty hard not to get into the habit of breaking a few of them," he commented. He added thoughtfully, "I can remember when it was a serious business to break the law—before the automobiles came along, and you broke half a dozen every time you drove a car."

"And prohibition," said Buck gloomily.

"You see a lot of detour signs on the roads now that don't mean a thing," Bill continued. "And signs that say Pass at Your Own Risk. But if you don't detour, or if you go ahead and pass, usually nothing happens to you. Looks to me sometimes ——" He paused, as though weighing his own thoughts and shaping them into words. "Well, the average man don't take as much pains to be sure he's on the right road. And you ride the wrong road long enough and you're bound to get into trouble in the end."

"The country's going to the dogs," Buck predicted morosely.

Bill grinned. "I guess the country'll get along," he suggested. He was silent for a moment. "There's someone stopping for gas," he said indolently, but Buck did not even turn his head. Stackhoe watched Millie come out to serve her customer; studied her approvingly. Her rigorous neatness, her substantial strength and her solid dependability always pleased him. In the silence, from within the garage behind them there came the clank of a peen hammer striking metal; and Bill turned his head that way and saw a pair of shoes protruding from beneath a car; and he grinned a little. After a moment Millie went back into the house and Bill amplified his thesis.

"Take the back road down here," he reminded Buck. "That was marked all plain No Thoroughfare. But a lot of folks didn't pay any attention to it and some of 'em got into trouble by it. Sloughter, he's got a bullet in his leg and like to lose it, and the chances are he'll go to jail; and Lin Ruble, he used to drive in that way sometimes, but he won't drive around much for six months or so. And Sloughter's men in there, they won't take any more wrong roads for a spell." He chuckled, ignoring Buck's uneasiness; and he jerked his head into the garage behind him. "Take Sam there; he wouldn't pay any attention to that sign. And he got a crack in the jaw, and lost his car, and got dog-bit, and had a row with Millie, and got his teeth knocked loose."

Buck grinned. "He sure got his," he agreed, yet with a certain sympathy in his tones.

"And Dave and Bat Brace," Stackhoe concluded, his tone now grave with sorrow and pity. "Yes, sir, it pays sometimes to make sure you're on the right road. There's usually a sign, plain enough to read, if you'll look for it."

Buck looked at him acutely.

"You went in there much as anyone," he reminded the fat man. "Don't see as it done you any hurt."

Bill smiled at him lazily

"I didn't go tooting in in an automobile though," he reminded the other. "I walked. And Mat Snowden walked. You can go slow and careful in a lot of places that you can't go forty miles an hour."

"And them two girls," Buck argued.

Bill made a broad gesture.

"Well, I guess they don't figure they've had what you might call a restful week. And the black-haired one, maybe she's in a pot of trouble." He chuckled at his own jest. "Her and Mat."

"What's that?" Buck asked quickly. "What sort of trouble?" He hitched himself erect. "What they been up to?" he demanded.

"Why, they're figuring on getting married," Bill told him. "That ought to be trouble enough for anybody, oughtn't it?"

"Is that so?" Buck exclaimed. "Say, I didn't know that. Say, it didn't take 'em long, did it? Say, are they going to live in there? When are they going to get hitched up? What's the other one, the little one; what's she going to do?"

Bill shook his head. "You ask more questions," he protested. "Ask Mat. They're due here before long. That's what I'm hanging around for." He heard a stir in the garage and looked over his shoulder and saw young Sam Savery slide out from beneath his car; and Sam met his eyes and grinned. Sam was in working gear, an oily spectacle. A little spurt of oil had struck his cheek and run down into his hair. His upper lip was hidden by a broad band of surgeon's tape, but this did not disturb the cheerfulness of his grin. He came idly toward them, wiping his hands on a bunch of waste.

"Got her fixed?" Bill asked.

"Tightened up her innards some," Sam agreed. "The old girl was getting kind of shook up. But she'll go for a spell."

"Runs all right," Bill told him.

"That's as good a car as you can buy anywhere for a hundred dollars," Sam cheerfully agreed.

"You waste a lot of time on that bunch of junk," Buck told him fretfully; and Sam chuckled.

"You hate anybody to waste time, don't you, pa?" he suggested derisively; and Buck made an inarticulate sound; and Stackhoe looked at Sam and asked:

"That way with you, is it? Pa?"

Sam colored to the ears, but he grinned with satisfaction.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, Millie's come around."

"Guess you're on the right road now," Stackhoe told him gravely; and he held out his hand and Sam, in an embarrassed fashion, took it.

"He better see to't he keeps out of trouble," Buck said gloomily. "Millie ain't one to let him go traipsing off after the next pair of bobbed heads he sees. She'll take hold of him."

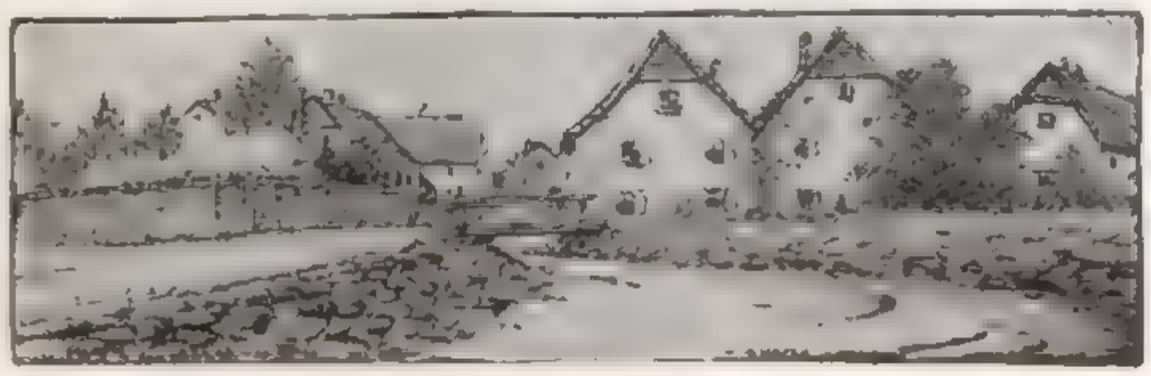
Stackhoe looked at Sam; and Sam said awkwardly, "Long as she keeps hold of me guess I ain't likely to go drifting off."

The fat man nodded at this as though it pleased him; and then he moved a little, tilting his chair forward.

"There's Mat now," he said.

A car had stopped by the gas pump and he started toward it. Millie came out of the house. Sam, from where he stood, could see that Peg was on the front seat with Snowden, Nell in the tonneau behind. Buck twisted around till he, too, could watch what went forward; and they saw Millie smile upon the two girls and speak to them with a gracious cordiality. Bill came to where she stood; and Mat and Peg got to the ground while Millie prepared to fill the gas tank; and Millie called to Sam:

"Sam, come over here!"



Sam obeyed, his face grave; and as he approached, Nell greeted him eagerly.

"Why, Sam," she cried, "you haven't been in to see us again. Is your mouth awfully sore? I'm so terribly sorry, Sam. We felt dreadfully."

"It's all right," Sam said quietly.

"I'm sure you gave as good as you got though, didn't you, Sam?" Nell insisted.

The young man shook his head.

"No," he replied, smiling faintly. "No; I guess I owe Lin more than ever. Ain't likely to pay either. He didn't act like he wanted to be paid."

Peg at his side said quietly, "I'm sorry, Sam." She glanced at Millie, back at Sam again. "Good luck," she added.

He smiled, his eyes shining.

"That's all right," he replied. He had seen, beside Nell in the rear of the car, the Airedale, and Nell's bags, and her paint box, and a packet of canvases. "Nell going away, is she?" he asked.

Nell heard and answered him, pouting a little.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, they're sending me away, Sam. Peg and Mat. Just in these three or four days! She takes all the new men away from me."

Young Snowden spoke to big Bill Stackhoe and to them all.

"We're going to spend my vacation in at the farm," he explained. "Going to Boston tonight, to take Nell down, and get married. I'll be back tomorrow if you want me, Bill."

"Guess you're entitled to a month off," Stackhoe assured him. "I'm going to lay around here a couple of weeks myself."

Peg spoke to Sam.

"You and Millie must come and see us at the farm," she urged. Sam hesitated for a moment, but Millie had come to his side and she answered for him.

"We likely will," she said, and her tone was friendly.

And Nell added her invitation.

"Look me up too," she urged, "the first time you come to New York. I'll just never forgive you if you don't, Sam."

Sam said gravely, "I don't figure on coming to New York."

"Oh, but you'll come sometime," she insisted.

"I guess not," he replied.

"You must," she urged, but he made no further refusal, and she was left to repeat her urgencies till they trailed into nothing for lack of opposition. Then Snowden and Peg got into the car and turned to drive away along the road toward Boston. And Millie watched them go with untroubled eyes.

When they were gone she spoke a word to the men.

"Pa, go clean up," she said sharply. To Bill, "You'd best stay to supper. There's cold beans and apple pie, and we'd like having you."

Stackhoe nodded. "I'd like that right well," he agreed. "I'd be pleased to stay."

Millie nodded, looked toward Sam.

"Want I should make you some hot coffee, Sam?" she asked him, a curious gentleness in her tone.

"Fine," he agreed.

"You still working," she asked, "on the car?"

"She's all done," he told her. "Good shape now."

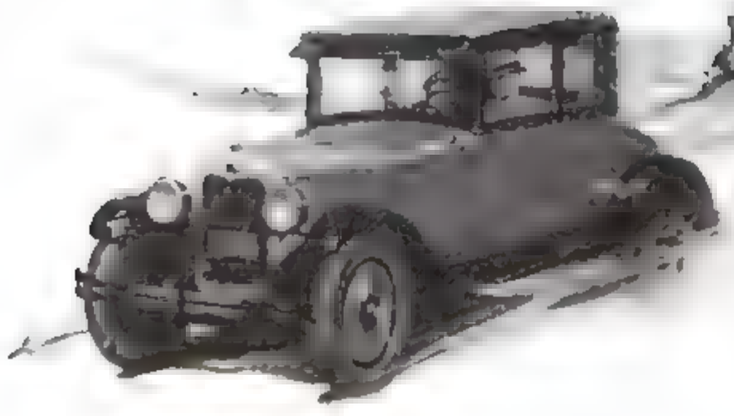
Millie seemed to wish to say something more; and Sam likewise stood awkwardly still, waiting, groping for words.

At last he said, "I'll get cleaned up and come in."

She lifted her hand. His red thatch of hair was burning like bronze in the late sun and she touched it uncertainly with her fingers. And Sam's eyes lighted; and Millie smiled, a quick warm smile curiously revealing. Then abruptly turned and almost ran toward the house.

Sam stood a moment, his mouth widening in a delighted grin. Then he swung toward the garage to make himself clean, moving swiftly, whistling some completely contented little tune.

(THE END)



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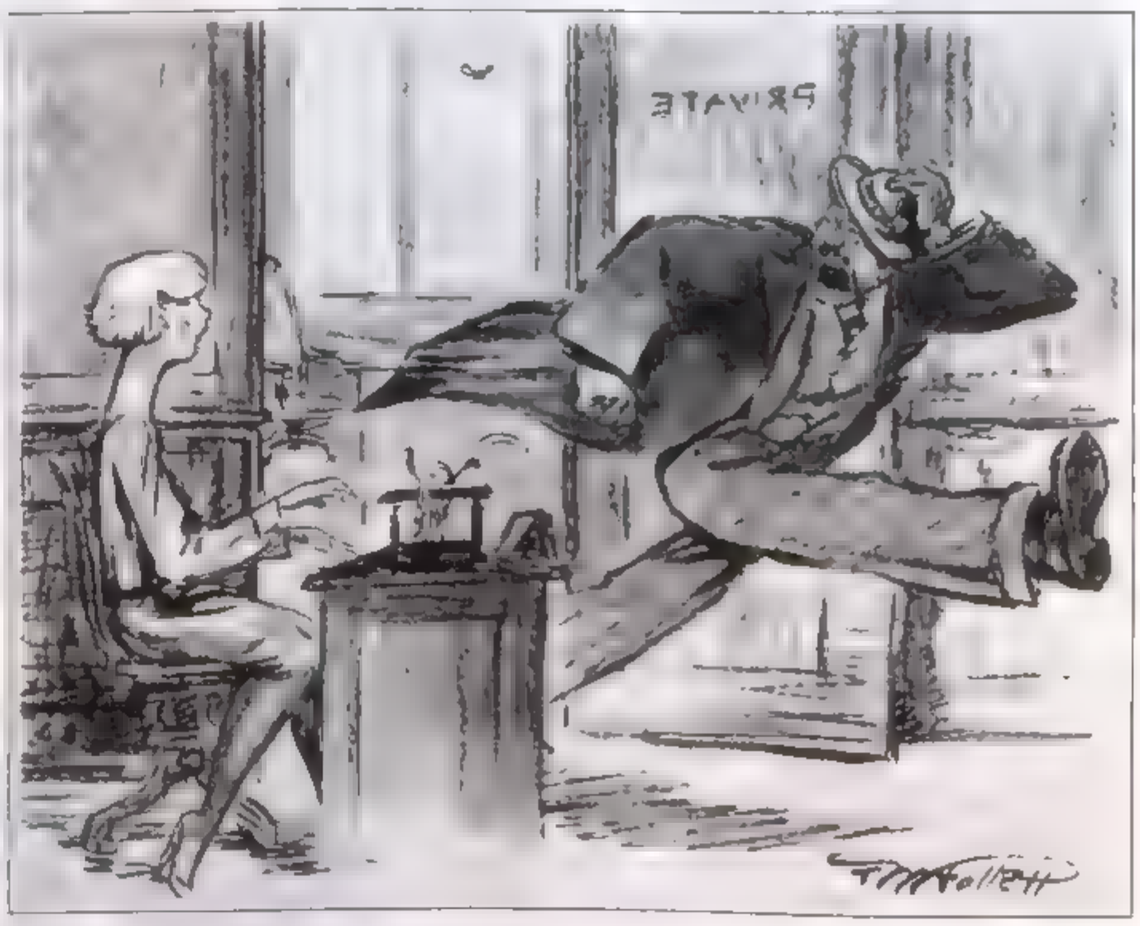
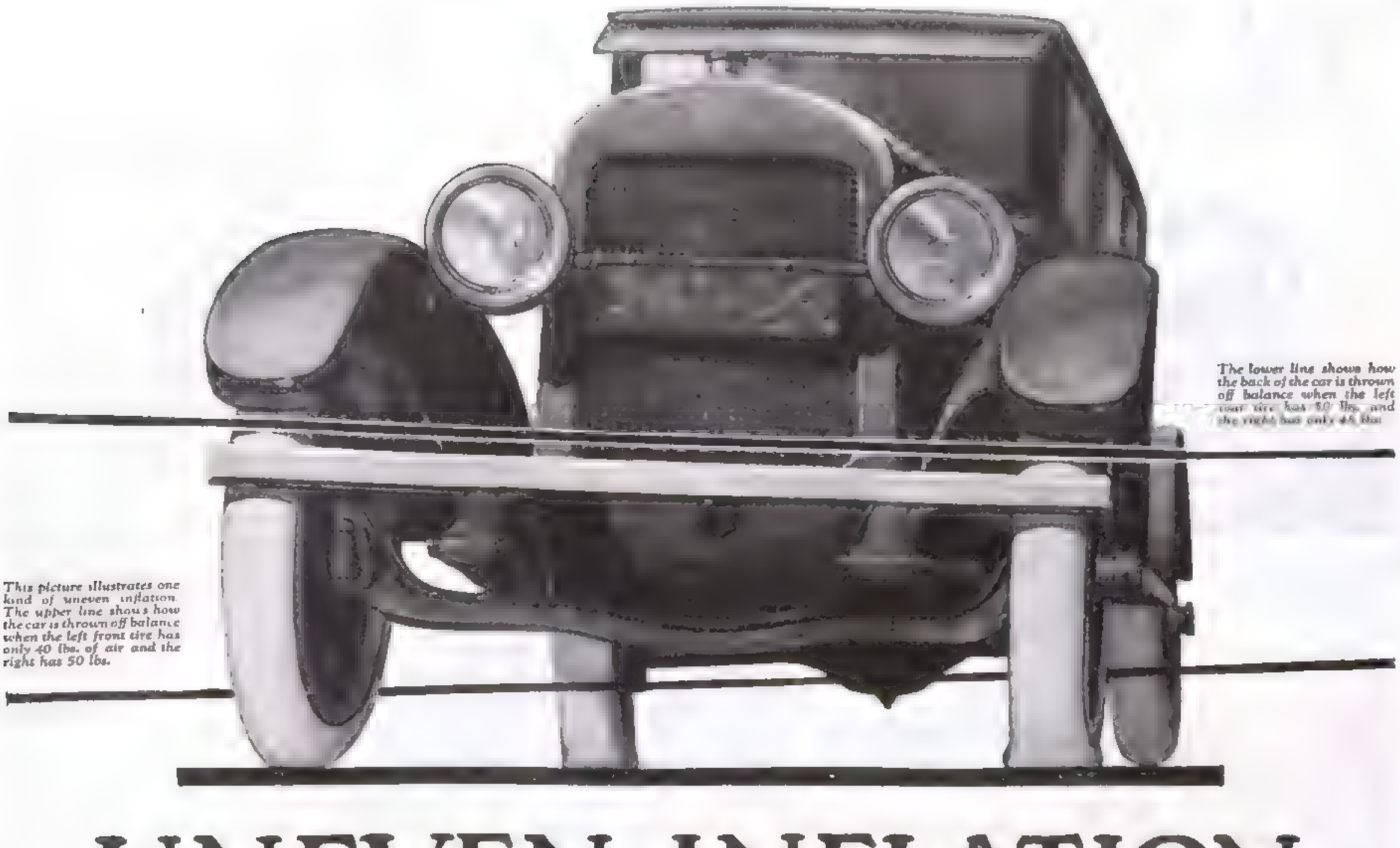


"Yuh C'n Get Me at the Golf Club! I Can't Work With That Fly Bussin' Around My Ears!"



The lower line shows how the back of the car is thrown off balance when the left rear tire has 50 lbs. and the right has only 45 lbs.

This picture illustrates one kind of uneven inflation. The upper line shows how the car is thrown off balance when the left front tire has only 40 lbs. of air and the right has 50 lbs.

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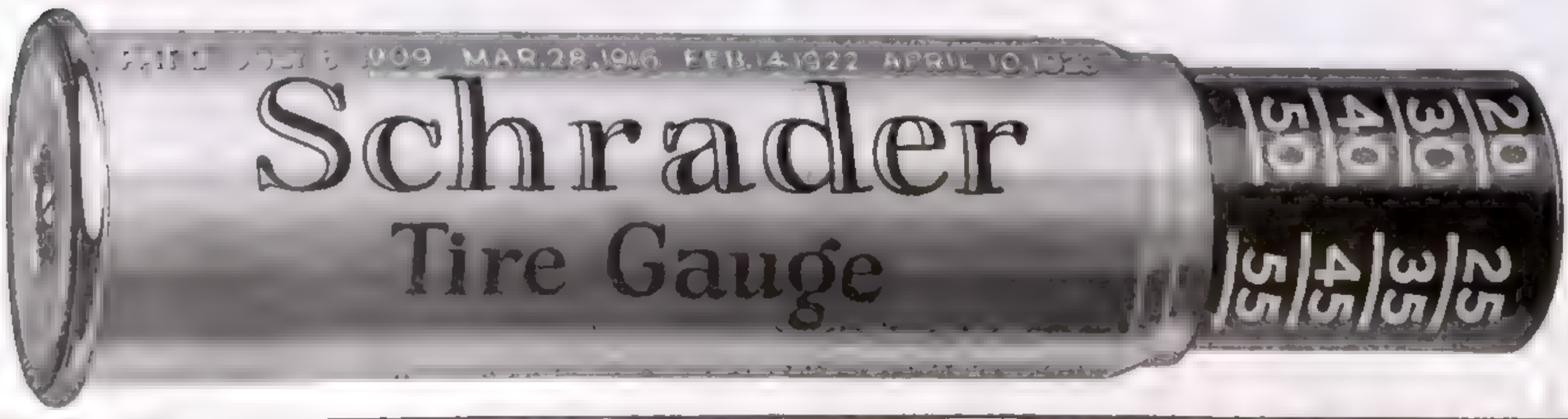

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"The Flaming Frontier"

A Thrilling American Epic

This is a picture that every red-blooded American will want to see. In it the great plainsman and hero-scout, Col. George Custer, lives over again, as well as his gallant comrades, and the scenes in which he won his greatest glory and met his untimely end are re-enacted with startling vividness.

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During the action, Pres. Grant, Red Cloud and Sitting Bull appear actively, and the magnificent courage with which every American schoolboy is familiar is shown in a great series of thrilling scenes. A beautiful love-story runs through the play and, all in all, it will prove one of the most intensely interesting of American pictures.

In the cast are such sterling actors as HOOT GIBSON, a young lieutenant who sacrifices himself to aid Custer's cause; DUSTIN FARNUM, who essays the rôle of Col. Custer; ANNE CORNWALL, GEORGE FAWCETT, KATHLEEN KEY, WARD CRANE and NOBLE JOHNSON, as well as various tribes of Indians, troops of cavalry, and several thousand others. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre NOW to get *"The Flaming Frontier"* as well as *"The Midnight Sun"* with LAURA LA PLANTE; *"The Phantom of the Opera"* with LON CHANEY; *"The Cohens and Kellys"*; *"Sporting Youth"* and *"California Straight Ahead,"* *"What Happened to Jones"* and *"Skinner's Dress Suit,"* all with REGINALD DENNY. When you see them, please write me what you think of them.

Carl Laemmle
President

You can also have autographed photograph of Hoot Gibson for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

POKER FACE

(Continued from Page 38)

As he stood there waiting for Cronin and the bank messenger to enter, his nerve almost failed him. For the first time in his life he found difficulty in remaining motionless. His heart pounded against his ribs with trip-hammer blows and his brain fairly reeled with fear for the success of his plan.

It seemed as if an age had passed when Cronin came into the vault carrying his black Gladstone bag and followed by the armed bank messenger lugging a bulging canvas sack. Cronin walked straight to the safe, looking neither to the right nor to the left. As he bent forward with thumb and forefinger on the knob, he was so close to Sylvester that Fensmark could almost have reached out his hand and touched him.

The cashier began turning the knob of the combination. As the numbers came up Sylvester read them off over the man's shoulder—6-9-2-7-4-1. He had of course no opportunity to jot them down. The slightest movement would have betrayed him. So he kept repeating the numbers to himself—6-9-2-7-4-1—over and over again. The bank messenger, a husky uniformed individual, bent low over the canvas sack to open it. As he did so Sylvester noted the sinister bulge of the man's coat at the waistline.

Interminable minutes passed while Cronin checked over the bundles of currency from the list which the messenger had given him. When the cashier finally signed the list and the messenger departed, Sylvester almost laughed out loud from sheer relief. Cronin closed the door of the safe, gave the combination a twirl or two, picked up the black bag containing his week-end toilet necessities and library books, and put it on top of one of the filing cases as was his habit. He started for the door. Halfway across the floor he paused and adjusting his pince-nez, glanced about the poorly lighted compartment as if divining by some sixth sense that all was not well.

Sylvester had a bad thirty seconds while the cashier stood peering at him in the half light. He nearly collapsed when Cronin crossed to the safe again and gave the handle one final tug to assure himself against his instinct that nothing was amiss.

The next moment the cashier had passed out of the vault, and Sylvester breathed normally once more. For forty-five minutes he stood motionless beside his brother in the wax and repeated the numbers 6-9-2-7-4-1 in endless repetition, lest he forget them. He did not dare to turn his head to see if the watchman had forgotten his presence. When a messenger girl came into the vault to consult one of the filing cases his heart almost stood still. But she, too, like Cronin, passed out after bestowing on him a cursory glance, and the vault became again as still as the grave, with the bustle of the closing hours of the big store coming to his ears, subdued and sullen, like the swarming of angry bees.

Then the five-o'clock bell rang. He heard the door of the vault close, and the clanging of the bolt as the watchman shot it into place. Then silence, final and absolute, broken only by the ticking of the timing clock in the locking mechanism of the massive manganese vault door.

With a sigh of relief, Sylvester relaxed, and went about the business of transferring the sixty-thousand-dollar pay roll from the safe to Cronin's Gladstone bag. He had plenty of time. The cashier's personal belongings he transferred to the pockets of his own overcoat in the locker, and the library books he laid on one of the shelves until morning. He had hardly done this when the light was turned out. He was prepared for this. Producing a candle from his pocket, he lit it, placed it in some drippings on the floor in front of the safe and began to spin the knob slowly, reading the numbers off from memory—6-9-2-7-4-1.

As number one came up, the faint click of the tumblers made his nerves tingle with anticipation. Grasping the handle of the door firmly with both hands, he turned it and gave it a brisk tug. The massive door swung open noiselessly on its well-oiled hinges, and with a suddenness that almost upset him.

The transfer of the bundles of yellow bank notes to the Gladstone bag was the work of a few moments. He was forced to leave several packages behind as he did not dare to stuff the bag too full, lest Cronin should notice it and become suspicious of its weight and bulk. He gnashed his teeth at being forced to pass up some ten thousand dollars in twenty-dollar notes. But safety first, last and always was his motto.

Locking the bag he turned it over on its side and took from the locker the small can of brown paint and the brush. With this he painted the initials "J. M." on the bottom of the bag. Then he pulled the string by which the key was attached, off the handle, and put the bag on top of the filing case, bottom side up, to permit the paint to dry.

Next he doubled up the carpet runner which led from the vault door to the safe, and with this as a mattress and his coat as a pillow he prepared to spend the night as comfortably as was possible under the circumstances. Breaking the candle from its drippings, he removed all traces of the hardened candle grease from the floor. Before blowing the light out he glanced at his watch. The hands pointed to 5:25. A long night lay ahead of him, but he did not dare to keep the light burning another minute. He knew that the tiny flame of the candle was using up twice as much air as he himself was. For the same reason smoking was out of the question. The small grated vent in the ceiling carried off the foul air. A certain limited amount of fresh air entered there, but in the main he had to rely on the air already in the vault, so he extinguished the light and curled himself up on his improvised bed.

Sleep did not come to him for hours. Over and over again he rehearsed the second and final act of the little drama in which he was stage manager, audience and *dramatis personæ* rolled into one. He had not the slightest fear for the success of his plan, now that the first and worst ordeal was safely past. He felt curiously elated and light-hearted. With one stroke he was enriching himself and placing the burden of crime upon another. The ultimate fate of that other—Cronin—did not concern him. With a satisfied yawn he turned upon his side and went to sleep.

V

HE AWOKE with a start and sat up. His head was spinning from the close air of the vault, and the blood pounded in his eardrums. A sense of extreme oppression and lassitude gripped him. Fumbling for matches, he found them, struck one and looked at his watch. It was a little past seven o'clock. He shuddered at the thought of what would have happened if he had overslept.

Lighting the candle, he arose and made his preparations for the get-away. He examined Cronin's bag and found that the painted initials were dry, so he righted the bag, after assuring himself once more that it was locked securely. Next he went about putting things in order, rolled the carpet runner back in place and brushed his clothes carefully. Then he attended to his make-up, which had been sadly wrecked during the night. He was an artist at this and he used his rouge and lipstick with discretion. After a few minutes' skillful manipulation he stepped back and surveyed himself in the mirror. He smiled with satisfaction. He thought of what would happen to the absent-minded cashier. The notion amused him vastly. Cronin would get his with a vengeance.

His musings were interrupted by the sudden switching on of the light in the ceiling. Blowing out the candle, hastily he removed every last trace of his nocturnal occupation of the vault and stepped into line beside the dressed wax figure. He had not long to wait when the clockwork mechanism released the bolt and the vault door was opened.

He waited for a few minutes, until he heard the watchman's steps retreat in the distance. Listening, he tiptoed to the door and glanced out. The great basement was empty, except for a janitor or two sweeping the floor and removing the denim covers from the display tables.

Quick as a flash he stepped back to his locker and changed into his street clothes and removed his make-up with a towel and cold cream. While he was stuffing Cronin's things and a small rouge compact and a lipstick into his pockets, Moore, one of the window trimmers, came into the vault. Moore nodded to Sylvester.

"I thought you were off for the day," he said.

"I am," Sylvester replied easily. He took Cronin's library books from the shelf and tucked them under his arm. "I forgot these last night and came back for them."

The window trimmer picked up one of the undressed wax figures and the two men left the vault together.

"Have a good time," said Moore, as Sylvester passed up the stairway and into the street.

"Leave it to me," Sylvester called back over his shoulder with a grin.

At the next corner Sylvester hailed a taxi.

"Pennsylvania Station," he told the driver.

Five minutes later he presented himself at the station check room for the bag he had left there, then walked down to the Long Island waiting room and took a seat from which he could watch the swinging entrance doors without being observed himself.

At eight minutes to nine Cronin came through the farthest door and walked directly to Gate 18. Sylvester got up and sauntered after him at a safe distance. He followed the cashier through the gate and down the stairway to the tracks. Cronin entered the front end of the third car. Sylvester waited until the man had selected his seat, then he boarded the car from the rear end.

The morning traffic was not heavy. Sylvester waited on the platform between the two cars until the train pulled out and the conductor had unlocked the door of the women's wash room; then making sure that he was not being observed he slipped into the room and locked the door.

Changing clothes and making up in the small compartment was no easy task, and the train was already well under way when he put the finishing touches on with his rouge and lipstick. His own suit he wrapped in a piece of brown paper, after removing Cronin's things from the pockets and transferring them together with the library books to the now empty Gladstone bag.

A few minutes later Mr. Cronin glanced up from his morning paper, to see a woman put her bag in the rack above his head next to his own. When the woman took the vacant seat beside him, his eyes returned to his paper. He did not want to be caught staring. He noted the brown paper parcel in her lap; noted also through the veil she wore that she was young, and that her face was made up in the prevailing flapper style. His disapproval of flappers amounted to an obsession, so he hunched his shoulders and buried himself in the market report of the cotton-and-wool exchange.

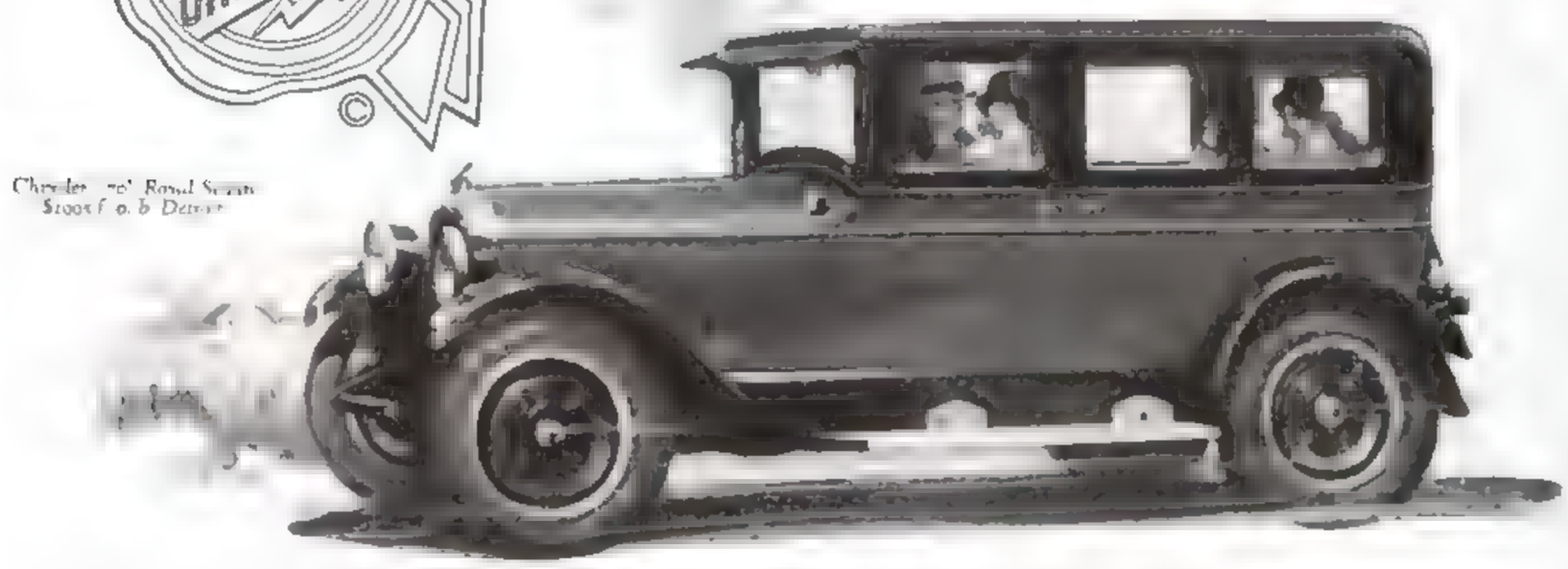
The run from the Pennsylvania Station to Jamaica, Long Island, where passengers change for the North and South Shores is only a matter of twenty minutes. When the train pulled in, his traveling companion got up and reached for her bag in the rack.

Cronin glanced up.

"You have the wrong bag, madam," he said.

(Continued on Page 58)

CHRYSLER



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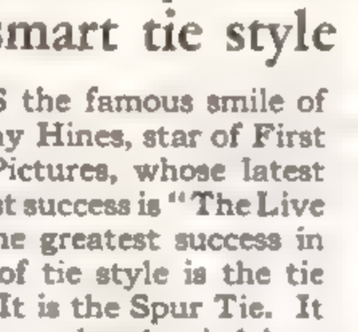
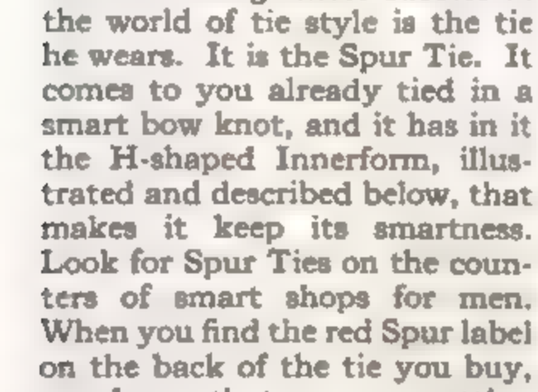


The H-shaped Innerform is shown below in position on one half the tie and with the silk cut away and turned back on the other half of the tie. This is the patented form found only in the genuine Spur Tie.



(Continued from Page 56)

The woman had already taken it down. She glanced from the one in the rack to the one in her hand, then turned the latter over.

"These are my initials," she said. "My name is Jane Mason."

Cronin adjusted his glasses. He stared at the J. M. painted in brown letters on the bottom of the bag.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, flushing to the roots of his hair. "The two bags are so much alike that I thought for the moment ——"

"Aren't they?" the girl agreed. She smiled at him brightly, then passed down the aisle.

Cronin sat staring at the bag above his head. He could have sworn that he had put it in the middle of the rack instead of at the far end. The train coming to a stop, he arose and took it down. As he did so something dropped to the floor and fell between the seats. Stooping he picked it up. It was his key with the piece of string attached. He decided that it had become caught in the bars of the rack and had been torn off the handle as he lifted the bag down. He kept it tied to the handle for fear of misplacing it. He never carried anything of value in the bag.

Putting the key in his vest pocket, he left the car. As he hurried across the crowded platform, he saw his traveling companion board a South Shore train on the opposite track.

In his seat in the North Shore train, a few minutes later, he took the key from his vest pocket, opened his bag, took out one of his library books and settled down for an hour and a half's reading. By the time he got to Mineola he had forgotten all about the episode.

VI

IT WAS a little after eleven o'clock when the train pulled into Rocky Ford. Cronin put his book away, shut the bag and with his overcoat on his arm sauntered down the aisle. As he stepped off the train someone tapped him on the shoulder. He turned, thinking that it was his wife. Instead, he found himself looking into the face of Jim Hathaway, the village constable. He was about to extend his hand in greeting, but the look on the constable's face made him pause. His first thought was his wife, and that something had happened to her.

"What is it, Jim?" he asked anxiously. "Anything wrong at the house?"

The constable shook his head.

"Come to my office," he said. "We can talk better there."

Cronin stared at him. From the expression on Hathaway's face the cashier knew that something serious was afoot. The constable's office was not far from the railway station. The cashier followed him there without a word. When they were seated Hathaway pulled out a telegram and handed it to Cronin, who read the following message:

"Detain Albert Cronin, cashier of The Whiting Company, when he arrives on the nine o'clock train. Suspected of absconding with pay roll. Am coming by auto with warrant."

The wire, which was dated an hour earlier, was signed: R. W. Thain, Chief of Detectives.

Cronin laid the piece of paper on the desk. His face was the color of chalk. Removing his glasses he began to polish them with his handkerchief, a habit of his when agitated. His lips worked. He seemed bereft of utterance.

"They must be crazy," he finally managed to say.

Hathaway nodded. The two men were friends. They went fishing together often. He felt sorry for Cronin.

"You don't mind waiting here until Thain comes?" he asked almost apologetically.

The cashier drew a deep breath. In spite of the other's kindly manner he knew that he was a prisoner, and that Hathaway had couched his words in the terms of a request to give him, Cronin, a chance to save his face.

"Certainly not, Jim," he said in a low steady voice.

Robert W. Thain, chief of detectives, was a heavy-set man with a brisk and almost cheerful manner. He was the exact opposite of the stereotyped detective of fiction. His black penetrating eyes carried a twinkle, and a suggestion of humor lurked about the corners of his mouth. His success was due to the fact that he was not the conventional sleuth. Sometimes a criminal slipped through his fingers, but in nine cases out of ten he got his man. He always thought in straight lines—never in circles—and sooner or later his quarry would cross this line and trip himself on it.

Such was the man who entered Hathaway's office and looked from one to the other as if in doubt which one was coming back to New York with him.

"This is Mr. Cronin," Hathaway said, indicating the white-faced cashier in the chair beside him.

"Ah, yes," said Thain. He drew the warrant from his pocket and read it aloud. "Anything you say will be used against you," he added, according to formula.

"I've nothing to say except that it is all a—a terrible mistake," Cronin stammered.

"I see," said Thain. He nodded as if agreeing with the cashier.

"But—but ——" Cronin started to protest. He was interrupted by the opening of the door. He closed his mouth. In the open doorway stood Fanny, his wife.

Mrs. Cronin's eyes traveled about the room. They came to rest upon her husband's face. She was about to take a step forward, but the expression she saw there deterred her. Almost involuntarily her hand rose to her throat.

"I waited for fifteen minutes, then came over. The station agent said you were here. Is there anything wrong, Bert? Lunch is on the table."

Hathaway cleared his throat. He glanced at Thain, who was folding up the warrant and returning it to his pocket. Cronin looked at his wife in beseeching silence as she crossed the room and picked up his Gladstone bag.

"Just a moment," Thain barked out. His hand shot forward and gripped the handle of the bag.

The girl looked up in surprise as Cronin blurted out, "They think that I've stolen the pay roll, honey!"

"Well, yes," Thain admitted at the girl's horror-stricken look. "Naturally we're interested in the contents of this bag."

Cronin laughed hollowly.

"Open it!" he cried.

Thain held out his hand for the key and Cronin tossed it to him with a snort. The detective inserted it in the lock, which was of a standard make. The bag flew open. Thain peered within, then turned the bag upside down and dumped the contents out on the constable's desk.

"H'm. Well," he said as he pawed over the articles, "that doesn't mean a thing." To himself he added, "Our bird slipped the swag to an accomplice somewhere along the line."

Mrs. Cronin looked over his shoulder. With housewifely concern she pushed Thain aside and began smoothing out the rumpled silk pajama suit. As she did so a small object fell out of it and dropped to the floor. She picked it up. Her white, even teeth came together with a snap. Tense with suspicion, she held the object out in the palm of her hand.

"Bert," she said in a small, terrible voice, "how did that lipstick come to be wrapped up in your pajama suit?"

Cronin swallowed hard. He stared at the thing with bulging eyes. This was the straw that broke the camel's back.

"I don't know," he roared, "and I don't give a damn!"

Thain and Hathaway exchanged glances. The merest shadow of a smile flitted across the detective's face.

"My car is outside, Cronin," he said gently.

The cashier glanced at his wife, who was scooping the objects off the desk into the bag. He arose just as she snapped the lock shut. Thain held out his right hand, from which a pair of bright steel handcuffs dangled.

"Sorry," he said pleasantly as Cronin shrank back. "Orders are orders. We're playing no favorites."

Cronin hesitated for the fraction of a moment, then held out his hands without a word

As the slender steel bands closed with a brisk click Mrs. Cronin said, "I'll ride in with you."

Cronin started to protest.

"Please, Fanny, everything is all right. It's all a ghastly mistake ——"

His wife shot Thain a look of contempt that made the detective's black eyes narrow angrily. He made up his mind that the girl would bear watching.

"Of course, Bert," she said. Her small clenched fist relaxed enough for Hathaway to get a glimpse of the crimson object that glowed dully between her white, bloodless fingers. The constable dropped his eyes guiltily. "The idea of them accusing you of theft—after ten years of faithful service." She paused and gave her husband a curious level glance. "I have a little business matter to attend to in New York, myself, so I'll go with you."

"Well, then, let's be on our way," said Thain briskly.

VII

SYLVESTER spent the day traveling pleasantly and leisurely along the South Shore of Long Island to Montauk Point. Leisurely, because such is the gait of all Long Island trains; pleasantly, because the summer day was warm and bright, and because his traveling companion was a black Gladstone bag containing over fifty thousand dollars in bills done up in neat and opulent bundles.

He was in a cheerful, almost jocular mood. Everything had gone off without a hitch. There was not the slightest chance that suspicion would be directed his way. Only three men knew the combination of the safe: Cronin, Lipke and Vance, the general manager—that is to say, only three men besides Sylvester. That in itself was a formidable alibi.

He congratulated himself heartily upon his cleverness. Glancing at his wrist watch, he noted that it was ten o'clock. Lipke would just about be opening the safe. Sylvester smiled as he pictured to himself the expression on the face of the assistant cashier on finding that the safe had been rifled. The suspicion would naturally fall on Cronin, the only man of the three possessing the combination who had occasion to go to the vault.

The run to Montauk Point is a matter of four hours from New York, and it was two hours before another train left for the city. Sylvester had ascertained this in advance. It fitted his plan nicely. He got off the train and wandered down on the beach and sat down in the sand. He did not wish to arrive at his room in Bleecker Street with the bag until after dark, and he did not dare to change clothes for fear that he might run into some one of the fifteen hundred employes of the big store and be recognized. The black bag, innocent enough in the hands of a strange woman, would not be so innocent in his own.

On the way back to town some hours later, Sylvester leaned back in the car seat and inhaled the fresh, salty Atlantic air that stole through the half-open window and fanned his veil. He busied himself with the contemplation of a conservative and judicious campaign of spending, which included a cottage somewhere along this shore, a modestly priced car, and the bulk invested in 6 per cent gold bonds. No reckless throwing away of a single dollar. He was a wise and prudent man. His contempt for the four-flusher who throws his money to the four winds was boundless.

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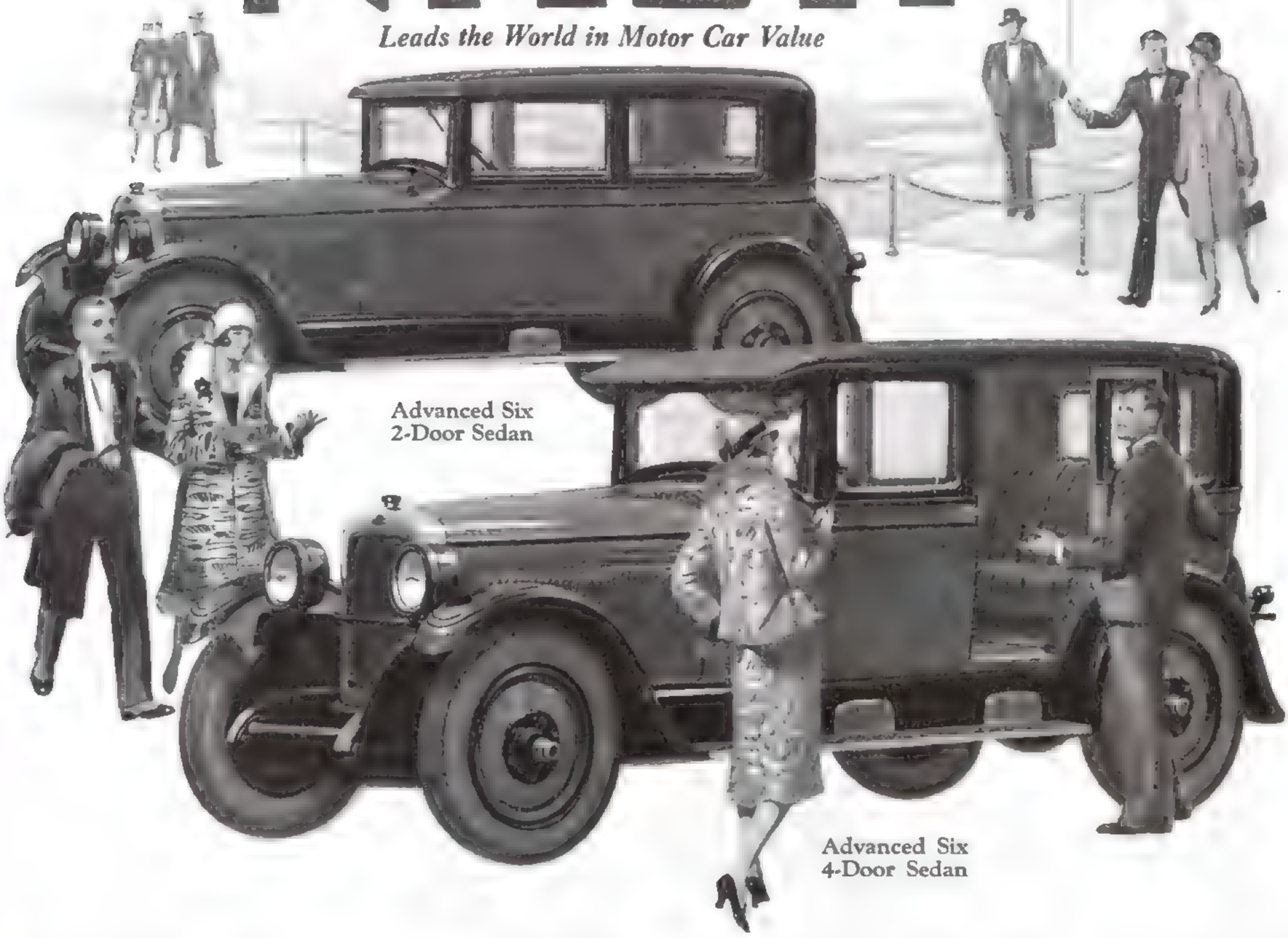
NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



Advanced Six
2-Door Sedan

Advanced Six
4-Door Sedan

Matchless in Downright Quality and Value

It is immediately and vividly apparent to the eye that in this group of four Sedans Nash has eclipsed all former standards of quality and value.

Two are on the Special Six chassis and two are of the Advanced Six series — and each in its own way exemplifies more brilliantly than ever before Nash-Seaman mastery of enclosed car craftsmanship.

And scientifically engineered motor refinements have endowed these cars with vastly finer, smoother, and quieter performance throughout the entire range of speed and power *plus* sparkling responsiveness and flexibility.

Special Six 2-Door Sedan
$1215

Special Six 4-Door Sedan
$1315

Advanced Six 2-Door Sedan
$1425

Advanced Six 4-Door Sedan
$1525

Prices F. O. B. Factory

Richly distinctive in body design, sweepingly low to the road, and with fittings and appointments of choice character, these models are arousing the greatest Sedan demand in all Nash history.

All models have air cleaner, oil purifier, and gasoline filterer, as well as four-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, and five disc wheels, included at no extra cost.

The Nash-Ajax Price Range Extends from $865 to $2090

DIXIES at the dance

THERE is nothing in the world so refreshing, so soothingly cooling, as a bit of good ice cream. With DIXIES that welcome treat is made so much more appealing by the dainty, clean and appetizing way of serving. *So easy to serve!* (And only a nickel for each!)

Leading ice cream manufacturers everywhere are now putting two of their most popular flavors into DIXIES, sealed at the ice cream plant with a top showing the maker's name. A little wooden spoon goes with each delicious DIXIE—at 5 cents each.

Ask your ice cream dealer for DIXIES, and if you find that he hasn't your favorite ice cream in DIXIES, send us the maker's name.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

DIXIE Individual Drinking Cups are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants and at the better soda fountains. At most drug, stationery and department stores, you can get DIXIE Drinking Cups in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

ICE CREAM
DIXIES
5¢
Packed with your favorite ice cream

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While Sylvester was occupied with these pleasant thoughts, a determined little woman with golden hair, wide pansy-blue eyes, a lipstick clutched in her small hand, and shadowed by a heavy-set man wearing a bowler hat and a turquoise stick pin, walked briskly down Fifth Avenue in the Thirties.

The man with the bowler and stick pin was one of Thain's operatives. Thain never overlooked a bet, and the little woman's determination to come along to New York had set him to thinking. Like another famous detective, his motto was "Watch the woman," so when Mrs. Cronin left the Ludlow Street police station after bidding a tearful good-by to her husband, Calahan took up her trail.

Calahan had the temperament of a mastiff. Persistence was his long suit.

When Mrs. Cronin turned down a side street and went into a corner drug store, the thought, "Public telephone," instantly flashed across Calahan's brain, so he followed her through the door intent upon capturing a position near the booth and an incriminating earful.

He was disappointed. Mrs. Cronin went directly to the head floorwalker and engaged that individual in earnest conversation. Calahan strained his ears, and, not to appear to be eavesdropping, bought himself a package of cigarettes at the cigar counter. Out of the tail of his eye he saw the girl open her hand bag and draw from it a tiny object, crimson at one end.

The head floorwalker adjusted his glasses and peered at the thing as if it were some new entomological specimen presented him for classification. Calahan heard him say:

"It was undoubtedly purchased here, madam, since our trade-mark is on it; but by whom I cannot say. We have a great many customers who buy such things."

"But this is a theatrical lipstick, not an ordinary one," the girl replied. "This store is many blocks from the theatrical district. Perhaps one of your clerks might know who is in the habit of buying her make-up articles here."

The floorwalker handed her back the lipstick with a bored air.

"It is possible, madam, though I doubt it. However, you are at liberty to try the cosmetics department." He pointed to the rear of the store. "Second aisle to the left."

Mystified, Calahan sauntered down the second aisle in the trail of his quarry. At the counter adjoining the cosmetics department he bought himself a lead pencil, experiencing some difficulty in finding one with sufficiently hard lead.

There were two girls at the cosmetics counter. To the first one, Mrs. Cronin stated her errand. The clerk shook her head.

"I don't know Mrs. Fiske—personally," she retorted flippantly, "but I know she don't live in this neck of the woods, and besides I'm new here." She turned. "Say, Kitty," she sang out over her shoulder to her companion in misery, "d'ye know of any soobrette that buys her war paint here regularly?"

Kitty parked her gum and joined the conference. She examined the *casus belli*.

"I haven't sold one of them lipsticks in a month of Sundays," said Kitty. "That guy from Whiting's who mocks the wax dolls bought the last two we had, a month ago, and ordered two more, which he never called for. Was you wantin' them, lady?"

The "lady" stated that she wasn't. At the word "Whiting's" she tensed, and Calahan pricked up his ears.

"Thank you," she said briefly, and left the store so suddenly that the front bumper of a taxi missed Calahan's leg by much less than the thickness of a lipstick in his effort not to lose her in the gathering dusk.

Straight as a homing pigeon she made for Whiting's store, and as unerringly for the side door, where the night watchman, recognizing her, let her in. Calahan was left to speculate upon the advisability of demanding admittance, and of arresting the man, then and there, as an accomplice in the robbery.

A full fifteen minutes had passed when Mrs. Cronin emerged. In her hand she carried a slip of paper. Without looking to the right or to the left, she started for the Subway entrance at the corner and disappeared. Calahan followed. She boarded a downtown train. So did Calahan. At Christopher Street she got off. Calahan alighted also. Up the stairway she flew, across the busy intersection, and dived into Bleecker Street with Calahan at her heels.

VIII

SYLVESTER was seated on the edge of his bed in his attic room, congratulating himself upon having slipped upstairs twenty minutes before without being observed. He had discarded his feminine garb, and a contemplative cigarette glowed between his lips. It was the first smoke he had dared to indulge in that day, and he gave himself over to the luxury of uninterrupted and soul-satisfying inhalation. He felt greatly at peace with the world and abandoned himself profoundly to the enjoyment of the long-deferred smoke and to the prospects of the future, as embodied in the Gladstone bag at his feet.

His contract with the store would be up at the end of the following week. He had no intention of breaking it by flight. Going back to work the following Monday as if nothing had happened was part of his carefully laid plan. Never for a moment would he be suspected.

He had just decided upon the make of car he intended to purchase after a suitable time had elapsed, when someone knocked on the door. He tensed.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"A friend," a feminine voice replied.

Sylvester's heart dropped like a plummet. He had heard of female detectives.

"What d'you want?" he asked hoarsely.

"I want to speak with you. It's important," the voice replied.

Sylvester glanced from the Gladstone to the window. Escape that way was impossible. The window was three stories from the ground. He did some quick thinking. His only chance, he decided, lay in bluffing.

"Just a minute," he said.

He kicked the black bag and the feminine garments under the bed and opened the door six inches. Under the stairway gas jet stood a young woman with hair the color of corn silk, and eyes that showed vividly blue, even in the gloom of the hallway. Sylvester grinned from sheer relief and opened the door wider. No female dick, this, he decided.

"Hello, kid," he said from force of habit.

"May I come in?" the girl asked.

Sylvester nodded. He stepped aside to let her enter, wondering what good wind had brought so fair a stranger to his door, and at the same time on guard, watching her every move.

His visitor glanced about the room with evident disapproval.

"You're Mr. Fensmark, I assume?" she asked.

Sylvester admitted cautiously that he was.

The girl's blue eyes narrowed, and Sylvester decided that they were not so beautiful as he had thought at first. He watched her like a cat while she opened her hand bag and took from it a small object, which she tossed upon the table.

"I suppose you recognize this," she said in a voice tense with suppressed emotion.

Sylvester sucked his breath in sharply. He stared at the lipstick fascinatedly, his mind turning handsprings.

The girl leaned across the table, her shoulders hunched and the venom of outraged wifehood in her eyes.

"If I catch your wife fooling with my husband again, I'll kill her," she said.

Sylvester backed away instinctively, his cigarette drooping askew between his bloodless lips.

"My—wife!" he ejaculated, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, your wife! You needn't try to shield her!"

The girl's eyes strayed to the woman's hat and veil on the chair in the corner, which Sylvester had overlooked in his hurry. She shot him a quick glance, then crossed the room swiftly, flung the closet door wide open and peered within.

Sylvester stood looking from the veiled hat on the chair to the girl, his mind working like chain lightning, and cursing himself silently for his carelessness in having dropped the lipstick among Cronin's things. Assuming the rôle of betrayed husband, according to the cue from the girl, he said:

"She's gone out to do some shopping. Leave her to me. I'll fix her when she comes back."

He jerked the hat from the chair as if in righteous anger, and tossed it on the bed. The girl picked up the lipstick from the table, returned it to her purse and sat down on the chair.

"I'll wait," she announced.

Sylvester's hand dropped to his side. He was not prepared for this contingency.

"She said that she might stay at—at her mother's for an hour or so," he ventured.

"I've got plenty of time," the girl assured him.

He glanced at her in silent consternation. Immediate and speedy flight was imperative. Through the absurd mistake of a jealous woman, his carefully laid plan was in danger of being wrecked. It was only a question of hours before suspicion would be directed toward him. It was necessary to get rid of his visitor at once.

One of the ground-floor roomers prowling about in the hall below gave him an inspiration.

"That's her," he said under his breath. "Quick, get into the closet there! I'll quiz her and you can listen. We'll get her with the goods."

Mrs. Cronin arose and stood listening uncertainly for a moment, then crossed the room and Sylvester almost pushed her into the closet. When he turned the key upon her softly, cold beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

To change back into his female garb was the work of a few moments. His prisoner in the closet, realizing that she had been tricked, pounded upon the door with her fists.

Sylvester jerked the black bag from under the bed and left the room, locking the door behind him.

When Calahan, leaning against a friendly fire hydrant, saw a heavily veiled woman carrying a black Gladstone bag emerge from the doorway through which his quarry had disappeared, he lost no time in taking up the trail. Before she had proceeded two hundred feet down Bleecker Street he was abreast of her.

"Can I carry your bag, sister?" he asked, assuming the masher rôle.

The veiled one whirled about with a very unladylike snarl. The instinctive motion with which she transferred the bag to the other hand was not lost upon Calahan.

"Chase yourself," she said briefly.

Calahan flashed his badge. The result was all that he had hoped for, and more than he had bargained for. The veiled one's free fist shot out and caught him on the point of the jaw with astonishing force and precision for a lady. Calahan staggered back, more surprised than hurt by the unexpectedness of the attack, and his assailant took to his heels. Before the astonished officer could gather speed in pursuit, the woman had turned the corner and was running swiftly as the wind down a dark alley with the bag.

Calahan sent two shots from his automatic after the flying legs. Both went wide. Down the alley and around two more corners, then back into Bleecker Street, Sylvester sped, with the officer emptying the pistol in his wake. Westward to the docks, through winding streets and dark alleys, Calahan slacking up his speed now and then to fumble for a fresh clip of

(Continued on Page 62)

HEALTH YOU ADMIRE

Railroad Man Finds Fresh Yeast Valuable for Skin

"SKIN eruptions had broken out all over my face and body. I went to a doctor to see what he could do for me. He told me to take Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so for about two months. It was like magic. Now I have as fine a complexion as any one could wish. In addition Fleischmann's Yeast gave me a new lease on life. I was generally discouraged. Seemed to have no ambition and was thoroughly wretched Now I am in the best of health and there is not a minute of the day that there is not some yeast in the house." HENRY W. EICH, Buffalo, N. Y.

Buoyant, vital, they banished their ills—found fresh joy in life—with one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

Let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

Former Mayor of St. Louis Praises Yeast for Health

"BEING somewhat fagged through close application to the many duties devolving upon the office of mayor, I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Much to my gratification, I found the results most beneficial. It toned up my whole system. The great amount of Yeast consumed by the people of the United States indicates undoubtedly to my mind the wonderful medicinal properties in Fleischmann's product. It is no wonder that everywhere we meet enthusiasts about Fleischmann's Yeast." HENRY W KIEL, St. Louis, Mo.

"I AM a graduate nurse. Necessarily eating all sorts of food, I became very constipated. I would not take cathartics, knowing the dangers of their continued use. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a very short time my constipation was gone. The nicest part is the wonderful difference in my appearance. Now all my friends greet me with the remark 'How well you look.'" MRS. C. M. BULL, Columbus, Ohio

"DUE to the strenuous demands that my life as a dancer makes on me, I found myself very run-down. I was so very tired that I could not assimilate food. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, so I decided to try it. In three weeks my digestion had improved remarkably. In six weeks I was as good as new. Nowadays as soon as I start feeling overtaxed, I take three cakes of Yeast a day to straighten me out." CECILE D'ANDREA, Yonkers, N. Y

THIS famous food tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—with a little salt or just plain, nibbled from the cake. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast for Health today.

Quick Return!

The live spring in the handle makes "Yankee" No. 130 the Quick-Return Spiral Screw-driver.

IT'S like play to work with "Yankee" Quick-Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 130-A.

Only one hand is necessary to drive (or draw) screws in the most difficult places with this "Yankee" World-Standard Spiral Driver.

The spring in handle brings handle back after each push and keeps blade in screw-slot, leaving one hand free to hold work.

Just push! The spring in handle and the "Yankee" spiral do the work for you—and save your time.

"YANKEE" Quick-Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 130-A

Right-hand Ratchet, Left-hand Ratchet and Rigid. Three sizes of bits.

No. 130-A.	Standard size
No. 131-A.	Heavy pattern
No. 135.	Light pattern

"Yankee" Spiral Ratchet Screw-drivers, without the Quick-Return feature, No. 30-A, No. 31-A, No. 35.

Some other "Yankee" Tools:

Plain Screw-drivers
Ratchet Breast and Hand Drills
Ratchet Jet Bevels
Automatic Push Drills
Automatic Push Drills
Vises, Removable base

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools.

Write for copy of "Yankee" Tool Book, of interest to those who love good tools.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 60)

shells, and Sylvester to gather up the impeding skirts about his legs, hugging the black bag tightly in his arms.

Necks were craned from attic windows. Hatless basement dwellers scurried from their burrows, and popped hastily back again as stray bullets from Calahan's gat sent showers of plaster about their ears. The race ended in the angle of one of the piers. Calahan snapped the handcuffs about Sylvester's wrists and picked up the bag.

"All right, sister," he said grimly, "let's travel."

IX

IN THE little cubby-hole of an office on the top floor of the Ludlow Street police station, the chief of detectives was grilling Albert Cronin for the second time that day. Thain was worried. The cashier's story had all the earmarks of a straight one, and his manner, although frightened, was not the one of a guilty man, Thain was forced to admit to himself. For hours he had quizzed Cronin with all the skill at his command, but without tripping him once. The cashier stuck to his story and answered every question put to him frankly, and without a moment's hesitation.

Thain was a gentleman. Strong-arm methods were abhorrent to him. He never resorted to such unless absolutely necessary. There were other and more efficacious methods of forcing a confession from an obstinate prisoner. One of these was bluff. He decided to try this now, so he leaned across the desk and tapped the glass top softly with the tips of his stubby fingers.

"Better come through, Cronin," he advised. "It'll make it easier. Your wife owned up. I've had Calahan trailing her all afternoon."

The moment the words had left his lips he knew that he had made the mistake of his life. Cronin rose halfway in his chair. His mild blue eyes narrowed to slits.

"You're a liar," he said in a voice so low that it was barely audible, but so earnest and distinct that it fell on Thain's ears in the gravelike stillness of the small room like the hiss of an angry, cornered cobra. "If you've harmed a hair on her head I'll cut your heart out," he added, and Thain knew that he meant it.

He decided to try another tack, but before he could put it into practice there was a commotion in the hall outside, and the door was flung open.

"Begging your pardon, sir, for not knocking, but my hands are that full I couldn't," said Calahan. He shoved the manacled and bedraggled Sylvester through the door and pushed him into a chair. The black bag he put on Thain's desk, then reported.

"The jack's in the valise," he finished as he laid the key on the desk beside the bag and mopped his brow. "He owned up. I scared it out of him in the Subway," he added, nodding at Sylvester.

Thain stared from one to the other of the three. Then he picked up the key without a word, inserted it in the lock of the bag and opened it.

"It's all there, sir," said Calahan. "I counted the bundles." He indicated the cashier, who had adjusted his glasses and was peering at Sylvester, cringing in his chair. "Cronin and his wife had nothing to do with it. This bird was playing a lone hand."

"By Jove," said Cronin more to himself than to Sylvester, "you're the lady with the black bag who changed trains at Jamaica this morning."

"Lady—is good," said Calahan, rubbing his jaw reflectively. He lifted the veil of Sylvester's hat.

"Good heavens!" said Cronin. "It's the dummy!" He turned on Calahan. "Where's my wife?" he demanded.

"Well," said Calahan, jerking his thumb at Sylvester, "his nibs says that he's got her locked up in his clothes closet, but he's such a liar I wouldn't take no stock in it. I figured it was only a stall to get me to go back there."

Cronin leaped to his feet and grasped the recoiling Sylvester by the neck.

"You thieving little runt," he stormed. "Where's my wife?"

There was a knock on the door.

"What is it, Jim?" Thain asked impatiently of the plain-clothes officer who answered his "Come in."

"Lady to see you, sir," the man said. "It's his wife," he added in a low tone, pointing to Cronin. "I told her you were busy, but she insists on seeing you."

"All right, Jim, bring her in," the inspector said.

Mrs. Cronin entered. When she saw Sylvester she stopped.

"She—he," Cronin corrected, as he crossed to her side and put his arm about her, "said that you were locked in his clothes closet."

Mrs. Cronin glanced at her husband's face, and drew a deep breath of reassurance.

"I was," she replied, "but the landlady let me out." She might have added that from the same source she had gleaned certain information anent the mythical Mrs. Fensmark that had made her ears burn with guilt at her unjust suspicions of her husband. The desk sergeant downstairs and the populace of Bleecker Street had supplied the details of Calahan's exciting chase, and the arrest.

Being a wise little woman as well as a very penitent one, she said, "I knew you were innocent, Bert, the moment I saw the lipstick."

"Ye-ah," said Mr. Cronin, "you're some little detective."

Thain winked at Calahan, and Calahan returned the wink solemnly.

Harding Holographs—By Harvey Thomas

LAST spring a little story ran in these columns to the effect that original holographic letters by the late President Warren G. Harding were the rarest of all Presidential communications, in so far as collectors were concerned. This assertion was based on certain fact, but when it was made the circulation of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was not reckoned with. Today Harding letters are not so rare as they were, in fact they are no rarer than the ordinary holograph of a latter-day President, and the power of advertisement is exactly the reason for it.

What was published in THE POST about Harding rarities has brought such a flood of responses and inquiries to the two or three large professional autograph shops in New York as to convince these shopkeepers Harding letters would, in one sense, be a glut on the market if they could gather in the ones that are apparently at large. This knowledge that there are such missives, so many of them, has shot their value all to pieces. Where they had a price last winter sufficiently large, perhaps, to carry one on a short European trip, it is doubtful today if a Harding holograph would bring from a professional much more than enough to take you back and forth once between New York and Chicago.

But do not get it into your head that the professionals are in possession of Harding letters. They are not. They are just as rare a professional commodity as they were before the article was published. But the collectors know where they are, and they did not know before. The fact that there are some such letters fosters hope, and this is just exactly what the collectors are living in and basing their values upon. Like all antique dealers they are saying, "I haven't one at this moment, but I know where there is one." So today if you are finishing up an assortment of Presidential letters and have a Harding hole, be patient, it will come. The holograph exists, apparently aplenty, and the need of a new tire or new dress or new electric sweeper will produce it as an offering and then it will be yours.

In the first article about this rarity of Harding holographs it was explained that careful quiet search had been made amongst many of Harding's friends for letters such as would be in demand. There were many typewritten communications, of course, but none all in the Harding hand. His best crony, former Attorney-General Daugherty, had no such bit of writing. Several of his senatorial associates said the same thing.

None of the collectors knew where they could lay their hands upon such a thing, and the statement was frankly and freely made by these shopkeepers that a good Harding holograph would bring a thousand dollars.

Then appeared the publication. Within a week letters began to reach the author saying that the writer had such a Harding letter and where could it be disposed of? From all sections of the country came these letters. There was one from Phoenix, Arizona, another from San Francisco, another from Portland, Oregon, another from Salt Lake City, another from St. Louis, another from New Orleans, several from Chicago and Philadelphia, two from Buffalo, and so on. What had been printed was to the effect that Harding seemed to have been a bit shy writing letters, whereas he appeared to have been quite the contrary and counted his friends as legion and well separated. One of the pleasantest of the inquiries came from an old pressman on the Marion Star, once the Harding paper, who said the President, and when he was senator, too, had sent him a postal in his own handwriting weekly, and that he had all these and would be willing to sell a few if they were desired to complete a collection. Incidentally, although the publication was several months ago, the inquiries still come in.

But what reached the author of the little essay were slight compared with what reached the New York collectors. They began to receive visits and letters galore. Probably a hundred Harding letters were offered them, about two-thirds typewritten missives, but the others in holograph. The quantity was sufficiently large to cut the odds quickly, exactly as a bookmaker does when he is suddenly flooded with a big betting commission.

An owner of such a letter would say, "I've just read in THE POST where a Harding holograph is worth around a thousand."

"Let's see it," would reply the shopkeeper.

"I haven't got it with me but I'll have it to you tomorrow," would be the answer.

Between then and tomorrow the collector had, say, a dozen similar callers. Where he had wanted one or two Harding holographs to display or finish contracted collections, and was willing to pay the price for them, now he had a chance at twelve, so he cut his offerings at once. Then there was excitement.

"I am certain these letters are rare," would say the seller, "and I'll go elsewhere and see."

"Elsewhere" had had the same opportunities to buy, and the sellers took their offerings home

Today, as has been said, the collectors are still after good Harding holographs, and they know where they are, but THE POST publication has shot the feet from beneath their value.

But to keep the subject still alive if you can offer a Zachary Taylor or a William Henry Harrison holograph you will be surprised at the value it will have. These have always been rare, owing to the shortness of the Presidential term of each, and they keep so.

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You Sleep in Comfort with the Window Open!

THE "tiny tot of trundle-bed town" will nestle snugly on his voyage to dreamland—the route and return are safe, if thoughtful parents have provided IDEAL-AMERICAN Radiator Heating. You sleep in comfort "with the window open," as health authorities urge! Close the window at arising, and dress in cozy warmth.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators can be bought anywhere—every building (whether tall, narrow, wide, long, extended, with or without cellar) can be fitted with correct size and kind of IDEAL Boiler to burn with utmost economy the character of coal most conveniently available, and cheapest; also to burn coke, oil, gas or wood, if preferred.

Nothing else can match the pleasant, dependable comfort, day and night, of IDEAL-AMERICAN Radiator Heating. Quickly paid for in big fuel saving and greater household cleanliness. Automatic fire control stops all worrisome care-taking. Many exclusive features—developed in our 30 factories at home and abroad—at prices no higher!

Renews the life and greatly increases the renting value of OLD buildings.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

Free yourself of the bother of puttering with old-time devices. Protect your family NOW with IDEAL-AMERICAN Radiator Heating at new attractive prices made possible by great volume sales. Tell us kind of building you wish to heat and let us send free catalog. Address Dept. 6, 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

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PASÓ POR AQUÍ

(Continued from Page 23)

more sunlight in. After the dust settles enough I'll bring you back. Then we'll shovel on a little more coal, and study up something else. And tonight we'll light up our signal fires again. Surely someone will be just fool enough to come out and see what the hell it's all about."

Hours later, after this program had been carried out, McEwen roused from a ten-minute sleep and rubbed his fists in his eyes.

"Are you awake, Don Florencio?" he called softly.

"Yes, my son. What is it?"

"It runs in my mind," said McEwen, "that they burn sulphur in diphtheria cases. Now, if I was to take the powder out of my cartridges and wet it down, let it get partly dry and make a smudge with it—a little at a time —— There's sulphur in gunpowder. We'll try that little thing." He was already at work with horseshoe pinchers, twisting out the bullet. He looked up eagerly. "Haven't any tar, have you? To stop holes in your water troughs."

"*Hijo*, you shame me. There is a can of piñon pitch, that I use for my troughs, under the second trough at the upper end. I never once thought of that."

"We're getting better every day," said McEwen joyfully. "We'll make a smoke with some of that piñon wax, and we'll steep some of it in boiling water and breathe the steam of it; we'll burn my wet powder, and when that's done, we'll think of something else; and we'll make old bones yet, every damn one of us! By gollies, tomorrow between times I'm goin' to take your little old rifle and shoot some quail."

"Between times? Oh, Happy!"

"Oh, well, you know what I mean—just shovel on a little more coal—better brag than whine. Hi, Estefanía—hear that? We've dug up some medicine. Yes, we have. Ask Don Florencio if we haven't. I'm going after it."

But as he limped past the window on his way to the corral he heard the sound of a sob. He paused midstep, thinking it was little Felix. But it was Estefanía.

"*Madre de Dios, ayudale su enviado!*"

He tiptoed away, shamefaced.

She had called him the envoy of the Mother of God.

VII

SLEEPING on a very thin bed behind a very large bowlder, two men camped at the pass of San Agustin; a tall young man and a taller man who was not so young. The very tall man was Pat Garrett, sheriff of Doña Ana, sometime sheriff of other counties.

The younger man was Clint Llewellyn, his deputy, and their camp was official in character. They were keeping an eye out for that Belen bandit, after prolonged search elsewhere.

"Not but what he's got away long ago," said Pat, in his quiet drawling speech, "but just in case he might possibly double back this way."

It was near ten at night when Pat saw the light on the desert. He pointed it out to Clint. "See that fire out there? Your eyes are younger than mine. Isn't it sinking down and then flaring up again?"

"Looks like it is," said Clint. "I saw a fire there—or two of 'em, rather—just about dark, while you took the horses down to water."

"Did you?" said Pat. He stroked his mustache with a large slow hand. "Looks to me like someone was trying to attract attention."

"It does, at that," said Clint. "Don't suppose somebody's had a horse fall with him and got smashed, do you?"

"Do you know," said Pat slowly, "that idea makes me ache, sort of? One thing pretty clear. Somebody wants someone to do something for somebody. Reckon that's us. Looks like a long ride, and maybe for nothing. Yes. But then we're two long men. Where do you place that fire, Clint?"

"Hard to tell. Close to Luna's Wells, maybe."

"Too far west for that," said Garrett. "I'd say it was Lost Ranch. We'll go ask questions anyway. If we was layin' out there with our ribs caved in or our leg broke —— Let's go!"

That is how they came to Lost Ranch between three and four the next morning. A feeble light shone in the window. Clint took the horses to water, while Garrett went on to the house. He stopped at the outer door. A man lay on a couch within, a man Garrett knew—old Florencio. Folded quilts made a pallet on the floor, and on the quilts lay another man, a man with red hair and a red stubble of beard. Both were asleep. Florencio's hand hung over the couch, and the stranger's hand held to it in a tight straining clasp. Garrett stroked his chin, frowning.

Sudden and startling, a burst of strangled coughing came from the room beyond and a woman's sharp call.

"*Hijo!*" cried Florencio feebly, and pulled the hand he held. "Happy! Wake up!" The stranger lurched to his feet and staggered through the door. "Yes, Felix, I'm coming. All right, boy! All right now! Let me see. It won't hurt. Just a minute, now."

Garrett went into the house.

"Clint," said Pat Garrett, "there's folks dyin' in there, and a dead man doin' for them. You take both horses and light a rag for the Alamogordo Hospital. Diphtheria. Get a doctor and nurses out here just as quick as God will let them come." Garrett was pulling the saddle from his horse as he spoke. "Have 'em bring grub and everything. Ridin' turn about, you ought to make it tolerable quick. I'm stayin' here, but there's no use of your comin' back. You might take a look around Jarilla if you want to, but use your own judgment. Drag it, now. Every minute counts."

A specter came to the doorway. "Better send a wagonload of water," it said as Clint turned to go.

"Yes, and bedding, too," said Clint. "I'll get everything and tobacco. So long!"

"Friend," said Pat, "you get yourself to bed. I'm takin' on your job. Your part is to sleep."

"Yes, son," Florencio's thin voice quavered joyously. "*Duerme y descansa.* Sleep and rest. Don Patricio will do everything."

McEwen swayed uncertainly. He looked at Garrett with stupid and heavy eyes. "He called you Patricio. You're not Pat Nunn, by any chance?"

"Why not?" said Garrett.

McEwen's voice was lifeless. "My father used to know you," he said drowsily. He slumped over on his bed.

"Who was your father?" said Garrett.

McEwen's dull and glassy eyes opened to look at his questioner. "I'm no credit to him," he said. His eyes closed again.

"He's asleep already!" said Pat Garrett. "The man's dead on his feet."

"Oh, Pat, there was never one like him!" said Florencio. He struggled to his elbow, and looked down with pride and affection at the sprawling shape on the pallet. "Don Patricio, I have a son in my old age, like Abrahán!"

"I'll pull off his boots," said Pat Garrett.

Garrett knelt over McEwen and shook him vigorously. "Hey, fellow, wake up! You, Happy—come alive! Snap out of it! Most sundown, and time you undressed and went to bed."

McEwen sat up at last, rubbing his eyes. He looked at the big, kindly face for a little in some puzzlement. Then he nodded.

"I remember you now. You sent your pardner for the doctor. How's the sick folks?"

"I do believe," said Pat, "that we're going to pull 'em through—every one. You sure had a tough lay."

"Yes. Doctor come?"

"He's in sight now—him and the nurses. That's how come me to rouse you up. Fellow, I hated to wake you when you was going so good. But with the ladies comin', you want to spruce yourself up a bit. You look like the wrath of God!"

McEwen got painfully to his feet and wriggled his arms experimentally.

"I'm just one big ache," he admitted. "Who's them fellows?" he demanded. Two men were industriously cleaning up the house; two men that he had never seen.

"Them boys? Monte, the Mexican, he's old Florencio's nephew. Heard the news this mawnin', and comes boilin' out here hell-for-leather. Been here for hours. The other young fellow came with him. Eastern lad. Don't know him, or why he came. Say, Mr. Happy, you want to bathe those two eyes of yours with cold water, or hot water, or both. They look like two holes burned in a blanket. Doc will have to give you a good jolt of whisky too. Man, you're pretty nigh ruined!"

"I knew there was something," said Mr. Happy. "Got to get me a name. And gosh, I'm tired! I'm a good plausible liar, most times, but I'll have to ask you to help out. Andy Hightower—how'd that do? Knew a man named Alan Hightower once, over on the Mangas."

"Does he run cattle over there now somewhere about Quemado?"

"Yes," said McEwen.

"I wouldn't advise Hightower," said Garrett.

"My name," said McEwen, "is Henry Clay."

Doctor Lamb, himself the driver of the covered spring wagon, reached Lost Ranch at sundown. He brought with him two nurses, Miss Mason and Miss Hollister, with Lida Hopper, who was to be cook; also, many hampers and much bedding. Dad Lucas was coming behind, the doctor explained, with a heavy wagon loaded with water and necessaries. Garrett led the way to the sick room.

Monte helped Garrett unload the wagon and care for the team; Lida Hopper prepared supper in the kitchen.

Mr. Clay had discreetly withdrawn, together with the other man. They were out in the corral now, getting acquainted. The other man, it may be mentioned, was none other than Ben Griggs; and his discretion was such that Miss Hollister knew nothing of his presence until the next morning.

Mr. Clay, still wearied, bedded down under the stars, Monte rustling the credentials for him. When Dad Lucas rolled in, the men made camp by the wagon.

"Well, doctor," said Garrett, "how about the sick? They going to make it?"

"I think the chances are excellent," said the doctor. "Barring relapse, we should save every one. But it was a narrow squeak. That young man who nursed them through—why, Mr. Garrett, no one on earth could have done better, considering what he had to do with. Nothing, practically, but his two hands."

"You're all wrong there, doc. He had a backbone all the way from his neck to the seat of his pants. That man," said Garrett, "will do to take along."

"Where is he, Mr. Garrett? And what's his name? The old man calls him 'son,' all the boys call him 'Uncle Happy.' What's his right name?"

"Clay," said Garrett. "He's dead to the world. You won't see much of him. A week of sleep is what he needs. But you remind me of something. If you will allow it I would like to speak to all of you together. Just a second. Would you mind asking the nurses to step in for a minute or two, while I bring the cook?"

"Certainly," said Doctor Lamb.

"I want to ask a favor of all of you," said Garrett, when the doctor had ushered in the nurses. "I won't keep you. I just want to declare myself. Some of you know me, and some don't. My name is Pat Garrett, and I am the sheriff of Doña Ana County, over west. But for reasons that are entirely satisfactory to myself, I would like to be known as Pat Nunn, for the present. That's all. I thank you."

"Of course," said Doctor Lamb, "if it is to serve the purpose of the law ——"

"I would not go so far," said Garrett. "If you put it that my purpose is served, you will be quite within the truth. Besides, this is not official. I am not sheriff here. This ranch is just cleverly over the line and in Otero County. Old Florencio pays taxes in Otero. I am asking this as a personal favor, and only for a few days. Perfectly simple. That's all. Thank you."

"Did you ask the men outside?"

"No. I just told them," said Mr. Pat Nunn. "It would be dishonorable for a lady to tip my hand; for a man it would be plumb indiscreet."

"Dad Lucas," said the doctor, "is a cynical old scoundrel, and a man without principle, and swivel tongued besides."

"He is all that you say, and a lot more that you would never guess," said Garrett, "but if I claimed to be Humpty Dumpty, Dad Lucas would swear that he saw me fall off of the wall." He held up his two index fingers, side by side. "Dad and me, we're like that. We've seen trouble together—and there is no bond so close. Again, one and all, I thank you. Meetin's adjourned."

Lost Ranch was a busy scene on the following day. A cheerful scene, too, despite the blazing sun, the parched desert and the scarred old house. Reports from the sick room were hopeful. The men had spread a tarpaulin by the wagon, electing Dad Lucas for cook. They had salvaged a razor of Florencio's and were now doing mightily with it. Monte and Ben Griggs, after dinner, were to take Dad's team and Florencio's wagon to draw up a jag of mesquite roots. In the meantime Monte dragged up stop-gap firewood by the saddle horn, and Ben kept the horse power running in the water pen. Keeping him company, Pat Garrett washed Henry Clay's clothes. More accurately, it was Pat Nunn who did this needed work with grave and conscientious thoroughness.

"Henry Clay and me, after bein' in the house so long," said Mr. Nunn, "why, we'll have to boil up our clothes before we leave, or we might go scattering diphtheria hither and yonder and elsewhere."

"But how if you take it yourselves?"

"Then we'll either die or get well," said Mr. Nunn slowly. "In either case, things will keep juneing along just the same. Henry Clay ain't going to take it, or he'd have it now. It takes three days after you're exposed. Something like that. We'll stick around a little before we go, just in case."

"Which way are you going, Mr. Nunn?" asked Ben.

"Well, I'm going to Tularosa. Old Florencio will have to loan me a horse. Clay too. He's afoot. Don't know where he's going. Haven't asked him. He's too worn out to talk much. His horse played out on him out on the flat somewheres and he had to hang up his saddle and walk in. So Florencio told me. He's goin' back and get his saddle tomorrow."

Miss Mason being on duty, Jay Hollister, having picked up a bite of breakfast, was minded to get a breath of fresh air; and at this juncture she tripped into the water pen where Mr. Nunn and Ben plied their labors.

"And how is the workingman's bride this morning?" asked Ben brightly.

"Great Cæsar's ghost! Ben Griggs, what in the world are you doing here?" demanded Jay with a heightened color.

"Workin'," said Ben, and fingered his blue overalls proudly. "Told you I was

(Continued on Page 68)

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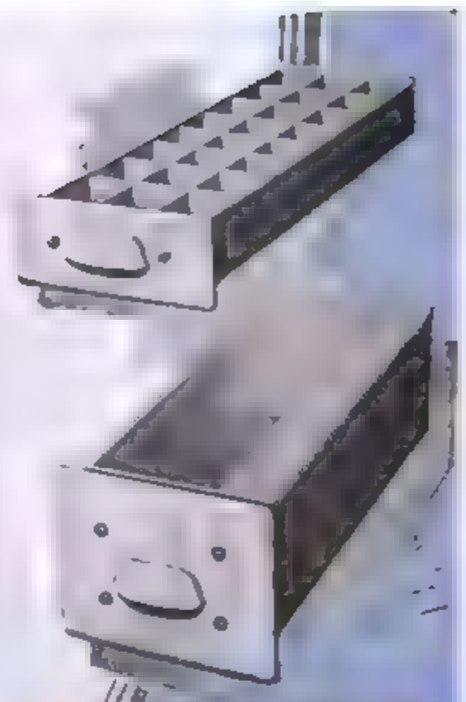

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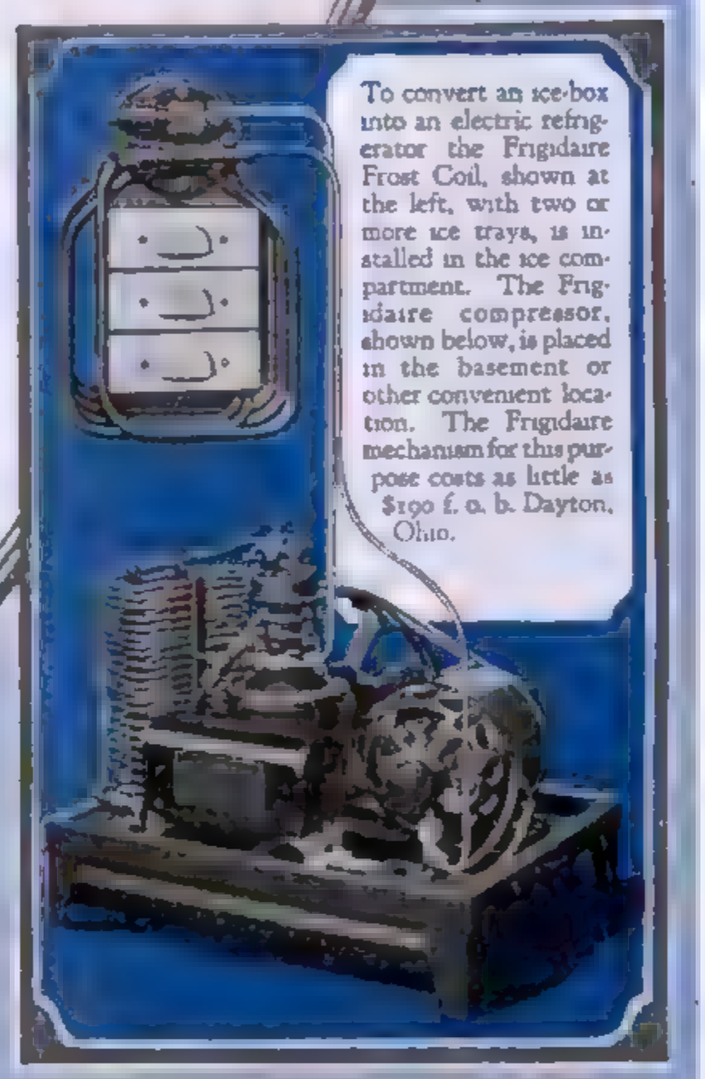

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Model M-12—Has twelve cubic feet of food storage space. Freezes [illegible] pounds of ice cubes at one time. Exterior finish white Duco on steel with bright metal trim. Interior finish pure white enamel porcelain-enameled steel. Price $[illegible] f. o. b. Dayton.

Model M-7—Has seven cubic feet of food storage space. Freezes [illegible] pounds of ice cubes at one time. Exterior finish white Duco on steel with bright metal trim. Interior finish pure white enamel porcelain-enameled steel. Price, $[illegible] f. o. b. Dayton.

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(Continued from Page 64)

goin' to work. Right here is where I'm needed. Why, there are only four of us, not counting you three girls and the doctor, to do what Clay was doing. You should have seen Monte and me cleaning house yesterday."

"Yes?" Jay smiled sweetly. "What house was that?"

"Woman!" said Ben, touched in his workman's pride. "If you feel that way now, you should have seen this house when we got here."

"You're part fool. You'll catch diphtheria."

"Well, what about you? The diphtheria part, I mean. What's the matter with your gettin' diphtheria?"

"That's different. That's a trade risk. That's my business."

"You're my business," said Ben.

Jay shot a startled glance at Mr. Nunn, and shook her head.

"Oh, yes!" said Ben. "Young woman, have you met Mr. Nunn?"

Soap in hand, Mr. Nunn looked up from his task. "Good morning, miss. Don't mind me," he said. "Go right on with the butchery."

"Good morning, Mr. Nunn. Please excuse us. I was startled at finding this poor simpleton out here where he has no business to be. Have I met Mr. Nunn? Oh, yes, I've met him twice. The doctor introduced him once, and he introduced himself once."

Mr. Nunn acknowledged this gibe with twinkling eye. Miss Hollister looked around her, and shivered in the sun. "What a ghastly place!" she cried. "I can't for the life of me understand why anybody should live here. We came through some horrible country yesterday, but this is the worst yet. Honestly, Mr. Nunn, isn't this absolutely the most God-forsaken spot on earth?"

Mr. Nunn abandoned his work for the moment and stood up, smiling. So this was Pat Garrett of whom she had heard so much; the man who killed Billy the Kid. Well, he had a way with him. Jay could not but admire the big square head, the broad spread of his shoulders and a certain untroubled serenity in his quiet face.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Nunn. "Look there!"

"Where? I don't see anything," said Jay. "Look at what?"

"Why, the bees," said Pat. "The wild bees. They make honey here. Little family of 'em in every sotol stalk; and that old house up there with the end broken in —— No, Miss Hollister, I've seen worse places than this."

VIII

THE patients were improving. Old Florencio, who had been but lightly touched, mended apace. He had suffered from exhaustion and distress quite as much as from disease itself. Demetrio and little Felix gained more slowly, and Estefanía was weakest of all.

The last was contrary to expectation. As a usual thing, diphtheria goes hardest with the young. But all were in a fair way to recover. Doctor Lamb and Dad Lucas had gone back to town. Dad had returned with certain comforts and luxuries for the convalescents.

Jay Hollister, on the morning watch, was slightly annoyed. Mr. Pat Garrett and the man Clay were leaving, it seemed, and nothing would do but that Clay must come to the sick room for leave-taking. Quite naturally, Jay had not wished her charges disturbed. Peace and quiet were what they needed. But Garrett had been insistent, and he had a way with him. Oh, well! The farewell was quiet enough and brief enough on Clay's part, goodness knows, but rather fervent from old Florencio and his daughter-in-law. That was the Spanish of it, Jay supposed. Anyhow, that was all over and the disturbers were on their way to Tularosa.

Relieved by Miss Mason, Jay went in search of Ben Griggs to impart her grievance, conscious that she would get no sympathy there, and queerly unresentful of that lack. He was not to be seen. She went to the kitchen.

"Where's that trifling Ben, Lida?"

"Him? I'm sure I don't know, Miss Jay. That Mexican went up on top of the house just now. He'll know, likely."

Jay climbed the rickety ladder, stepped on the adobe parapet and so down to the flat roof. Monte sat on the farther wall, looking out across the plain so intently that he did not hear her coming.

"Do you know where Ben is?" said Jay.

Monte came to his feet. "Oh, yais! He is weeth the Señor Lucas to haul wood, Mees Hollister. Is there what I can do?"

"What are we going to do about water?" said Jay. "There's only one barrel left. Of course we can boil the well water, but it's horrible stuff."

"*Prontamente*—queekly. All set. Ben weel be soon back, and here we go, Ben and me, to the spreeng of San Nicolas." He pointed to a granite peak of the San Andrés. "There at thees peenk hill yonder."

"What, from way over there?"

"Eet ees closest, an ver' sweet water, ver' good."

Jay looked and wondered, tried to estimate the void that lay between, and could not even guess. "What a dreadful country! How far is it?"

"Oh, twent-ee miles. *Es nada.* We feel up by sundown and come back in the cool stars."

"Oh, do sit down," said Jay, "and put on your hat. You're so polite you make me nervous. I shouldn't think you'd care much about the cool," said Jay, "the way you sit up here, for pleasure, in the broiling sun."

"Plezzer? Oh, no!" said Monte. "Look!" He turned and pointed. "No, not here, not close by. Mebbe four, three miles. Look across thees bare spot an' thees streep of mesquite to thees long chalk reedge; and now, beyond thees row and bunches of yuccas. You see them now?"

Jay followed his hand and saw, small and remote, two horsemen creeping black and small against the infinite recession of desert. She nodded.

"Eet ees with no joy," said Monte, "that I am to see the las' of *un caballero valiente*—how do say heem?—of a gallan' gentleman—thees redhead."

"You are not very complimentary to Mr. Garrett," said Jay.

"Oh, no, no, no—you do not unnerstand!" Monte's eyes narrowed with both pity and puzzlement. He groped visibly for words. "*Seguramente, siempre,* een all ways Pat Garrett ees a man complete. Eet is known. But thees young fellow—he ees play out the streeng—*pobrecito!* Oh, Mees Jay, eet ees a bad spread! Es-scusame, please, Mees Hollister. I have not the good words—onlee the man talk."

"Oh, he did well enough—but why not?" said Jay. "What else could he do? There has been something all the time that I don't understand. Danger from diphtheria? Nonsense. I am not a bit partial to you people out here. Perhaps you know that. But I must admit that danger doesn't turn you from anything you have set your silly hands to do. Of course Mr. Clay had to work uncommonly hard, all alone here. But he had no choice. No; it's something else, something you have kept hidden from me all along. Why all the conspiracy and the pussyfoot mystery?"

"Eet was not jus' lak that, mees. Not *conjuración* exactlee. But everee man feel for heemself eet ees ver' good to mek no talk of thees theeng." For once Monte's hands were still. He looked off silently at the great bare plain and the little horsemen dwindling in the distance. "I weel tell you, then," he said at last. "Thees *cosa* are bes' not spoken, and yet eet ees right for you shall know. Onlee I have not those right words. Ben, he shall tell you when he come.

"Eet ees lak thees, Mees Jay. Ver' long ago—yais, before not any of your people is cross over the Atlantic Ocean—my people they are here een thees country and they go up and down to all places—yais, to *las playas de mar,* to the shores of the sea by California. And when they go by Zuñi and by thees rock El Morro, wheech your people call—I have forget that name. You have heard heem?"

"Yes," said Jay. "Inscription Rock I've read about it."

"*Si, sí!* That ees the name. Well, eet ees good camp ground, El Morro, wood and water, and thees gr-reat cleef for shade and for shelter een estr-rong winds. And here some fellow he come and he cry out, '*Adiós, el mundo!* What lar-rge weelderness ees thees! And me, I go now eento thees beeg lonesome, and perhaps I shall not to r-return! *Bueno, pues,* I mek now for me a gravestone!' And so he mek on that beeg rock weeth hees dagger, '*Pasó por aquí, Don Fulano de Tal*'—passed by here, Meester So-and-So—weeth the year of eet. And after heem come others to El Morro—so few, so far from Spain! They see what he ees write there, and they say, '*Con razón!*'—eet ees weeth reason to do thees. An' they also mek eenscreepción, '*Pasó por aquí*'—and their names, and the year of eet."

His hand carved slow letters in the air. His eye was proud.

"I would not push my leetleness upon thees so lar-rge world, but one of thees, Mees Hollister—oh, not of the great, not of the first—he was of mine, my ver' great, great papa. So long ago! And he mek also, '*Pasó por aquí,* Salvador Holguin.' I hear thees een the firelight when I am small fellow. And when I am man-high I mek veesit to thees place and see heem."

His eyes followed the far horsemen, now barely to be seen, a faint moving blur along the north.

"And thees fellow, too, thees redhead, he pass this way, *Pasó por aquí*"—again the brown hand wrote in the air—"and he mek here good and not weeked. But, before that—I am not God!" Lips, shoulders, hands, every line of his face disclaimed that responsibility. "But he is thief, I theenk," said Monte. "Yais, he ees thees one—Mack-Yune?—who rob the bank of Numa Frenger las' week at Belen. I theenk so."

Jay's eyes grew round with horror, her hand went to her throat. "Not arrested?"

For once Monte's serene composure was shaken. His eyes narrowed, his words came headlong.

"Oh, no, no, no! You do not unnerstan'. Ees eemposevilly, what you say! Pat Garrett ees know nozzing, he ees fir-rm r-resolve to know nozzing. An' thees Mack-Yune, he ees theenk *por serdad* eet ees Pat Nunn who ride weeth heem to Tularosa. He guess not one theeng that eet ees the sheriff. Pat Garrett he go that none may deesturb or moless' heem. Becows, thees young fellow ees tek eshame for thees bad life, an' he say to heemself, 'I weel arize and go to my papa.'"

She began to understand. She looked out across the desert and the thorn, the white chalk and the sand. Sun dazzle was in her eyes. These people! Peasant, gambler, killer, thief —— She felt the pulse pound in her throat.

"And een Tularosa, all old-timers, everee man he know Pat Garrett. Not lak thees Alamogordo, new peoples. And when thees old ones een Tularosa see Meester Pat Garrett mek good-by weeth hees friend at the tr-rain, they will theenk nozzing, say nozzing. *Adiós!*"

He sat sidewise upon the parapet and waved his hand to the nothingness where the two horsemen had been swallowed up at last.

"And him the sheriff!" said Jay. "Why, they could impeach him for that. They could throw him out of office."

He looked up, smiling. "But who weel tell?" said Monte. His outspread hands were triumphant. "We are all decent people."

"Yes, Monte," said Jay. Her hand reached out to touch his shoulder. "Clean people." She turned and flung out her arms to earth and sky.

"The beautiful world!" said Jay.

(THE END)

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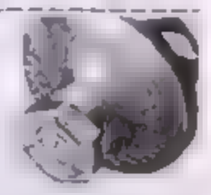

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THE IMMIGRATION LAWS ARE WORKING

(Continued from Page 25)

there is no doubt in my mind that in other than these considerations the numerical restriction ought to be adjusted upon the basis of our needs. As to alien families of persons already in the United States, for humane and moral reasons we should encourage reunion.

Laws concerning the rights of human beings should not be more rigid than necessary to accomplish the desired end. Mandatory laws are bound to work hardship in individual cases, if strictly enforced, and therefore it is important in such laws that some discretion be vested in the official charged with their administration. The provisions of the 1924 Act which allot immigration quotas to intending immigrants before they leave their homes on the journey for the United States are wise. They have put an end to those hardships, so numerous under the prior law, caused by requiring immigrants arriving at our ports after exhaustion of quota to return to the countries from which they came, perhaps to make the journey a second time and meet the same fate. This hardship resulting from numerical limitation no longer exists.

There is, however, still the possibility that an immigrant arriving with proper credentials, including a quota certificate, may be rejected for physical or mental unfitness. Though during the past fiscal year less than a half of 1 per cent of the number of aliens with proper visas applying at our seaports were rejected, this percentage can and should be reduced by a more thorough sifting before aliens leave foreign shores. About 6000 rejections at land and sea ports last year would not have been necessary had competent authorities passed upon their applications for admission before leaving the other side. This situation, however, is being remedied.

After the 1924 Act had been in operation a few months, it became apparent to the three departments involved in the control of immigration—that is, the State Department, Treasury Department and Labor Department—that the above-cited provisions in the 1924 Act might afford an opportunity to carry out the long-sought plan of examining applicants for admission to the United States prior to their embarkation. Accordingly, a number of conferences were held between officials of the three departments named, a committee was sent to Great Britain and the Irish Free State to study local conditions, and, after long and careful consideration by the three departments of all phases of the immigration questions involved and with the consent of the governments of Great Britain and the Irish Free State, it was decided to put the plan into effect at seven consulates in those countries on August first, as an experiment, to continue for three months. If the plan proved successful in those countries, then, and in that case only, it was proposed to extend it to other countries of Europe.

Trying the Plan in England

The plan had for its objects the avoiding, as far as was humanly possible, the hardships heretofore imposed on inadmissible immigrants, who in large numbers had come to the United States ports only to learn that their 3000-mile journey was a fruitless one because of some defect or condition which made it impossible to grant them entry under the immigration laws; the removal of international misunderstandings, and promotion of the closest possible cooperation between the departments involved. To these ends, experienced and qualified surgeons of the U. S. Public Health Service and trained inspectors of the Immigration Service were detailed abroad as technical advisers to United States consuls, and their duties were to assist the consul in examining prospective immigrants applying for visas and to aid him in determining their admissibility under our immigration laws before the visas were issued.

It should be noted, however, that the examination abroad is not final, as the law requires that all arriving aliens shall be inspected at ports of arrival both by officers of the public-health service and immigrant inspectors. The only innovation made by the adoption of this plan, so far as New York, which is the principal port of arrival, is concerned, is that in the case of aliens arriving third class or in the steerage the inspection on this side is made on board ship rather than at Ellis Island, thereby affording steerage immigrants the opportunity to land at the pier, as has always been the case with immigrants traveling first and second cabin.

Immigrants arriving by any class who have failed to meet physical requirements or who for other reasons are, in the opinion of the examining inspector, not clearly and beyond a doubt entitled to land, are held for further examination by boards of special inquiry, which means that all such immigrants are taken to immigration stations, where they are held until finally admitted or returned to the country whence they came. In order to give full force and effect to the work of the technical advisers, and to give the full benefit of their work to the arriving immigrants, general orders covering the new procedure were issued to all district directors, and the plan went into effect for the immigrants arriving from Great Britain and the Irish Free State on August first of last year.

Almost 100 Per Cent Perfect

Aside from the advantages accruing to individual aliens by more expeditious landing in this country, it will be noted that a number of results highly desirable to the Government are secured. It has always been the practice to examine first and second class passenger aliens arriving in the United States only aboard ship, and this examination has not, in the past, always been as thorough as might be wished. Therefore, aliens who have had reason to believe that they were inadmissible have made it a practice to come to the United States as first or second class passengers. Under the arrangement which is now being worked out in Great Britain and the Irish Free State, all immigrants of all classes are given the same examination before departure as was given only to third-class passengers formerly, at the time of arrival.

Another point in favor of foreign examinations lies in that there is no necessity for resorting to specialists to determine whether a particular doubtful case comes just within or just without one of the excluded classes. If there is any doubt in the mind of the examiner abroad, the alien is not passed. In other words, with examination abroad there are no borderline cases coming to the United States in which the services of specialists are required to say with micrometer accuracy whether a particular individual is on one side or the other of the line of admissibility. The United States will not suffer by being on the safe side in rejecting all doubtful cases. The doubtful ones are those which are apt to be against us rather than in our favor. It is more difficult, as all those who have had to administer immigration laws know, to make rejections after arrival, because there is always an element of hardship in the case of an alien who has sold his home, broken his family ties and put 3000 or more miles of water between him and his native land.

Again the examination abroad has a decided advantage, because it is easier to determine the character of the immigrant from his home affiliations, if he is believed to be within one of the excluded classes. There is no way at all of making a thorough examination into the family history, likelihood of becoming a public charge, and so on, of an alien after he arrives in the United States. During the past year, 3029 aliens were debarred as likely to become public charges. With the information available in the home communities of these people, it would have been possible to prevent the costly and fruitless journey and consequent hardship which these aliens suffered.

As has been pointed out, it is not intended, and it is not so in practice, that examinations by officers abroad shall be conclusive. Inspectors, both immigrant and public health, board the vessel on arrival at quarantine and question each immigrant. Public-health physicians not only scrutinize all aliens but consult the records of the steamship company to determine whether there has been any development of contagious disease since the boat left the foreign port. If there is any doubt about an individual case, the United States still has the right to remove the alien to a detention station for further examination, observation or treatment. Very few cases of this character have arisen, but the general results of the plan have more than justified its adoption, as is shown in analysis of a few items from the official record.

Between August first and December first 513 immigrants arriving at our ports with initialed visas were held for hearings before boards of special inquiry; the great majority of these being cases in which a symbol recommending such action was added by technical advisers at the issuing consulates. With the exception of thirty-nine, all of the 513 thus held were duly admitted by said boards of special inquiry.

Of the thirty-nine aliens excluded by the various boards of special inquiry at our ports, thirty-five appealed to the Secretary of Labor from the excluding decision, as they have a right to do under the law; four refused to appeal, or under the law were not entitled to an appeal, and were returned direct from the ports.

Of the thirty-five who appealed to the Secretary of Labor, thirty-two were admitted, two were ordered deported, and one case was referred to the Department of State for adjustment of quota. This means only six aliens arriving from Great Britain and the Irish Free State between August first and December first were returned, and indicates the plan has proved almost 100 per cent perfect.

For comparison purposes I note the record of the port of New York, only, for the corresponding months of the previous year—that is, August, September, October and November of the year 1924.

A Scientific Examination

The record shows that from August 1 to November 30, 1924, 1055 immigrants arriving from the same sources at the port of New York, only, were held for hearings before boards of special inquiry, of which number 601 were admitted by said boards at New York; 454 were excluded by the boards of special inquiry at New York; thirty-six of this number refused to take an appeal, or under the law were not entitled to an appeal, and were returned direct from the port of New York; 418 cases were considered by the secretary on appeal, of which last number fifty-eight were ordered deported and 360 were admitted under bond or otherwise.

The question of what kind of examinations would be given abroad was given careful and serious consideration by the three departments concerned, and only thoroughly experienced and qualified surgeons, who had seen years of service at our ports in the United States, were selected for foreign service. They were provided abroad with every facility for making their medical examination at the consulates, with the understanding that this examination would be equal, if not superior to the medical examination being conducted at Ellis Island and other ports of entry.

Whatever doubts may have been entertained as to how thorough the examinations

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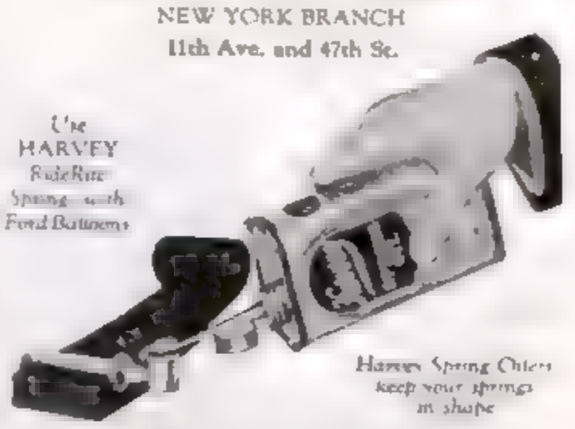

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would be are now set at rest, for we have the evidence not only of the medical officers, but of immigration men who have been years in the immigration service at our ports, as well as every other place of immigration work. Here are extracts of statements of these immigrant inspectors who have returned from four months' service at consulates, where they gave particular attention to the medical examination being conducted, in order to determine the question of whether or not this examination is a sufficient protection against the admission of diseased aliens.

The inspector who was stationed at Liverpool stated:

"In observing the work at the consulate in Liverpool and in assisting in the examinations there during the last three months, I have had constantly in mind the examination of applicants for admission into the United States as conducted on the Canadian border and at Ellis Island, in both of which assignments I have had a number of years of experience, and I feel perfectly safe in saying that the examinations, both medical and civil, as now conducted abroad, are more thorough than applicants are required to undergo at home ports, for the reason that every applicant for an immigration visa in the British Isles is now given what approximates a board of special inquiry hearing, conducted by one immigration officer, with one and sometimes two consular officers acting as examiners. In addition to the civil inspection, every applicant is given a thorough medical inspection by a United States public health surgeon, the facilities offered for this work at the Liverpool consulate enabling the doctor to strip and carefully examine each applicant in private.

"This intensive inspection of every applicant, as now conducted abroad, is in marked contrast to the practice followed on the Canadian border and at Ellis Island, where only a certain percentage of arrivals are held for special medical examination and where only a very small percentage of applicants are held for a board of special inquiry hearing.

"This comparison is not intended as a criticism of the inspection work at stations on the Canadian border or at Ellis Island, as, to one acquainted with conditions at the ports referred to, it is, of course, unnecessary to point out the impracticability of holding all applicants at those ports for such careful medical and civil examination, but it is intended rather to show the advantage obtaining for a more thorough inspection by the present plan of examination of applicants abroad."

Class A and Class B

The inspector at Glasgow, Scotland, stated:

"This work—medical inspection—was done by two experienced officers of the United States Public Health Service, one of whom has had several years' experience at Ellis Island, and, in my opinion, their examination of applicants was very thorough and complete. I not only had the opportunity to observe the work of these two officers at Glasgow during the months of August, September and October, but also visited the American consulates at Belfast, Dublin, London and Southampton, where I discussed the work with the various persons connected with it. The result is, I am convinced that the medical examinations now being accorded aliens at the seven consulates in the British Isles, where technical advisers are stationed, are much more rigid than those conducted at American ports prior to the inauguration of the present plan."

The inspector at Dublin, Ireland, stated:

"The physical examination of both males and females was most thorough, in my judgment, and greatly exceeded in thoroughness and detail the inspection which I have seen made on primary examination by surgeons at different immigration stations within the period of my immigration service."

The inspector at Southampton, England, stated:

"In all my experience as an inspector, for the past eighteen years, I have never seen the medical examination of aliens conducted so considerately, thoroughly and efficiently as has been done by Doctor Fuller since August first."

The Secretary of the Treasury has also reported regarding the work of the United States Public Health surgeon. He says:

"In conformity with agreements following conferences of representatives of the State, Treasury and Labor departments, arrangements were made to inaugurate an experimental examination of prospective immigrants at selected consulates in Great Britain prior to the granting of visas by consular officers under the Immigration Act of 1924. It was the expectation, at the time of the conferences referred to, that the experiment would be continued for a period of at least three months. As you know, the examinations were begun August 1, 1925. From that date until October 31, 1925, a total of 19,435 aliens were examined medically. Out of this number 202 were certified for Class A conditions, that is, diseases and defects mandatorily excludable under the immigration law, and 1797 for Class B conditions affecting ability to earn a living. The combined certificates represent 10.23 per cent of the total number of aliens examined. Of the total number of 202 certified for Class A conditions, 100 per cent were refused visas, and of the 1797 certified for Class B conditions, 41.4 per cent were refused visas for medical reasons by the Consular Service."

A Benefit to Both Sides

"In addition to the original examination prior to the granting of visas, a secondary line inspection was conducted just prior to embarkation, the object being to prevent the sailing of persons suffering from dangerous contagious or loathsome contagious diseases interdicted by either the quarantine or immigration laws. The number of physical disabilities and defects certified and the high percentage of refusal of visas for medical reasons are evidences of the value of these medical examinations, conducted in connection with the discharge, by consular and immigration officers, of their duties under the immigration laws.

"It is the opinion of the surgeon-general and the medical officers who have been engaged in this work that the system of surveillance of prospective immigrants inaugurated is of high value, the results being beneficial to the alien, the common carrier, and in the interest of the people of the United States.

"The original and secondary medical examinations conducted abroad and the final inspections aboard ship on arrival at domestic ports provide a very practical means of elimination of undesirable elements to our population."

It must be remembered that the responsibility of physically examining aliens lies solely upon the Public Health Service of the Treasury Department and not in any way upon the Immigration Service of the Department of Labor. The certifications by the surgeons under Class A leave no discretion to the immigration officers. Aliens of this certification cannot be admitted, and under the plan of examination abroad are not permitted to start the journey to the United States.

The mere fact, however, that an alien is certified for a physical defect which in the opinion of the medical examiner affects ability to earn a living—a Class B designation—does not of itself render an alien inadmissible. The immigration officer must in such cases consider the medical certificate in connection with all the surrounding circumstances. The medical certificate, in Class B cases, merely indicates the relative physical qualification, assuming that the alien will have to earn his living at hard common labor. This is illustrated in the cases of aliens certified for senility, the practice being to render Class B certificates for almost all aliens over the age of fifty-five as being afflicted with senility. Approximately 95 per cent of these aliens are the parents of persons already here who are both able and willing to care for them, and they themselves are not expected to engage in remunerative employment.

There are numerous other causes, such as deformity, hernia, pregnancy, less than normal function, loss of member, and so on, for which medical certificates are rendered, but when considered in connection with the other facts in the case, which, of course, the medical examiners cannot take into consideration, it is quite apparent that such deformities, loss of member, and so on, would in no wise affect the ability of the alien to earn a living. For instance, if a jeweler, bookkeeper or any other person engaged in occupations of a sedentary nature were to be certified for deformity of the hip, loss of the nether extremities, and so on, it could hardly be considered that such defect would impair his earning capacity. In fact, one of the officers in a principal district has stated that over 90 per cent of the medical certificates rendered might be considered in the nature of marks of identification.

The immigrant inspectors of foreign ports, therefore, render as valuable service as do the medical examiners, for they can interpret the certificates, advising the rejection of all the Class A, and interpreting the Class B in the light of all the surrounding circumstances. The results are beneficial to all concerned—the mandatorily excluded will not start for our shores, and likewise those who have presumptions against them.

The foreign-examination plan is not a product of the 1924 Immigration Act alone, but of that act, together with Section 23 of the Act of 1917, which provides that the commissioner general of immigration, "with the approval of the Secretary of Labor, whenever in his judgment such action may be necessary to accomplish the purposes of this act, detail immigration officers for service in foreign countries; and upon his request, approved by the Secretary of Labor, the Secretary of the Treasury may detail medical officers of the United States Public Health Service for the performance of duties in foreign countries." Since American consuls, before the passage of the Act of 1924—which is in addition to and not in substitution for the provisions of the general immigration laws—were not vested with discretion to refuse visas, the stationing of immigration and health officers at foreign ports to conduct examinations of immigrants had not before been practicable. This discretion is another point of strength in favor of the Act of 1924.

Uniting Alien Families

The restrictive policy has come to stay. If any modifications be made in the present laws expressing it, they will, and should, preserve restriction. Within the restriction, and without appreciably increasing the total amount of immigration permissible, provision should be made, where it does not now exist, to facilitate the reunion of families. As an illustration: The present law permits admission, outside of quota, of the wife and unmarried children under eighteen years of age of an American citizen. No such exemption is provided for husbands of American citizens. Wives are just as much entitled to their husbands as husbands are to their wives. Likewise, American citizens may send for, within the quota, but within a preferred class, a father, mother, husband, wife, and children under twenty-one years of age. I believe the preference should be extended to the same relatives of aliens permanently residing here. It is just as much wrong morally for an alien to be separated from his family as for a citizen, and if this class is included within the quota allotment the total of immigrants admitted is not thereby increased.

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(Continued on Page 74)

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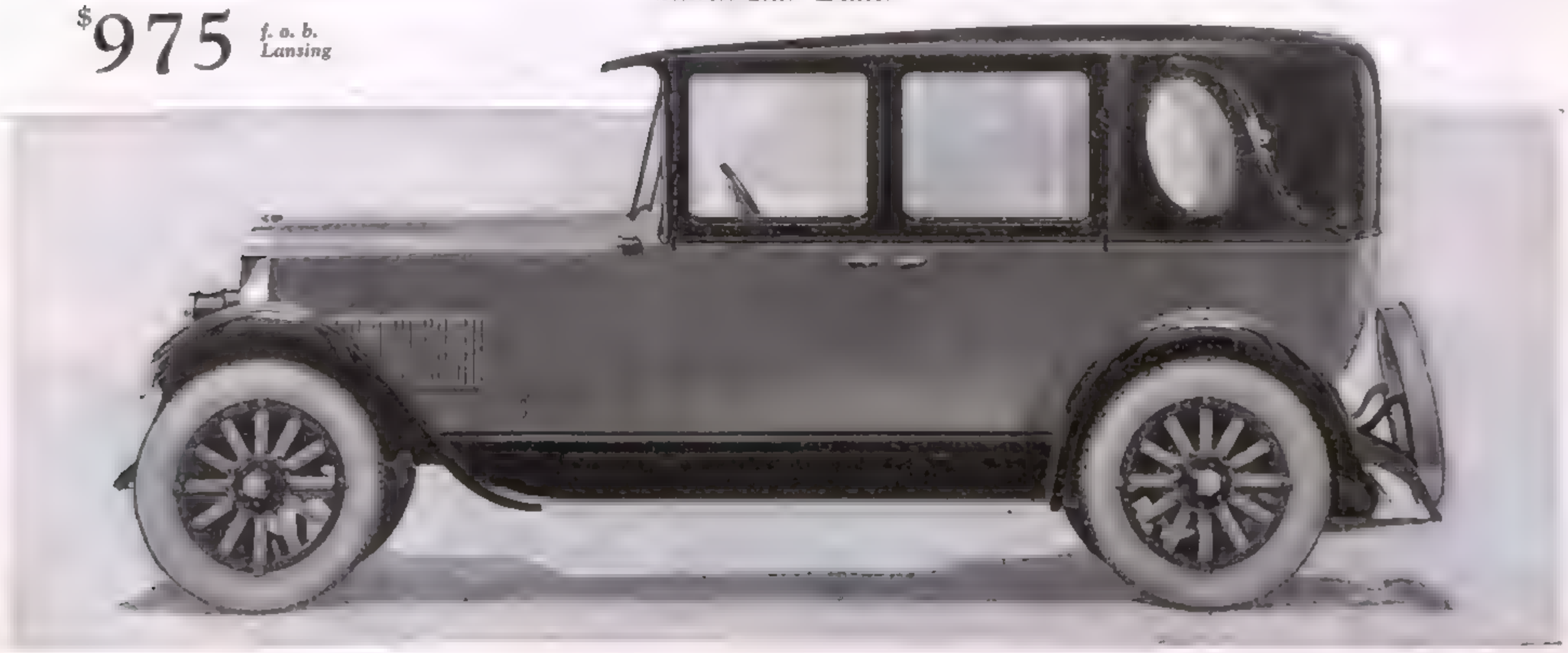

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If we have to look at these every day in the New York papers, the Bull's Eye readers shouldn't kick on having to read one.

"Society here and in Newport was stirred today by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Gwendolyn Astorbilt and Sir Charles Pinkham Oldcastle. Miss Astorbilt's last husband was the Marquis de Borrow. Their divorce does not become absolute until the day announced for her forthcoming wedding.

"As all will remember, her second wedding to an alleged oil millionaire, Mr. Crudeoil, was the talk of Newport at the time, the Marquis de Borrow being the best man. Records show her first husband to have been the young millionaire, Jimmy Flash, whose father was a lightning rod manufacturer, and who has just recently been divorced from Ida May Glycerine, well known Screen Star, who is just starting a picture with a new husband. By coincidence, the second wife of Sir Charles Pinkham Oldcastle, her present fiance, was a sister of Jimmy Flash, whom he divorced to marry his last wife, Lady Got-Hers. Lady Got-Hers first husband was the Marquis de Borrow.

"The wedding will be held at the home of her mother, who has just recently married her fourth husband, Frederick Townsend Bean, millionaire potato-chip manufacturer."

Now this is what they do

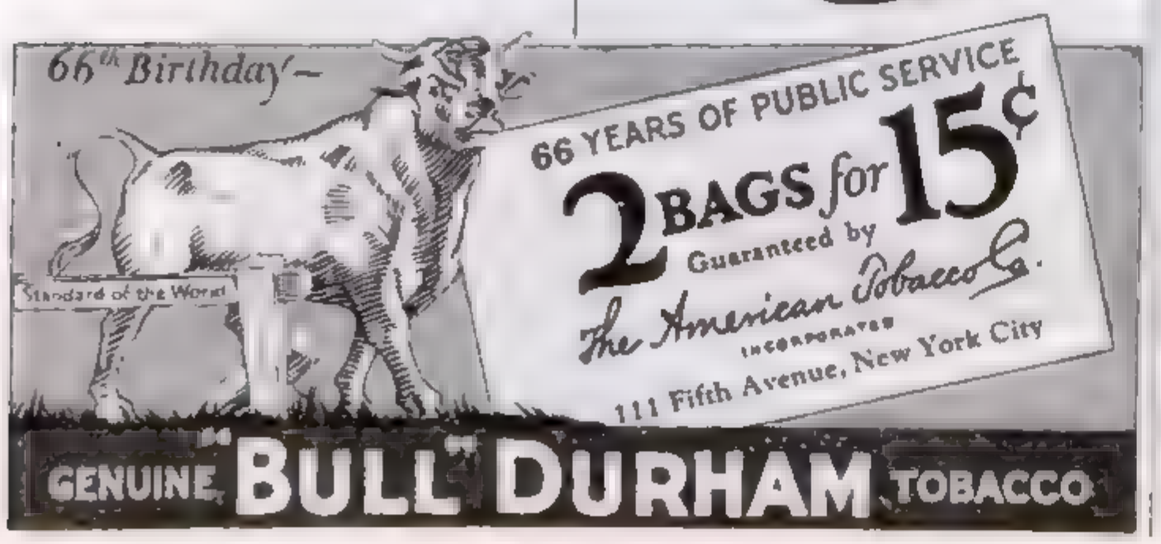
Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist, announces a series of "Bull" Durham advertisements. They are worth watching for.

back here every day. How they keep from marrying each other again accidentally is more than I can tell. You can't introduce anybody; they have all been married to each other. None of them smoke "Bull" Durham. "Bull" Durham smokers are contented and stay married. I don't know whether they are contented with "Bull" Durham or with their first wives, but the three of them seem to stick together. The moral is this: Smoke "Bull" Durham, and save yourself a lot of weddings.

Will Rogers

P. S.—There will be another piece here in two weeks. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.



(Continued from Page 72

quota so as not to increase the total amount of immigration I have recommended that preference be given to farmers and skilled and unskilled labor upon application of employers in the United States for permission to import such labor. Preference is now given by the law to persons skilled in agriculture, when application is made by them to our consuls, but my recommendation would let American farmers seek such labor, and as a result this preference farm labor would go to farms where needed—otherwise much of it might be induced to till the streets of our big cities instead of the great open spaces where it is really intended they should go. These permits, however, to be granted only when, upon verification, it is proved that labor of like kind cannot be found unemployed in the United States and provided that no strike or lockout exists or impends in the industry seeking to import such labor. There can be no doubt that there are times when we need a limited amount of particular kinds of man power. Our immigration history has proved that it is folly to seek to satisfy this need by throwing down all the bars and admitting aliens indiscriminately. I have in mind several cases where, for the purpose of establishing new industries in the United States, a mere handful of experienced men were needed, but because applications on file for general immigration would exhaust quotas for a year or more this labor could not be had, although complying with contract-labor provisions, for a considerable time. After the preference for families, these special needs should be met.

The Stuff Citizens are Made Of

The future well-being of the United States depends not only upon the selection of her immigrants but also upon how the alien is treated after arrival in the country.

There never was a time in the history of this nation when American citizenship meant so much to the foreign born as it does today. Many find it difficult to secure employment unless they can show that they possess citizenship papers. The present immigration law gives a citizen the right to bring into the country, outside of quota limitations, his wife and children under eighteen years of age. Frequently the alien has discovered that he could not secure their entrance within the quota for a considerable period of time and that his best bet is in acquiring citizenship for the purpose of petitioning to bring his family without that limitation. These are incidents of citizenship desirable from the alien standpoint. The nation has equally good reasons for desiring that the alien embrace citizenship, including all that citizenship stands for.

The average alien who comes to these shores, unless he comes to escape religious or political persecution, is not a successful man from a material standpoint. If he were he would in all probability remain in the country from which he came. If he is to become an American, the obligation to see that he recognizes that status and attains it in its highest degree is one resting in no small degree with his local community. It involves the question of the application of the golden rule. He is the raw material, generally speaking, and the making of an American rests with those who claim that title. He is the builder of railroads, of factories, of homes; our success depends to no small extent upon him. It is to our interest to see that he is happy and contented. If he comes to this country with wholesome ideals, we should see that they are perpetuated. If he comes without wholesome ideals, we should see that he gets them, for if he comes and lives among us without growth he is simply transplanted and might retard our advancement. If he doesn't speak English, see that he learns to do so; for that is a fundamental requirement of an American. We should remember that the making of an American depends not only upon what we teach him but the way we treat him.

What is Best for America

President Coolidge in his message to Congress aptly summed up the situation with reference to our policy of immigration and our attitude toward the alien. It bears repeating:

"While not enough time has elapsed to afford a conclusive demonstration, such results as have been secured indicate that our immigration law is on the whole beneficial. It is undoubtedly a protection to the wage earners of this country. The situation should, however, be carefully surveyed, in order to ascertain whether it is working a needless hardship upon our own inhabitants. If it deprives them of the comfort and society of those bound to them by close family ties, such modifications should be adopted as will afford relief, always in accordance with the principle that our Government owes its first duty to our own people and that no alien, inhabitant of another country, has any legal rights whatever under our Constitution and laws. It is only through treaty, or through residence here, that such rights accrue. But we should not, however, be forgetful of the obligations of a common humanity.

"While our country numbers among its best citizens many of those of foreign birth, yet those who now enter in violation of our laws by that very act thereby place themselves in a class of undesirables. If investigation reveals that any considerable number are coming here in defiance of our immigration restrictions, it will undoubtedly create the necessity for the registration of all aliens. We ought to have no prejudice against an alien because he is an alien. The standard which we apply to our inhabitants is that of manhood, not place of birth. Restrictive immigration is to a large degree for economic purposes. It is applied in order that we may not have a larger annual increment of good people within our borders than we can weave into our economic fabric in such a way as to supply their needs without undue injury to ourselves."

Let us remember in all these questions of dealing with the alien, whether of immigration or mapping out a program for the foreign born among us, the problem is an American problem to be settled by Americans for the benefit of America, now and in the future.

In the determination of our policies no foreign influence, no radical intrigue should have any part. The sole thought in the mind of every American who considers this question should be, "What is best for America?" America is our home, and every man has a right as well as a moral obligation to protect his home.

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Does this apply to you?

HAVE you ever noticed how a "white coat collar" can mar the appearance of even the most fastidiously dressed man? We mean that shower of dandruff that spoils the good looks of so many dark suits.

It's more than a matter of mere appearance, too. Dandruff's a sign of an unhealthy scalp and a warning of possible baldness coming on.

And it's all so needless. The right attention to your scalp and hair will do wonders in combating dandruff.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Apply it generously, full strength. Then massage vigorously. You'll be delighted with this new use for an old friend—because Listerine and dandruff *simply do not get along together.*

After such a Listerine massage, you *know* your hair and scalp are antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

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If your home is beyond the water main, whether close to city or town or in a rural community, you need a home water plant. It brings you running water *under pressure*. It brings you "faucet service"—the modern kitchen sink—the modern bathroom and toilet—the modern laundry. And these modern conveniences make home enjoyable.

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The booklet has been written by water service specialists—men who have studied municipal water system problems—who have designed, built and installed water systems in towns and cities of all sizes—who have built Home Water Plants successfully for many years. Thousands of these dependable plants are serving homes like yours today.

You want the book. It costs nothing. Merely mail the coupon. We will send a copy free of charge, and answer any questions you care to ask.

200 gallons per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 35 gallon galvanized tank, complete

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Please send a copy of your 32-page Home Water Service book at once.

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Address

My source of Water Supply is
Lake Spring Stream Deep Well
Shallow Well Cistern

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Boss' Daughter

PERSONALLY I have nothing but the sincerest respect for the modern young girl who goes out into a big office and makes good. There's much more to it than just pounding a typewriter a given number of hours a day. Nor can anyone persuade me that when such a girl marries she won't be a lot better wife and thriftier household manager because of her office training and business experience.

I ran into Mr. A. C. Benton today, in whose organization perhaps more young women have made good than in any other of this city. I've often wondered why it happened so and today it came out during luncheon in a very interesting way.

"Hi," he said with a glowing smile, "I am a proud man today; my daughter began work this morning in somebody else's office."

I must have gasped a little. A. C. Benton is perhaps several times a millionaire. True, he was a very poor boy and came up from practically nothing, but even so it was rather a surprise to hear that his daughter should be going to work at the switchboard of a strange office in preference to the most exclusive finishing schools of the land.

"You looked surprised." My face admitted it for me.

"Well, my wife used to work and it's meant a lot to our happiness. In an office she learned the value of a dollar, how money is made, and just doesn't come in in the morning mail, and how to get along with people. When I come home and say I've had a hard day at the office, she knows what it means. Most domestic scraps start when one or the other is dog-tired out—usually after an exceptionally hard day. If a girl has been through it all herself—the headaches, the tired eyes, the dragged-out feeling at night—she understands and doesn't nag, suggest dancing or the movies, and above all waits until you feel rested, to complain."

"And what does your daughter say to all this?"

"'Fine!' Says she isn't going to sit moping around the house doing nothing, or run wild and aimless all over town until it's time to get married. Besides, she says she wants to know what there is to it, so no husband can kid her along about working so hard."

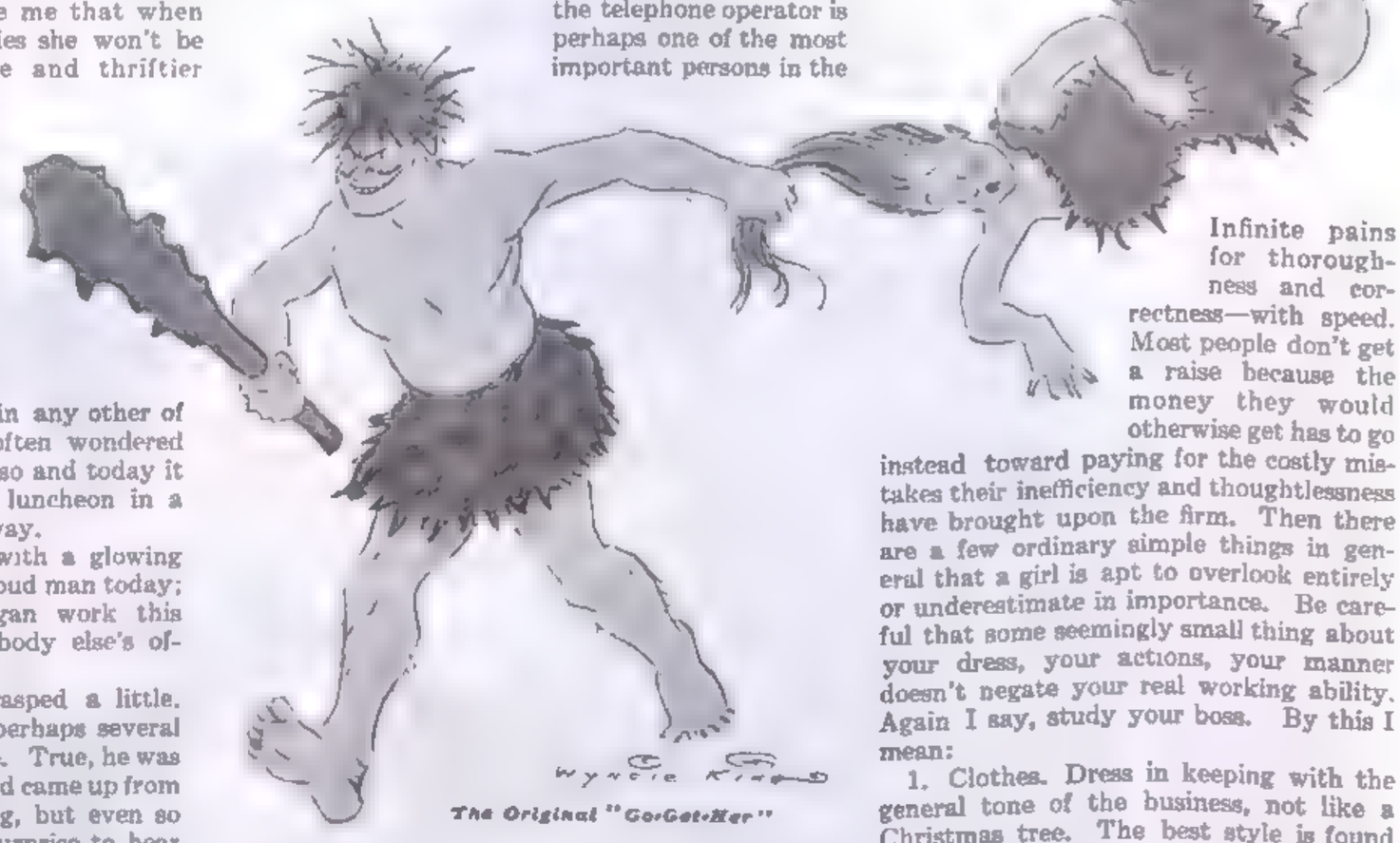
Luncheon broke up and we drifted back toward our respective offices. Just before parting, A. C. turned to me:

"By the way, I know you're interested in this sort of thing. Here're some observations from my own experience I jotted down for Dorothy to help her get on. Take 'em along and keep 'em; I have a copy."

That evening in bed I read some sheets of typewritten experience from a millionaire to his million-heiress daughter.

Some Don'ts and Do's for Dorothy

Study your boss. It's your job first of all to please him. You can't do it with fawning or flattery. He is pleased because you do something right or very well. Do your work exactly the way he wants it done. He is your boss because he has worked out the most effective ways of doing things in that business. Therefore his way is usually the best. Learn it. You then profit by his actual long experience. Your problem is the same as a young man's starting in, except he usually begins as office boy, stock clerk, or tally boy, while a young girl starts at the switchboard or typewriter. It depends upon how valuable she can make herself to those above her, whether she will advance or not. Nor must advancing be thought of as leaving the switchboard or the typewriter. Today the telephone operator is perhaps one of the most important persons in the office personnel, since she can create among thousands of people a favorable impression of the entire business by the smile in her voice, her cheery courtesy or quick tact. The typewriter, too, is the principal instrument of all modern business. Brains and ability in its operator are invaluable.



The Original "Go-Get-Her"

First, then, study your boss. Almost every boss takes great care and pride in his letters. These should come back to him from dictation, letter-perfect, without so much as a comma misplaced. Remember his time is valuable. One mistake on your part is costly to his time and especially his patience. Write his letters with your head, not mere fingers. No matter what he dictated—the best of us get involved—turn it back to him so that it makes sense and is in the spirit of what he is writing. Study his style and vocabulary until you could write offhand what he would write. He'll soon learn this and turn lots of correspondence over to you to take care of without help from him.

It's the little things that count most, such as spelling a man's name correctly, especially when it's usually printed right before you on his letterhead.

Then the plain mechanics of typing. Every letter should be a picture of balanced type masses and typographical composition. The art of arranging paragraphs and sentences nicely into a well-formed, easy-to-read letter, not strike-overs and such blunders, is the difference between a good and bad typist. Everything spotlessly neat and concise. Remember the recipients are judging your boss and the business by the kind of letters you write for him. Can you blame the boss then for feeling that his letters must be perfect? There is no "good enough" typing; it must be absolutely letter-perfect! And there is only one way to get it that way; read it over carefully and reread it. Proofread your letters for errors, transpositions, grammar and spelling as a good printer proofreads his galleys, combing out the mistakes.

Still, you should in time develop high speed with a light and even touch, in order to get through a suitable volume of work; but never sacrifice accuracy. The boss must not have to turn a single piece of typing back for correction. Everything letter-perfect! This applies everywhere they may put you, on the typewriter or off, letter writing or billing, clerical work or filing.

Infinite pains for thoroughness and correctness—with speed. Most people don't get a raise because the money they would otherwise get has to go instead toward paying for the costly mistakes their inefficiency and thoughtlessness have brought upon the firm. Then there are a few ordinary simple things in general that a girl is apt to overlook entirely or underestimate in importance. Be careful that some seemingly small thing about your dress, your actions, your manner doesn't negate your real working ability. Again I say, study your boss. By this I mean:

1. Clothes. Dress in keeping with the general tone of the business, not like a Christmas tree. The best style is found in severe simplicity and sober good taste. Most bosses hate to see their office look like a page out of a fashion magazine. Flashy, loud dressing is as bad manners as loud talking, and just as disturbing to the efficiency of an office. Taste, neatness, and cleanliness make a woman look better dressed than the most expensive tailoring in the world, including Parisian. So many girls go wrong on this.

What the Boss Notices

2. Cosmetics. Most bosses hate 'em. They don't like to see overrouged faces around them. Excessive use of cosmetics cheapens you in their eyes. If you aspire to a complexion, take the old witch's advice: "Buy a pot of expensive face paint, go off five miles and bury it in the very middle of a huge forest, then walk to the spot every morning at five o'clock to see if it is still there." Beware of perfumes, and go very sparingly on them. I knew a fine young girl who lost a good opportunity because she doused herself so with perfume that the boss couldn't stand to have her near him, and she never knew why she didn't get the job.

3. No gossiping, no fooling, no loud talking or laughing, and above all, no gum chewing. No first names; call the men "Mr." and they will call you "Miss." See that the office never loses dignity through you or your actions. Be quiet and business-like at all times. You may think these small things don't matter, but the boss is taking everything in and saying nothing.

4. On time. Most business men are or should be cranks on punctuality. They notice those who barely beat the time clock in, in the morning, and are out within the closing minute. Regularity is the mainspring of success, but that great clock has no face and no hands which can be watched. Don't try. Put in a good, full, overtime day every day.

5. Sickness. Take care of yourself, but don't stay out on the slightest cold or ailment. You won't find much sympathy from the boss, because he comes in some days when he is really so sick he can hardly sit in his chair. Besides, he admires your spunk when he sees you with a rotten cold grit through the day some way or other.

(Continued on Page 78)

3 Great Shows *in* One

Dazzling Comedy ~ Vivid Drama ~ and the World of Fashion on Parade.

NOW she's in the movies! "IRENE"—little bit of salt and sweetness—from the musical comedy triumph that captivated Broadway for more than two years, toured the country season after season and took the world by storm.

Out of a shanty into a mansion—out of heaven into your heart. That's Irene, played by irresistible, magnetic Colleen Moore, with a gorgeous fashion parade of moviedom's queens—the most beautiful you ever saw! And all in COLORS—lavish, shimmering—even the Alice Blue Gown.

Yes, three great shows! Three times as much joy for those who love clothes, and those who love those who love clothes!

Adapted from the famous Musical Comedy triumph
James Montgomery, Author

Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy, Composers

A Great Cast with
Lloyd Hughes
George K. Arthur & Charlie Murray
Directed by Alfred E. Green
June Mathis, Editorial Director

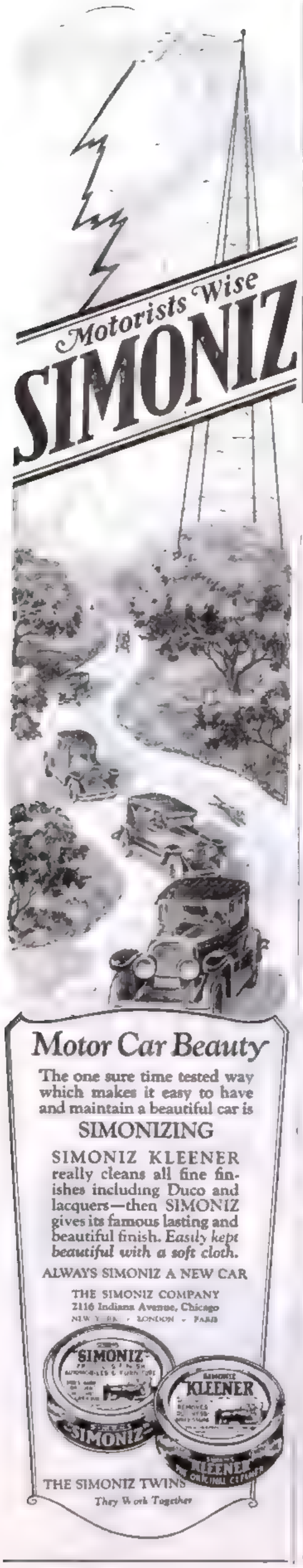
John McCormick presents

COLLEEN MOORE *in* *Irene*

Lloyd Hughes as Irene's wealthy sweetheart

Kate Price and Charlie Murray as the parents of Tippity-witch Irene O'Dare

First National Pictures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The one sure time tested way which makes it easy to have and maintain a beautiful car is
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KLEENER
THE SIMONIZ TWINS
They Work Together

(Continued from Page 76)

You can make up your mind that he will need you the most just on the day you're out. My best girls never miss a day the year round.

6. Work hard. Though the other girls may be talking about "what a wonderful feller we met last night" or may be looking out the window, plug right along. Take all the work they can pile on you. Get through it as quickly as you accurately can. Never try to make a job last. Clean it up and come back for more. If business is slow find something to do. There are always a thousand things around every office that should be done. When times are busy no one has time to do them; when they are slack no one remembers them. Write these things down, and whenever there's a minute to spare do one of these odd jobs, even if it isn't part of your work.

7. Lastly, see further than quitting time and pay day. The boss is most interested in orders. Sales alone put the money in your pay envelope and keep the time clock wound. Study your merchandise, learn its good points and prices, learn the entire machinery of the business in its every department. Don't think, just because you're a girl, what's the use? Some girls work ten years in a place and hardly get to know even their own job; others catch on to everything at once by keeping eyes and ears open in the keen desire to get on. For example, a large customer called up one day and wanted some information. I was out. One of my young ladies took the phone, told him what he wanted to know, quoted prices, told him the price would probably advance next week—she knew this from a recent letter I had written to someone else—sold him then and there, booking his order, subject to my written confirmation. She had watched me and did it exactly the way I would have done it. Naturally I was tickled to death. She always kept bringing in small orders from her friends or acquaintances, new names for our mailing list and new prospects for our salesmen to call on. Today she has a very responsible position in our concern because she saw what lay behind her immediate job. I had one young woman who asked my permission to use her two weeks' vacation trying to sell. She was bright and knew our policies thoroughly, so I let her. She did so well we put her out on selling entirely. No matter what your job, don't forget that the order producer is highly respected, for it shows the boss you have realized the significance of the business and are turning your business sense to the good of the firm.

So watch the small things; be speedy and accurate, do every job well and you'll get on. Learn all you can, and don't miss a chance to get new business. Keep your toes and your wits about you; you'll have just as good a chance to make good in your way as any boy in the office will in his way.

DAD.

I switched off my reading light, and for the first time understood why A. C. had developed such a happy efficient personnel of young women and men around him. What a head start Dorothy has in having such a father to come to for advice! I only hope she realizes it. The worst part about advice is we seldom take it, even though we may be a boss' only daughter, until it is too late and the water boils hot around us.

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

Fun and Groceries

I EARNED my first money at the age of seven. It was two cents, and I received them from the corner grocer. I was accustomed to watching his men loading up orders, making sales and arranging stock with the greatest fascination. When on this red-letter day the grocer himself said to me, "Here, Tom, drop this parcel at Smith's as you go home," at the same time handing me the munificent two coppers, I determined definitely to be a grocer.

Two years later I began to work as grocer's stable boy at the salary of nine dollars a month. In addition to valeting the horses, an important daily duty was to sit by the delivery boy as he made his rounds and run into houses with packages as he held the horses. One day I saw a gorgeous rose on a bush near the kitchen door of one of our customers. After I delivered the groceries and the door closed behind the maid, I slipped out my knife and cut the rose. Then I started to run from the yard.

But it was not so easy as that. The old Frenchwoman who was mistress of the house was tapping vigorously on the window pane, motioning me to come back. Sheepishly I obeyed.

She said, "Do not hide that flower behind you, unless you are ashamed of yourself. You have the rose; keep it. But tell me, how do you feel?"

A Cheap But Valuable Lesson

There were no words in my small vocabulary adequate to describe how I felt, so I said, "I would like to go to a dark cellar and never come out." "Yes," answered the old lady. "But you will never have that desire again if you keep only what is your own. Take nothing that belongs to anyone else, particularly silver or gold."

Without realizing it I was being given the motive that was to actuate me the rest of my life. When other little boys snatched a few berries or a banana or an apple to eat while they were working, I said nothing, but I thought of that rose and I left the grocer's fruits alone.

The next years saw me become in turn order taker, delivery boy, salesman, checker and then purchasing agent. At the last-named position I was making fifty dollars a week and I was twenty-four years old. I was very much interested in my work. My days often began at four in the morning and continued until eleven or twelve at night. My employer, who was the third grocer from whom I had received positions, became ill. I took as much responsibility from his shoulders as I could, and I worked harder than I had ever worked before. I was determined to show him that his sickness would not see any let-down in his business.

But his very ill health made him more susceptible to ill-natured tongues. There were plenty who saw in an employer's absence an opportunity to take an indoor vacation. They resented my industry and gave a strange interpretation of it to the chief. I was making a percentage on all my purchases, and I was being a good child so that there would be no investigation. This tale received a measure of credence from the owner, who, on his return to the business, "promoted" me. He said nothing of the insinuation to me, but he took me away from the buying end of the business without explanation.

Sixteen years in business had not made me utterly stupid. I soon sensed the situation, and I quietly proved that the accusation had not only been false, but had been maliciously so. Again without open discussion, I was returned to purchasing. I filled the position for two weeks and resigned.

I did not give the explanation in writing, but I did orally. "I have given you every scrap of energy and thought that I have had in the six years of working for you," I explained. "If my building has been so poor that the first breath of suspicion threatens to raze it to the ground, I had better make another foundation."

Of course there were expostulations, refusals to accept the resignation, promises of salary increases. But I was through with working for anyone but myself.

When I had formally severed my connection with this last store, I looked about and found an excellent location for a store of my own. I went to a banker who knew me well and laid a proposition before him.

"If you will lend me $5000," I said, "I will pay you interest at 6 per cent and give you a half interest in the business."

The man was willing, and thirty days later I opened my own shop. I had a few very definite convictions from which I have never swerved. If I were itemizing I might say that people are willing to pay for service, therefore I will see that they have a type of service here that they cannot get elsewhere. Whatever they order they shall have, whether it is in or out of season. It is not for me to pass on the absurdity of customers' requests, but to fill them, regardless of time or expense. But people who can demand such perfection can also afford to pay for it. I will be a high-priced grocer, and a satisfactory one. Since the other side of the counter is the first and only consideration, I will always assume the justice of any complaint and leave it to every employe to right it instantly, without reference to headquarters, except as a matter of record. Since the increase of the business will depend in a large measure on employes, I will treat my help with the same consideration that I expect to show to customers. And, of course, I will continue to be absolutely on the level in every financial or other business dealing.

The returns justified me. My first year's work brought $108,000 over the counter. Even the first sixty days gave me an earnest of success, for we had more than $15,000 worth of business in that time.

Now, twenty years later, we handle over a million dollars in the course of a year. We have six grocery stores, two confectioneries, three ice-cream parlors, a tea room, a candy factory, two bakeries, an ice-cream plant, and we cater for hundreds of fashionable parties in the course of a year. We carry 5500 individual articles in stock, entirely exclusive of confections, and our charge accounts number over 2800.

Implicit Service

But we are on the same basis of service. A couple of months ago a customer asked for a certain flour. We knew that there were better grades on the market, but we ordered it from the tiny Iowa mill that had an otherwise very local trade. The customer was delighted. After she had finished the first consignment, she asked, "Is that the best flour?" We told her no, and explained why. "Then I do not want any more," she decided. "We used to use it when we were first married. Then we moved away and money was scarce, so we could not afford to send for it. Now we can pay for anything we fancy, and we thought of the good bread we used to have. At two other stores I was not able to get the flour, but I did amuse the clerk. You will have all my trade."

Yet we do not become overstocked by our obligingness. If a request is so unusual as to stand alone, we simply supply the demand of the moment. If there is merit to it, we stock. If a complaint is made, we settle it and there is an end. Yesterday a customer called us and said that her ice cream had been soft. "Very well," was our answer. "We will credit it to your account." A couple of hours later she telephoned again, "Do not credit," she said. "I find that the cook ordered it for lunch instead of dinner, and it was on the hot porch all afternoon."

We give a square deal, and we receive one in return. People speak about the refinement of our employes. I'll wager that you could note a material difference in the manner of any new employe six weeks after the beginning of service with us. He—or she—will speak more quietly, be more refined in bearing, more deferential toward the others, as well as toward customers. It is because everyone, including myself, uses good breeding toward everyone else. I have no help problem. My turnover in employment is negligible, and I leave nearly all the responsibility with assistants.

Then with a mind freed of the details of business and absolutely at ease on questions of finance, I can devote my time to the actual expansion of the business. And I have an enormously good time doing it.

—CLARA BELLE THOMPSON.

This is the true story of a suburban grocer as told me in his own words.

5 Million Women Demanded —

REAL SILK LINGERIE

The Utmost in Luxury at Moderate Prices

Latest Styles • Finest Fabrics
Unusual Savings

This gold button [illegible] the Bonded Real Silk Representative when [illegible] your home or office

Millions of American women—satisfied users of Real Silk Guaranteed Hosiery—have sponsored the introduction of Real Silk Lingerie

Observing how successfully Real Silk Service solved their hosiery problems, these women prevailed on us to apply our knowledge of their needs to the production of Lingerie that would give similar satisfaction.

Real Silk Lingerie is the result! Again the characteristic efficiency of Real Silk manufacturing methods, combined with the economy and convenience of Corporate Distribution (direct-to-consumer selling), have enabled us to offer women everywhere the latest styles in finest fabrics at unparalleled savings.

If you are interested in obtaining hosiery and lingerie of pre-eminent quality *direct from the manufacturer* at prices which positively challenge duplication, 'phone your local Real Silk Service Office or send a request to our Mills and we will have a Representative call at your convenience.

REAL SILK HOSIERY FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN and LINGERIE

SOLD ONLY DIRECT FROM OUR MILLS TO THE CONSUMER AT A SAVING

OUR 10,000 BONDED REPRESENTATIVES CALL DAILY AT HOMES AND OFFICES

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS · *World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery* · · INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U.S.A.

250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. CONSULT PHONE DIRECTORY FOR YOUR LOCAL OFFICE

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This New MAZDA LAMP costs you less - gives you more

HERE is the greatest achievement in lamp-making in ten years—a new MAZDA Lamp, frosted on the inside (frosting has always been on the outside, heretofore), and of improved design and construction.

Thanks to these things, this quite-new kind of lamp gives you many advantages over previous types of lamp for household use. And yet, with all the added value it gives you, *it costs you less.*

It looks different from the lamps you have been buying; it *is* different, its usefulness is greater.

See it at any store which handles National MAZDA Lamps —and see it *lighted.*

THESE ADVANTAGES SHOULD INTEREST YOU

It gives better light than the raw, glaring light from clear lamps—and yet gives practically *as much* light (98%), in *quantity.* It gives *more* light than do other bulbs which are frosted on the outside.

It costs notably less than previous types of good lamps for home lighting.

It's more rugged, stronger, than previous types, and will stand a lot of bumping and dropping.

Its light is never cut down, as it ages, by deposits of fine dust and dirt—for it can be cleaned to new condition by the touch of a cloth.

Its pearl-gray color gives it decorative value lacking in other types of lamp—for it takes on the color of its fixture, shade or surroundings.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Co.
Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

New NATIONAL MAZDA Lamp

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE WITCH'S HOUSE

(Continued from Page 13

"Well, that's natural enough," he stated. "What sort of a percentage on the nine thousand would Mrs. Touchwood feel like trying for, Sir Clovis?"

"Well, don't you know, she thinks—she is rather coquetting with the notion of—ah—obtaining 33⅓ per cent interest on the money, what?"

Sir Clovis stared very hard through his eyeglass at Mr. Jay.

"Quite! quite! Thirty-three and one-third per cent per annum," repeated George Henry most patiently.

"Personally, I—well, don't you know, I think that it is quite a heavy rate of interest. Rather risky, what? Dangerous, decidedly. I have a feeling that she will lose her money if she insists on investing it to produce 33⅓ per cent. And that brings me, in a kind of way, to the object—the—what I mean—the purpose of my visit to you. I am anxious to convince you, my dear sir, that by far the better course Mrs. Touchwood can adopt—for the sake of her own peace of mind—would be to—er—settle the money on me—er—that is—on myself, you see?"

Gentle Mr. Jay stared.

"Eh? Oh, yes, I see," he said, rather heavily. "I see, of course. You feel, Sir Clovis, that you would be worth something better than thirty-three and a third to the lady," he added, not without sarcasm.

Sir Clovis caught the hint of irony, dropped his eyeglass and replaced it.

"It is probable—er—conceivable that a marriage will be arranged between us," he explained.

"Oh, now I understand," said Geo. H., and laughed robustly. "You did not mention that, you know. You mean a marriage settlement?"

"Quite, oh, quite!" murmured Sir Clovis.

"Well, why don't you tell her so?" asked Mr. Jay.

Sir Clovis thought for a moment.

"I intend to," he said frankly, "through my people—my representatives—er—I rather thought, through yourself—as my representative, don't you see, Mr. Jay?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, I see," repeated the gentle one weightily. "I see, of course. But—pardon me, Sir Clovis—isn't that rather an expensive way of going to work? I am here to advise clients fairly—to the best of my ability—and if I accepted your instructions it would only be upon the understanding that my commission would have to be taken care of. And in delicate cases of this description, I am forced, by my heavy overhead, to require a 12½ per cent commission on gross results—cash!"

Sir Clovis sighed.

"I have no cash," he said with truly manly simplicity, and sighed.

Geo. H. sighed too.

"Oh, well—15 per cent, credit," he said. "I think that very fair, what?"

Sir Clovis brightened up again.

Mr. Jay, half inclined to suspect that he was wasting valuable time, asked him a few more questions, took a few notes, and even gave him a cigar. The squire of Finch Court liked Sir Clovis, though he did not know why. Pity, probably. And yet not altogether pity. The chap, totally devoid of business knowledge or instinct though he was, still possessed a sort of charm. He was one of those who have never really had a chance. Bred and brought up in circumstances which the expiring credit of his parents made look like and feel like ten thousand a year, he had been taught next to nothing worth knowing about earning a living. He could shoot, ride, play almost any expensive game, do almost any expensive thing. But he had no money and hadn't the slightest notion of how to set about making it. Yet in his blue eyes was a sort of wistful pride.

Geo. H. was gentle with him, completed taking his notes, asked him if he happened to know of anyone among his more heavily golden-plated friends who wanted to buy a tremendous bargain in Bond Street shop leases, ascertained that he did not, and so gently parted from him, promising to communicate with him when—oh, well, when the communicating was good. Sir Clovis Jackson was very grateful about that.

II

DESPITE fair warning by Sir Clovis, it was not without some surprise that Mr. Jay found himself, in less than an hour, receiving Mrs. Raymond Touchwood.

And, as the gentle one admitted to himself, she was not a lady difficult to receive. Almost anybody could have received her in his private office without feeling injured or downtrodden or irked; for in addition to being a very beautifully preserved, self-possessed, sensible woman of middleish age, she was evidently the highly attractive residue of what once must have been one of the loveliest girls that ever set youthful hearts to throwing handsprings and back somersaults along the turnpike of life.

She proved as businesslike as she was attractive. She repeated, even as Sir Clovis had related it, the story of her Monte Carlo triumph and what she yearned to do about it. But she said nothing whatever about settling it on Sir Clovis, and, business being business, gentle Mr. Jay hardly felt called upon to refer to the wistful hard-up and his notions concerning marriage and marriage settlements. The solution of the lady's difficulty seemed to Mr. Jay to lie rather more in the direction of Bond Street.

"The position really is very simple, Mr. Jay," explained the lady. "I have three thousand a year which is entirely safe and will never be touched. But I need six thousand, or as nearly that as I can get. This nine thousand might help me. I am willing—indeed, I expect—to speculate. One does not get 33⅓ per cent interest or profit otherwise. Five per cent is of no use at all. I am consulting you for advice, suggestions, any ideas which you, as a business man in touch with affairs, may have to offer me."

Geo. H. reflected.

"It is, of course, a very high rate of interest, but it is to be obtained, especially if one were prepared to keep, so to speak, an eye, or employ an agent of some standing to keep an eye, on the investment," he said at last. "There are concerns in London paying a good deal more than 33⅓ per cent, of course," he continued. "But most of these would not be likely to interest you. They are apt to be shady. And those that are not shady but, instead, produce this big profit by means of clever management and genuine trading, are in the hands of people who are uniquely capable of keeping hold of their share. Naturally, ha-ha!"

The lady smiled and nodded.

"I am quite aware of that, of course, Mr. Jay. I realize that an investment which produces 33⅓ per cent per annum has to be created. It cannot be bought with nine thousand pounds."

"Precisely. Nine million would be nearer the mark," said Mr. Jay, and took from a drawer a little but serious-looking notebook which he studied intently for a few seconds.

"Um. . . . Twenty per cent, now. Would you be interested in a 20 per cent investment? I have a rather attractive little proposal here ——"

"Not at all, Mr. Jay. I am ready to gamble a little, but only for the high percentage."

Mr. Jay put away the book.

"Very well," he said. "I shall advise you to embark upon an enterprise the idea of which, frankly, I have for some time past been nursing with a view to carrying out myself. Pressure of business has prevented me, and looks like continuing to do so. I had intended to suggest it to another lady, but it seems to me to be so exactly suited to your requirements that I shall offer it to you."

Mrs. Touchwood looked interested.

"Yes?"

"A beauty shop in Bond Street properly run should show a profit of anything from 50 to 65 per cent," stated Mr. Jay, with entire truth.

The lady thought a while.

"Ye-es. Yes! Curious, that had not occurred to me."

Geo. H. laughed indulgently.

"That is what so many of my clients say when they have paid for ideas which, but for the many distractions of social life, they would have thought of for themselves—fortunately for we business men, I may add, ha-ha! . . . You like the proposal?"

"Well, of course, there must be an enormous profit in the sale of beauty treatments."

"Chiefly, various forms of massage, I believe," suggested Geo. H. "Carried out by very pretty assistants."

"Yes, I know about that," smiled Mrs. Touchwood.

"And the creams, face foods and so forth, might be based on good pure lard, worked up, perfumed, mixed with various necessary chemicals. Lard is cheap, as lard. But as face food, as sweet-smelling emollients, as scented creams, and so forth, it would be by no means cheap. I do not profess to be an expert in these matters, but, speaking as a business man, it seems to me that the beauty business might have the advantage over every other known business in the vital point of cost of raw material."

He was warming up.

"Lard, luckily, can never be dear. It is a necessary food, and farmers throughout the world are growing it more and more—er—intensively daily. Suppose it rises a penny a pound. The housewife might grumble, but the beauty specialist simply would not know it."

It really did sound thrilling, and Mr. Jay evidently was pleased with the sound of it for he quite obviously would have continued lauding lard, in spite of one or two qualms and tremors which had appeared on Mrs. Touchwood's carefully preserved and emollienting face, had she not intervened.

"I have a friend in the lard, fats and oils business, Mrs. Touchwood, and I will see that your cost is ——"

"Quite so, thank you, Mr. Jay. But one would need more than a half-hundredweight of lard to set up as a beauty specialist."

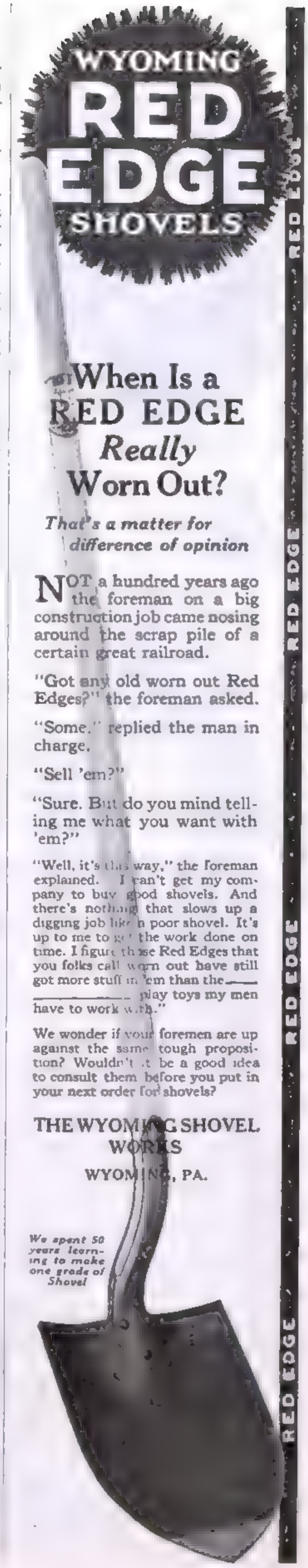
"Indeed, one would," agreed Geo. H., heartily. "Primarily, one would need to find the perfect site for one's establishment. That's vital. Then one would need to engage pretty assistants and a competent and attractive manageress; to retain first call on a chemist who would advise on the new mixtures; a really first-class advertisement writer; and a good idea would be to have first claim on the inventive ability of one of these poets we hear of—or even an ordinary author might do. They get the words somehow, these fellows; Balm of the Orient Blend for Your Tired Complexion, Mignonette Almond Foam for Fading Features, Sweet Breath of Araby Salve for Your Lips, Lavender Luxury Cream for Your Eyebrows—that sort of thing. I haven't got the poetry of the thing, but these poets and author chaps have. They know the right words to sell the goods. The advertisement writer would put their grammar in order. And so your staff, your stock of essences, your astringents, juices, dusts, and, above all, your lard, together with the right site and a really good manageress would see you more than through."

Mrs. Touchwood was impressed, and rightly so. She was a shrewd lady and she saw very quickly the points which the worthy Jay was making.

"Of course," she said musingly. "The position of the establishment is immensely important."

"It must be Bond Street!" urged George, intensely earnest.

"Yes. I see that. But is it possible to find even a small corner in Bond Street?"


WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS
When Is a RED EDGE Really Worn Out?
That's a matter for difference of opinion
NOT a hundred years ago the foreman on a big construction job came nosing around the scrap pile of a certain great railroad.
"Got any old worn out Red Edges?" the foreman asked.
"Some." replied the man in charge.
"Sell 'em?"
"Sure. But do you mind telling me what you want with 'em?"
"Well, it's this way," the foreman explained. I can't get my company to buy good shovels. And there's nothing that slows up a digging job like a poor shovel. It's up to me to get the work done on time. I figure those Red Edges that you folks call worn out have still got more stuff in 'em than the —— play toys my men have to work with."
We wonder if your foremen are up against the same tough proposition? Wouldn't it be a good idea to consult them before you put in your next order for shovels?
THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
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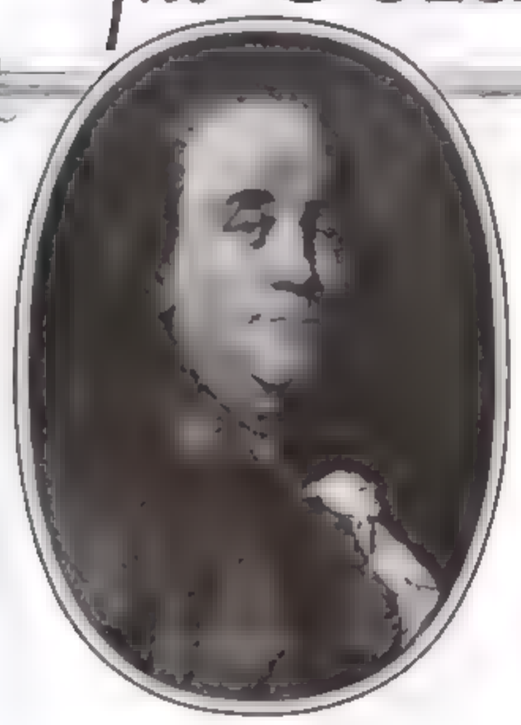
We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of Shovel
RED EDGE

The Golden Years



From a portrait by Duplessis
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

Born 1706—Died 1790.

We all know Franklin as a printer, an essayist and a remarkable statesman, but how many of us know that his most important work was done at an age when all too many men are indulging in fireside leisure? At 68, Franklin was put in charge of the mail service of the colonies.

At 70, he was one of a committee of five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence and was made Commissioner to France to intercede for the colonies. At 75, he was sent on a commission to make peace with Great Britain. At 79, he was made Chief Executive of Pennsylvania and he held that post until he was 82. Shortly before his death at 84, he began fighting for the abolition of slavery.

AT a time when practically nothing was known about the prevention of sickness, when life was hazardous and few but the stalwart survived and when the average length of life was much shorter than it is today, Benjamin Franklin lived to be 84 years old. During those years, Franklin guarded his health and preached fresh air, exercise and moderation in food.

Do you know how long you are likely to live? Have you ever looked at the figures shown in the Life Table prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company? These figures tell, to a day, what the chances are. While the Table does not consider you individually, it does consider the composite you—you and all the other tens of thousands just your age. It averages those in good health, those fairly well and those ailing.

Live Longer

If you are a man, 32 years old, reasonably healthy, the Life Table tells you that you will probably live 35 more years. A woman of the same age will live 36 more years. Is that enough for you? Of course not. Think of all the vigorous men you know who are more than 67. Think of all the busy, worth-while women who are more than 68. Suppose Franklin had died at 67.

We will send you a copy of the Life Table so that you may see what your chances are—whatever your present age may be. If you drift along and do nothing about building up your health you may live as long as the Table indicates. If you are careless you may live fewer years. But if you want to live in good, sound health to a robust, ripe old age, you will begin now to plan for those extra, golden years that may be yours.

How Young are You?

That uncompromising record in the family Bible telling the day you were born may be surmounted. It fixes your *age* but it does not tell how *young* you are. In actual physical condition you may be ten or fifteen years younger than your birth certificate states—or you may be ten or fifteen years older!

Go to your doctor and find out whether your body is keeping its youth. Have him take a health inventory. Perhaps you will discover that you are in much better condition than you thought. If impairments are found they can, in most cases, be corrected. There are few organic diseases, even those which affect heart, lungs, blood vessels and kidneys, which cannot be prevented or held in check.

Get a Life Table. See how many more years it allots to persons of your age. Then have your doctor tell you how to stay young.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

In order that you may know how many years are ahead of you, according to the law of averages, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, upon request, will send you a copy of its Life Table.

And to help you protect your health, we shall be glad to send our booklet, "Your Chance to Live".

Men and women are living longer than their forefathers lived. Life is being made safer than it was a generation ago. Medical science and sanitation are doing marvelous things to combat disease.

One after another dangerous germs have been discovered and the diseases they cause are being brought under control.

Send today for both the Life Table and "Your Chance to Live." They will be mailed you without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new insurance each year

The gentle Jay pondered.

"I must see what can be done. Something might be managed. Leave that open for a day or so, I suggest. I have an idea about that," he urged.

"And you think nine thousand would be ample capital, Mr. Jay?"

"Ample! Oh, ample! I think a beauty specialist might start with a quart of perfume, a stone of lard, a few odds and ends, and about fifty pounds in cash—and win out, at that!"

The lady rose.

"I am very glad I came to see you, Mr. Jay. You have given me an inspiration. We shall do something, I think. I know exactly the lady I need to manage the business for me—and, luckily, I also know a gentleman with a poetic fancy for words."

"Then the rest is simple, provided I can find you a site," declared Mr. Jay.

"Oh, but you must—you really must, somehow. I get more enthusiastic about the business every moment. You need not let money stand in the way, Mr. Jay."

"No. I understand. I shall sacrifice nothing by being parsimonious, I assure you, dear lady. And I shall write to you, or possibly telephone very shortly, indeed."

"That is delightful!"

They parted on that.

"More brains and pluck and get-up-and-go-to-it in her little finger than Archmore and Slender have in the whole of their board room with a directors' meeting sitting in full conference, ha-ha!" triumphed the squire of Finch Court, as he returned to his desk and began to figure furiously.

III

IT DEVELOPED into quite a busy day for the enterprising old Finch Court swordfish, and it was brightened by lunch with Sir Clovis Jackson.

Geo. H. rang him up shortly after Mrs. Touchwood left, and invited him to share a modest midday meal at the Carlton. The gentle one felt that he owed the baronet at least a lunch.

They got on extremely well; each, in his own way, admiring the other. Sir Clovis quite openly expressed his wondering admiration for men who, like Mr. Jay, were capable of leaping daily into the arena of business and at the end of the day leaping out again, usually with something worth having in both hands; and, though he was less open about it, George Henry was conscious of a sort of wondering admiration for a man who, with no money and only a title, contrived eternally to float so apparently serene and prosperous on the top wave of life.

Mr. Jay explained candidly but kindly that, in view of the beauty business, the prospect of any marriage settlement on Sir Clovis—in the event of any marriage occurring—was, he feared, almost painfully remote. Sir Clovis took the sad news like a man.

"I see," he said slowly; "I am not surprised, don't you know. I have been puzzling over the point you made this morning and I quite realize that a husband would have to be something rather exceptional to make him appear an attractive substitute for 33⅓ per cent a year on nine thousand pounds, what?"

"True, true," said Geo. H. gravely. "But can't you manage to make yourself useful to Mrs. Touchwood in this business she proposes to finance?"

"Well, perhaps so. I may prove to be able to give her a few ideas for pretty and elegant names for her wares. I have rather a gift in that way, I am told. I write a little verse—light, pretty things—not serious, of course, what?"

Mr. Jay saw a light.

"Why, you must be the poet she spoke of; the man who can give a face food a name so elegant and charming that nobody in the world would ever dream of associating it with a good, plain, homely base like lard."

Sir Clovis nodded, smiling perhaps a shade wanly.

"I have no doubt that she meant me," he said. "I could call lard quite a lot of things that sound prettier; but then, anybody could, what?"

"And there are lots of other ways you could be of service to her. Keep an eye on the business, and the pretty assistants—that sort of thing," continued Geo. H. cheerily. "Drop in for half an hour every morning—no great hardship, that. And if you get up against any real business difficulty, all you have to do is to come to me. I'll soon put it right for you, and charge you nothing, bar just my ordinary bit of commission."

Sir Clovis acknowledged this handsome offer gratefully, and presently, much cheered, departed to get ready to take tea with Mrs. Touchwood.

"A very decent, sporting gentlemanly fellow indeed—doesn't throw his baronetcy about," mused Mr. Jay strolling back to his office. "Should be glad to help him shoot his pheasants, when he's got any to shoot. Simple, unassuming, frank, manly; might almost be a high-class agent, as far as manner is concerned. Could use a man like that in my business, if only there was time to give him about ten or twelve years' training."

He reached his office, and taking a long breath—of cigar smoke—threw himself violently at his job. An hour later he touched his bell. Mr. Gus Golding appeared.

"Hah, that you, Gus, my boy? Got your pen?" Mr. Jay pointed to a space at the foot of a written page. "Just sign your name there, will you?"

Gus signed, picked up the two half crowns which the gentle George had laid without comment on the table by the document, said "'Nk you," and left.

It was noteworthy that Mr. Golding evinced no curiosity or interest in what he had signed, and it was characteristic of the gentle Jay that he evinced not the slightest inclination to tell his clerk what he signed.

Mr. Jay had no use for a clerk that was nastily particular about signing a thing blind, and Mr. Golding was fully aware of it. It might have been anything on earth from a firm contract to commit suicide next morning to confession of arson, forgery, barratry or bigamy, but it did not disturb Gus. He had nothing worth signing away—yet—and the customary five shillings was to his mind pretty good pay for his autograph.

As a matter of fact he had merely signed an acknowledgment of the fact that he had taken over the unexpired nineteen years of a twenty-one-year lease of a shop in Bond Street.

Ten minutes later Mr. Jay was on his way to see Mrs. Touchwood, his big face beaming with pleasure at the thought that he was a bearer of glad tidings.

"I shall let her off lightly, for she's a sensible, level-headed, good-looking woman, with no frills on her—at least, not that I

(*Continued on Page 84*)

GORHAM PLATE

Tea Spoons 6 for $ 3.50
Dessert Knives 6 for 12.00
Dessert Forks 6 for 6.25

In the BRADFORD PATTERN

COFFEE SET
3 pieces $45.00
WAITER 15" long
$20.00

THE GORHAM name on plated ware is your assurance of that rare quality which for over ninety years has distinguished the productions of the Gorham Master Craftsmen. More, it pledges authenticity of design. Bradford is but one of the many charming patterns in Gorham Plate your jeweler will gladly show you. Its simplicity and lovely contour will delight you.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

AMERICA'S - LEADING - SILVERSMITHS - FOR - OVER = 90 - YEARS

(Continued from Page 82)

know of, ha-ha!—and I am no leech," he told himself. "She shall have the lease for a clean, modest fifteen hundred now that those half-witted hounds, Archmores, have shied on the thing. . . . It's not what I hoped to turn over, but it's better than being stuck with the thing, and anyway I shall slide a very pretty little thousand into the refrigerator. . . . Yes, fifteen hundred it had better be. . . . Not so bad if not good. Might make it seventeen fifty, if the barometer's rising."

He smiled at London out of the taxi window.

"Not such a bad little burg as some of these knockers try to paint her, I believe," he crooned, as agents will in a fair wind with a wet sail.

And because the charming Mrs. Ninethousa—Touchwood, that is to say—had got three-quarters of an hour before she need slip into the little tea frock that was to send Sir Clovis Jackson clean over into the deep end, she was by no means loath to accede to the suggestion of jolly Mr. Jay that they should forthwith run round and view the scene of the pending beauty factory.

It was a dainty little place with plenty of room at the back, recently occupied by a disgruntled visionary who had taken an expensive chance there with a sack of pale garnets—pale enough to pass for rubies. He had bought the consignment cheaply and had conceived the idea of calling them Hawaiian rubies and selling them so dearly that the rent and overhead of the Bond Street shop would make no more than the most trivial of dents in his profits.

But he had discovered that the denizens of Bond Street and its purlieus knew rather more about pink garnets and their correct relation to nonreconstructed pigeon's blood rubies than he had foreseen, and the inevitable result had read as follows:

"Absconder first, Bankruptcy second, Receiver third. Won by a short head. John Law fourth."

Mrs. Touchwood was charmed with the place, and said so.

"Certainly, and so am I," echoed gentle Mr. Jay. "Call it by an attractive name—eh? Ye Wonder-workers' House—nunno—Ye—no—I've got it, Mrs. Touchwood—call it The Witch's House—you see, don't you?—the place where pretty little witches charm away the wrinkles!—and half of smart London will be wearing out your threshold and your till before you've really had time to get the lard properly mixed up with the various perfumes and things!"

"Perfectly splendid—'The Witch's House.' An ideal name. That is something like a flash of genius, Mr. Jay!"

"Oh, well," said Geo. H., slightly shrugging "Hardly that, but, still, not too bad"

"I want it. I see it," enthused Mrs. Touchwood "I see it as The Witch's House!"

That being so, there was nothing left to accomplish but the mere formality of paying for it.

"I am glad, very glad, you like it," said George, honestly if self-interestedly pleased. "And now for a morsel of good news. After business comes pleasure—haha. Mrs. Touchwood, I can secure you the unexpired lease—nineteen years—at the same yearly rent as the last tenant paid, for a quick cash payment of only seventeen hundred and fifty pounds! Yes! Actually! . . . And that, I imagine, is the best part of the whole thing. What do you say to that, Mrs. Touchwood? Nineteen years' lease of the daintiest little place in Bond Street for a premium, so to put it, of seventeen fifty!"

Geo. H. was honestly surprised at his own moderation.

"I call it most lucky!"

"When you consult your regular family solicitors, you might tell them that it was I—Jay of Finch Court—secured it for you."

"Oh, I'm not consulting them," laughed the lady. "They swoon at the idea of anything but trustee securities. Oh, no, I will give you a check now—as soon as I get home—you will have tea, won't you?—and close the bargain at once!"

"Aha. I see that you are indeed a business lady," said the gentle one playfully, and felt for his papers.

A chatty quarter of an hour over the teacups, check books and fountain pens, with Sir Clovis hovering aristocratically around, put everything in order; and within half an hour of that, Mr. Jay—a quick man—had transferred the lease from Gus Golding to the lady, sent the completed document round to her, and was sitting back in his chair, patting, so to speak, a very charming little check fraternally on the head, and regretting that he had not suggested an addition to it of 15 per cent for his commission instead of the ten he had got.

"And that is that, Golding, my boy," he said blandly to Gus when that one looked in about closing time to see if Mr. Jay wanted anything more done, or whether, peradventure, there was anything the gentle one wished to give his clerk to mark the end of a day's perfect agenting. "That is that, and if I had a free pass to the theater handy, I'd give it you, Gus, so that you could have a jolly evening at the theater. Don't happen to have one, however. Pity."

Mr. Golding's face fell.

"Sooner you hadn't said anything about it, sir," he ventured to suggest. "You kind of raised my hopes—me not having anything much to do this evening"

Mr. Jay looked fixedly at his aide.

"Oh, that so? Humph!"

He disassociated himself from a ten-shilling note.

"All right. Go to the damned theater, my boy. You've done pretty well, recently. Only, mind now, don't let me have any presuming on a kindness—hey, now?"

"Certainly not, sir," disclaimed Gus, absorbing the note. "Good night, sir." And went.

Mr. Jay selected the biggest cigar in the box.

"Not a bad lad—as lads go," he said, and began to ponder which of the more expensive restaurants would be most likely to compete with his healthy appetite that evening.

"The best would hardly be too good, anyway. For I certainly deserve my dinner. There's not such a multitude of agents would have closed out quite so slick a deal in the time—why, it reminds me of Miss Winnie O'Wy——"

The telephone rang itself deliriously at the slick one. Mr. Jay reached out a lazy, even patronizing hand to it.

"Yes. George H. Jay speaking," he purred indulgently, and listened.

If a shaft of barbed lightning had shot out into his ear hole he could not have sat up quicker than he did a second later; if a large, powerful specter had slid clammily into the office, reaching out hungrily for him, he could not have looked more horrified than he looked two seconds later; and a man with a fishbone jammed lengthways across his glottis could not have spoken more hoarsely than George Henry spoke five seconds later.

"Hey? . . . Archmore, is it? You say you've reconsidered your decision re a branch for your firm in Bond Street, and you're prepared to pay the three thousand pounds for the lease I offered you!"

He ground his teeth, but though his eyes went slightly bloodshot he kept his head.

"Well, I'm afraid you're too late, Mr. Archmore. The lease is gone. You had your chance, you know. . . . Eh? . . . Get it back? Not a chance—at the money—at any money. The buyer's delighted with a real bargain. I'm sorry. It's hard to get hold of a place like that in Bond Street. Doubt if there's another such. . . . Eh? Well, if that's so—if you don't want to boggle about a few pounds, I'll do my best. But I don't think I shall succeed, frankly speaking However, what's your limit? Do my best, anyway. . . Right. I'll communicate again," he declared, hung up, and began to utter a string of libels against Archmore and Slender that would have got him arrested if uttered in public.

And he was justified in giving way to his agony. Owing to a change of policy, Archmore's were entirely willing, anxious even, to part with three thousand pounds, possibly more, for that which the gentle Jay had just sold for seventeen hundred and fifty.

"Twelve hundred and fifty pounds flung away by sheer stupidity! They're like a lot of weathercocks in a whirlwind, Archmore and Slender—don't know their own minds two seconds together. . . . Lord, ain't there anything but loss in the agency business these days! Lose—lose—lose—that's agency, nowadays. And if you see a chance of snatching a speck of profit, something snicks off your hand at the wrist as you reach out for it!"

He gripped the lower half of his head and face in both hands, and glared at the desk before him.

"Wouldn't treat a dog this way. . . . She'll never sell it! Don't blame her. Why should she? She's got a good gamble, and that's what she was looking for. Doesn't need any money. . . . No, not a chance. I'll have to grin and bear it. But it's tough—it's too tough. No fault of my own—did my best for all parties all round and then get it full in the face, this way. Not a right thing. No. Too tough. I'd sell the business tomorrow if I could find a buyer—the way things are going. Can make losses without keeping a costly office to do it in—eh?—like Sir Clovis Jackson."

He pulled himself together and began to think so hard that he almost started purple pouches forming under his eyes.

His mention of Sir Clovis had given him the ghost of an idea.

"There's a man who doesn't want to see all that good money of Mrs. Touchwood's flung away—squandered, one may say—on a wild-cat proposition like a beauty shop—a Witch's House!" he told himself.

"The whole darn thing has been a lot too impulsive, anyway. Shrewd chap, that Sir Clovis. . . . After all, even a beauty-shop backer needs some notion of business if she's going to do any real good with the thing. Yes, we've all been too impulsive. Not a doubt of it. I blame myself—and Mrs. Touchwood. She kind of lit me up. Still, I'm the one who pays for my folly. I'm the goat. Cost me something better than twelve hundred and fifty pounds of Archmore's money. Sheer dead loss."

He groaned a little more, but kept control of himself.

"What would Miss Winnie O'Wynn do in a matter like this? Sell somebody something, somewhere, somehow. . . . But me, I'm a plain, straightforward agent with a barbed arrow sticking in me somewhere. I'm not a lady conjurer—no. I'm Jay—poor old Jay, Finch Court, London. And I'm sorry for myself and I'll own it."

He ground his teeth some more.

"Not to beat about the bush, that woman has made a mistake through my fault. And I've got to swallow my medicine and admit it and put things right. . . . There ain't 33⅓ per cent in lard anyway—there never was—not even if you scented it so it would smell from here to Araby. Carried away! But when it comes down to cold thinking ——"

His hand stole to the telephone, hovered there.

"I've got to get her out of this thing somehow. I got her in—it's up to me to rescue her. I got a sympathy with her, but these Archmore people deserve none and will get it. They make me mad. I guess I will get even with them. I'll get Mrs. Touchwood clear off the thing—get her money back for her, intact except for just my trifle of commission—and soak it into Archmore's in a way that will make 'em think before they try to play the fool with any other well-known agent. Yes, sir, I will that or my name ain't George Goat Jay!"

His fingers were closing on the telephone when the instrument again became metallically vociferous. Mr. Jay answered the call.

It was Sir Clovis Jackson on the line, demanding congratulations. It appeared—to the gentle George's straining ear—that he had so cheered and heartened up Sir Clovis at lunch and tea time that the poverty-stricken baronet had steeled himself, had proposed to Mrs. Touchwood and had been promptly accepted.

For some obscure reason, Sir Clovis appeared to think he owed his good fortune to Mr. Jay, and the squire of Finch Court did not disabuse his mind of that notion. He congratulated Sir Clovis almost violently.

"I've been thinking pretty hard about Mrs. Touchwood and you, Sir Clovis," he declared. "And my reflections had brought me to the conclusion that your original notion about settlements was sounder than Mrs. T.'s idea about a beauty shop."

That was great news for Clovis.

Geo. H. talked rapidly for a couple of minutes, listened a little, then, with a final congratulation, rang off, glancing at the clock as he did so.

"Five and twenty minutes to seven, and here's me still slaving, while my own clerk is gone, or going, to the theater, on my money," he grumbled, and called up Mrs. Touchwood.

Five minutes after that he was on his way once more to the lady's house, with what he often described as "his honest old face" beaming and his honest old brains running wild.

Mrs. Touchwood, all bethrilled and happy at the notion of shortly becoming Lady Jackson—or, possibly, Lady Touchwood-Jackson—had seemed oddly uninterested in a point concerning The Witch's House which Geo. Henry had raised at the telephone.

So very uninterested, indeed, that Mr. Jay had conceived the iron to be intensely heated and was on his way to hit it hard while it was hot.

"I hurried around at once, Mrs. Touchwood," he was saying shortly, "because, speaking as a business man, your engagement to Sir Clovis shed an entirely new light on—er—things in general. You may disagree with me—I fear you will—but, nevertheless, it is my duty to be frank without fear or favor. A paid agent who will not speak his honest mind is, in my opinion, of no use. Myself, I am too frank, I fear—it will amuse you to hear that among those who know me best I am occasionally called 'Honest John Jay,' ha-ha! Just their fun, of course. But, seriously, Mrs. Touchwood, I have been asking myself a very pointed question ever since I heard the news of your engagement to Sir Clovis Jackson."

"A pointed question, Mr. Jay?"

The lady made her eyes go big and inquiring.

"About this lease—about The Witch's House, in short. Will Lady Jackson, happily married to one of the most charming eligible baronets in Great Britain, be well advised to continue with her Witch's House proposal? Will not nine thousand pounds look to a married lady rather less like money for a gamble than like a very handsome sum which can be put to a better and safer use? I am asking myself that, La—er—Mrs. Touchwood, and I do not find myself hurrying to say 'No.'"

"Oh! You think that I would be wiser to abandon the beauty shop, Mr. Jay?" asked the lady.

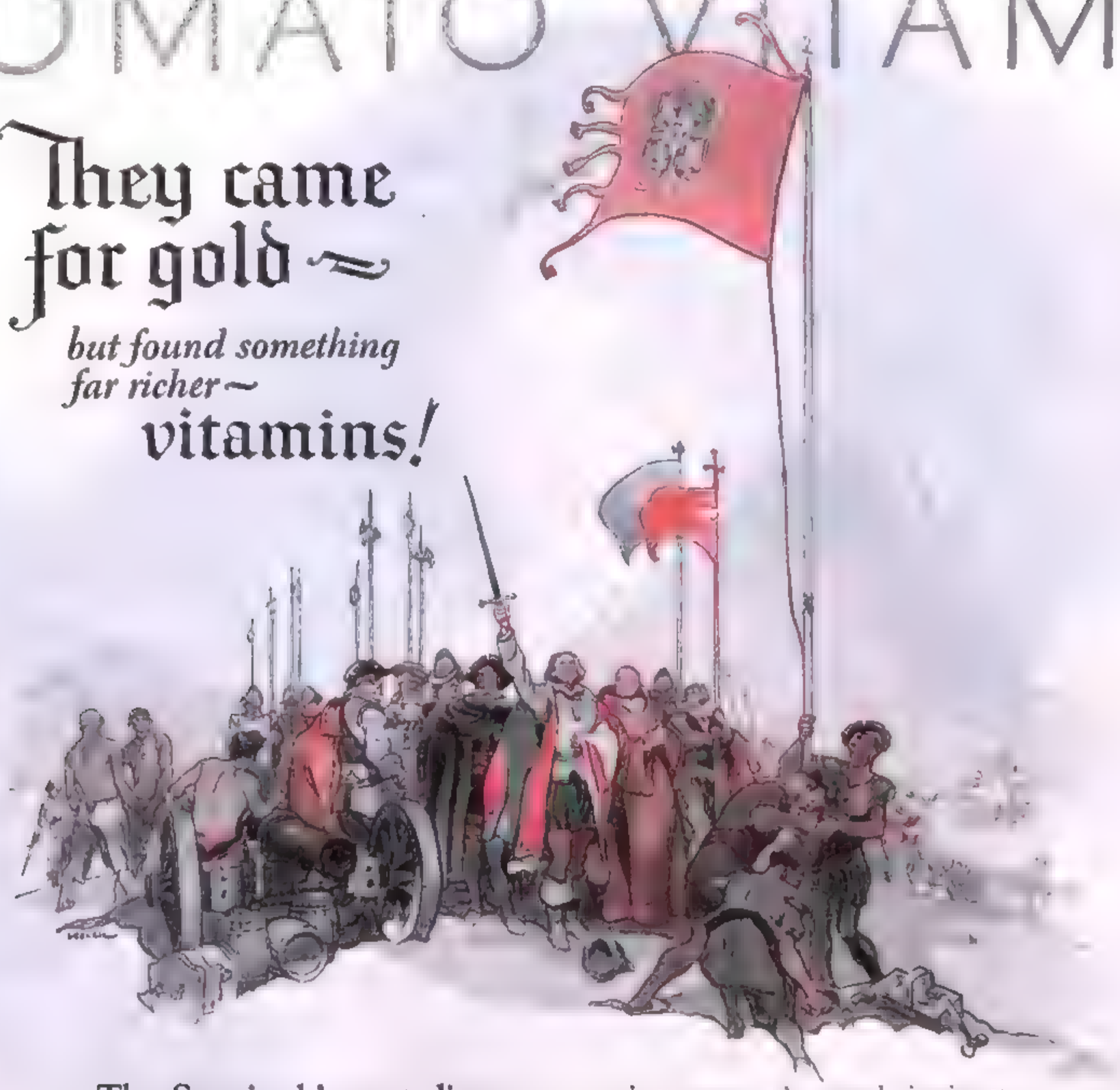
"To be frank, yes. Decidedly, yes. . . . And for many reasons. You will not have the time to spare for keeping an eye on your investment. You will hardly care, I imagine, to put a charming and fascinating man like Sir Clovis into a position where he can hardly avoid coming into close contact with some of the prettiest girls, your assistants, in London—for they must be pretty, specially selected for their looks, if they are going to make The Witch's House a success. You know what poachers some of these modern girls are—forgive me, if I am blunt. Moreover, as a lady of obvious tact, you would not desire that Sir Clovis should run to you for every shilling he needed—for, as you know, family losses have left him with very greatly reduced means ——"

"Oh, yes, I understand. I know he has no money," said Mrs. Touchwood thoughtfully.

(Continued on Page 89)

TOMATO VITAMINS

They came for gold ~ but found something far richer ~ vitamins!



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The gold which the early Spanish discoverers brought from America was spent long ago. But they found a source of greater wealth which renews itself every year, a delectable and nourishing food—tomatoes.

Tomatoes are rich in vitamins, of all foods the most important source of this vital spark. Through the centuries they have been building health, now more than ever because they are available the year 'round as tomato products.

Snider's Catsup and other Snider tomato products preserve the natural vitamins at full strength. The Catsup for example is made only of tomatoes ripened on the vine, cooked at the right temperature and for the right length of time to retain the vitamins, and bottled the same day they are picked and cooked

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In France, home of cosmetics, it has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Blended of cosmetics oils, famous since the days of Cleopatra, Palmolive is made to be used freely; on the skin.

Remember these facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

Palmolive Soap is
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Will others he meets tonight outrival you in natural charm?

The allure of natural skin beauty, as thousands will tell you, follows a simple, daily care

TO be charming today, one strives for *natural beauty.* All of modern beauty culture is directed to that end.

Every day, on every side, one sees the result . . . beauty that stands in contrast to the artificial allure of yesterday.

Skin care has become a simple matter, with cleanliness and healthfully open pores its basis. Natural beauty thus is safeguarded and protected.

The rule is one anyone can follow with little effort or bother . . . just the daily use of the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as embodied in Palmolive.

Natural beauty . . . the daily care that fosters it is this:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

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Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

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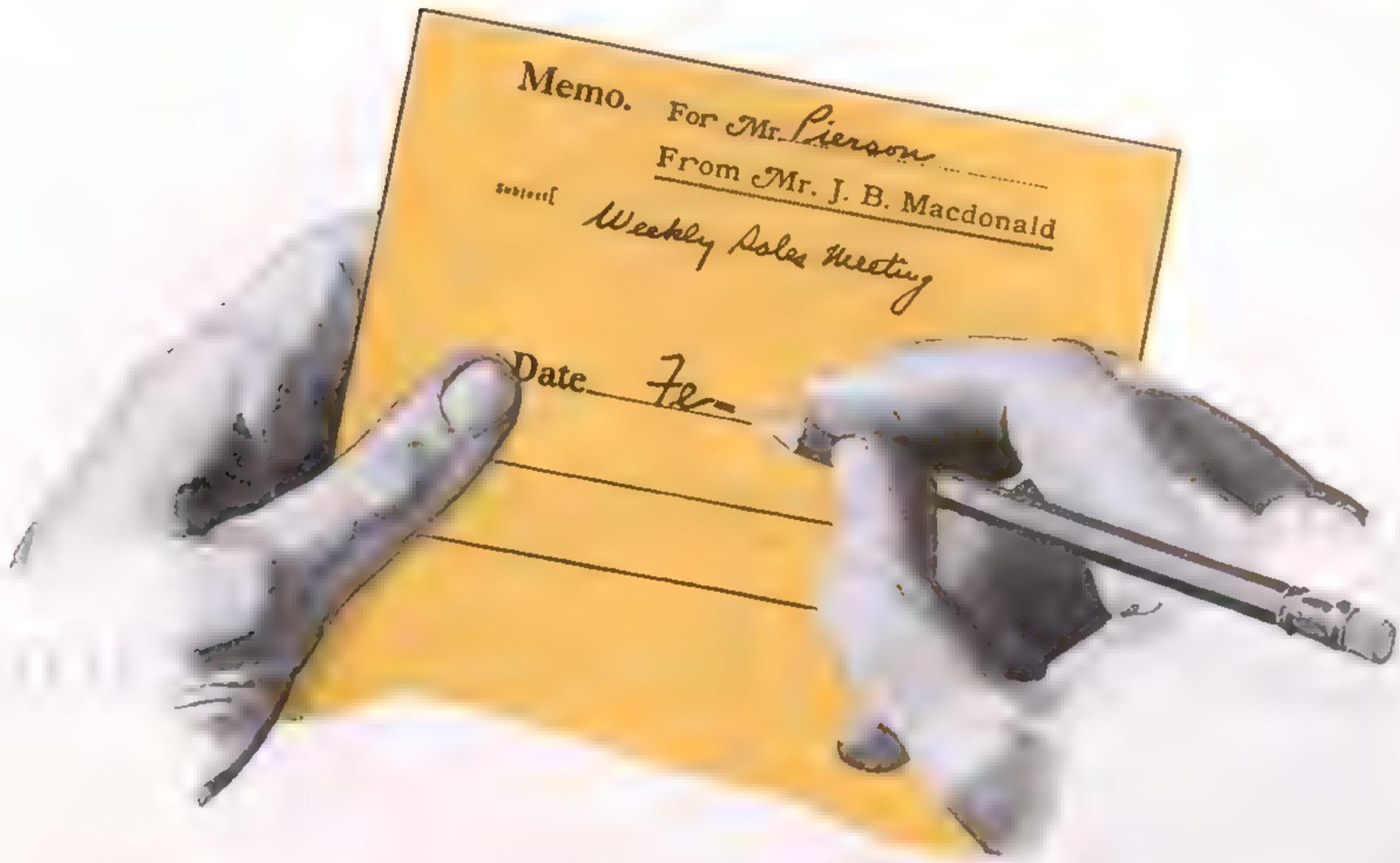

The best line in business– the *date line*

DID you ever come back from a trip and find a note on your desk saying that Mr. Browne wants you to lunch with him "tomorrow," and then wonder when tomorrow might be because the note is not dated? Or learn that there was a conference "yesterday"—whenever on the calendar that was!

One of the happiest things about printed forms is that they have date lines . . . indicated spaces that say, "Fill me in before you do anything else."

Printed forms—memo blanks, requisitions, orders, routing slips, out-of-the-file sheets, etc.—are an incentive to be orderly. They mean speed and precision; conserve time and prevent blunders. The business of today would not be possible without printed forms.

Your different forms should be in different colors so that they can identify themselves at once. One of the many advantages of Hammermill Bond as the paper for printed forms is that it is made in twelve standard colors as well as white.

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Write, on your business letterhead, and we shall be glad to send you, without charge, our Working Kit of printed forms and samples of Hammermill Bond in the full line of colors.

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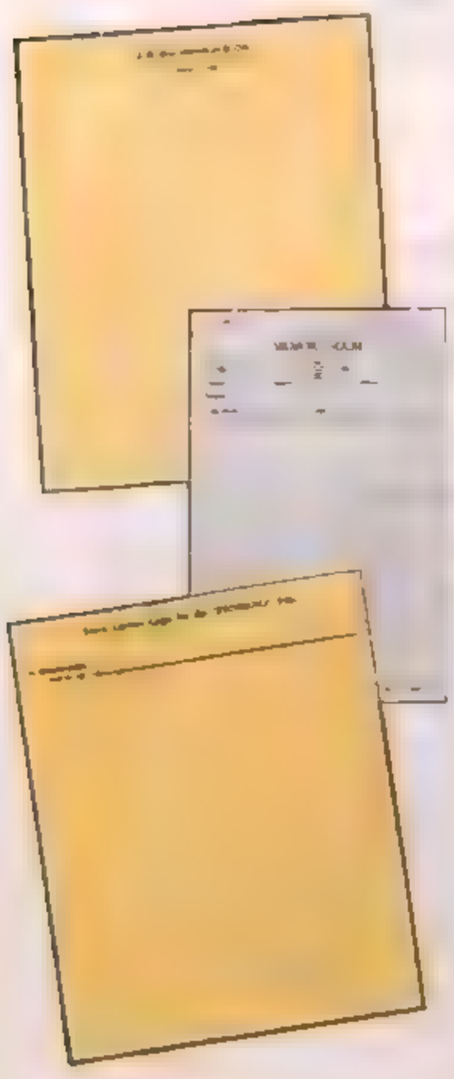

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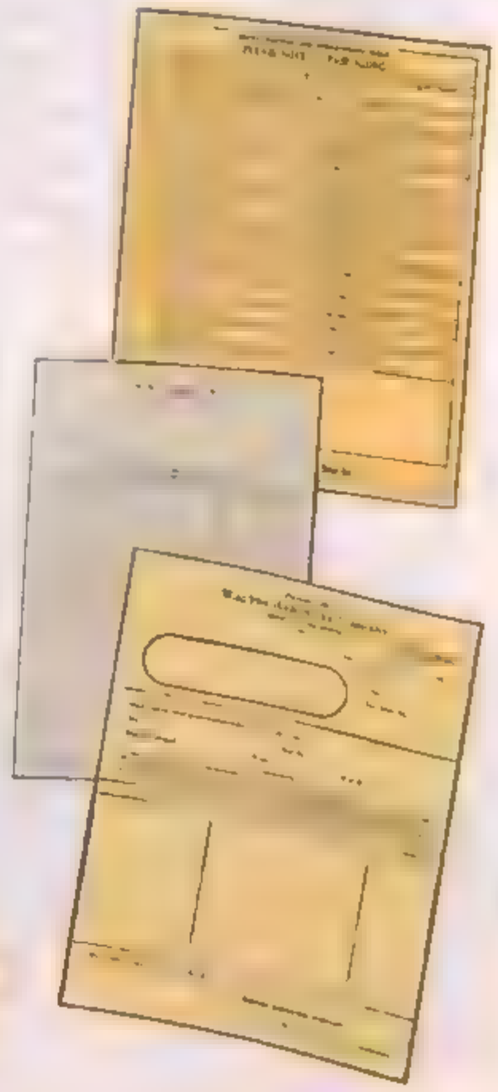


(Continued from Page 84)

"But when you are married and settled down he will have a position to keep up – a little shooting, hunting, various charities and so forth. That is expected of him. If he has to come to you for every penny, he will feel cheapened, mortified. . . . I have seen it happen before. It has wrecked many married lives. So I honestly feel it my duty to say to you that, speaking as an agent jealous of his reputation, my considered opinion is this." He paused impressively.

"Yes?"

"Abandon the idea of the beauty gamble with the nine thousand pounds and, instead, settle it on Sir Clovis Jackson—the income it will produce from gilt-edged securities, I mean—with proper safeguards for its return to you in the event—the improbable event—of divorce or any such contingency. It should be worth five hundred a year to him, to help him make a creditable showing, and it will eliminate risk of—er—all sorts of things. And of course the money will, so to speak, still be in the family."

Evidently she agreed with every word; probably she had decided upon her course before Honest John had spoken. The question she asked made that clear.

"But if I give up the project, Mr. Jay, how shall I get back the money I have paid for the lease? Can I get it back?"

Gentle Mr. Jay stood erect and looked kind of noble.

"My dear lady, you are dealing with an agent recommended to you by Miss Winnie O'Wynn! Give yourself no uneasiness about that lease—none whatever. It was I who advised buying it. Circumstances have changed and now I advise your selling it. I am prepared to guarantee you the return of your money in full—less the ordinary, everyday, professional commission."

"I agree; I accept your proposal, Mr. Jay," said the lady very eagerly—almost too eagerly. "If you can do that for me I shall be only too glad to pay the everyday commission, of course."

She was clearly as wild to get out of the scheme as Honest John was to get her out.

"Ha! I am a quick man, Mrs. Touchwood. An agent has to be nowadays," he declaimed, and drew forth the agreement to purchase signed by the lady only a fleeting hour or two before, together with her check and a counterpart of the agreement.

"I am a quick man," he repeated, smiling. "Here are the documents binding you, here is the check you paid, and there is the fireplace!"

He beamed all over.

"Do with these things just whatever you consider you would like to do, my dear Mrs. Touchwood."

His dear Mrs. Touchwood did not hesitate. She glanced at the papers, recognized them, and promptly dropped them, with the check, into the fire, watched them burn and turned to the indulgently smiling George.

"You won't mind my saying, Mr. Jay, that in my opinion you are the most considerate and brilliant agent I have ever known?" she said enthusiastically.

"No, I won't mind your saying that, dear lady," acquiesced modest Geo. H., producing another small paper, a neat little sheet rather like a doctor's bill form, thus:

FIVE FINCH COURT,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
LONDON.

Mrs. Raymond Touchwood to George Henry Jay, F. A. I., M. A. G.

For professional services rendered . . £350

With Compliments.

Evidently the lady breaker of banks was more than satisfied, for she reached for her check book at once. On the whole, as Mr. Jay correctly figured it, she could afford to call it a brilliant get-out at the comparatively small cost of a mere three fifty or so. Having satisfied himself about this, the gentle one felt that he could safely condole.

"It may seem to you rather a heavy price to pay for what was not so much an error of judgment as a change demanded by altered circumstances impossible to foresee," he explained. "But, after all, it is no more than the barest minimum we agents are allowed to charge. Ten per cent the transaction, that is to say. Ten on the original purchase, ten on the resale."

He bent over her, lightly indicating the letters after his name.

"As you observe, I am a fellow of the Agents' Institute of Great Britain, and a member of the Agents' Guild. These bodies are as strict about the fees their members may and may not charge as—er—solicitors."

"Oh, that's quite satisfactory, Mr. Jay, thank you."

Geo. H., tenderly folding home the check in his wallet, described himself as gratified, recongratulated her on her pending married happiness and departed.

He took one taxi—but the way he was feeling now, he would have preferred to take two, had such an absurd extravaganza as riding two taxis bareback through London been permissible to a fellow of the Agents' Institute.

The town was now busy with the clamor and surge of the theater and dinner-going crowds, but the squire of Finch Court no longer felt hurt about that. He would get his dinner presently—yes, and maybe drop into a show somewhere—when he had finished business. Indeed, it was with a species of paternal indulgence that he surveyed the throngs.

"Better for most of you, far, far better, if you did as I'm doing. That is, to think a little less of yourselves and your own pleasure, and instead, to put in a little honest overtime on your businesses. Hard times like these, especially," he said. But his tone was kindly. He wasn't really annoyed with them at all.

He got Sir Clovis at his flat just as that happy man was about to start off to collect Mrs. Touchwood for an evening out and about.

"Well, Sir Clovis, I won't detain you long," he boomed, with a laugh like the sound of a great, good-natured wave breaking on a good-humored old rock somewhere. "I really only looked in to tell you that I have been able to arrange for that charming lady, Mrs. Touchwood, to settle the income of nine thousand on you when she becomes your wife; the said income to be exclusively yours as long as you behave."

Sir Clovis went all funny for a moment.

"That's all right," said Mr. Jay, patting him on the back. "Love on Easy Street is a lot better than Love down Penury Place, ha-ha! More facile, so to put it."

Sir Clovis observed that he owed Mr. Jay more than he could ever repay. Facetiously, George let himself look alarmed.

"I do most sincerely hope not," he declared, producing a small, unimportant document. "For I'm going to ask you to initial this—or better sign, perhaps. An unnecessary formality, but my guild is very strict about formalities."

It was only a promise to pay a small matter of ordinary commission of a mere fifteen per cent on the marriage settlement so successfully negotiated by the squire of Finch Court—fifteen per cent on nine thousand—thirteen hundred and fifty pounds, the lowest Geo. H. was allowed to charge by his guild.

"Oh, certainly, my dear fellow," said Sir Clovis almost apologetically, and signed very boldly indeed, even importing his valet to witness it.

Honest John beamed some more, and playfully pushed the baronet out of the flat.

"Now go and have a happy time—and think sometimes of poor old George H. Jay, toiling on his overtime. . . . Your man here shall give me the whisky and soda I deserve, but there's no need to keep you from the lady to watch me drink it, ha-ha. Au revoir! . . . Been with Sir Clovis long, my man?" he asked of the arreary-looking valet.

"Ten years, sir!"

"Ah! I see you're one of the old-fashioned, loyal—that's enough soda—kind."

"Sir Clovis is a white man, sir."

"He is all that, and he deserves his luck."

"Luck, sir?"

"Yes, indeed. He is going to marry a well-to-do lady who loves him and whom he loves, and he is going to be, on the whole and one way and another, pretty well off in future."

The arreary look began to evaporate from the valet's face.

"That's good, sir. Sir Clovis deserves it."

"I'm sure of that, my man," replied George, finished his refreshment, shed a note on the valet and left.

He headed—still in one totally inadequate taxi—for the big house where the man, Archmore, sat awaiting him.

Mr. Archmore was a curt man, and like Mr. Jay, was in a hurry to finish work for the day.

"Get it?" he said.

"I did."

"How much for it?"

"Five thousand pounds!" said George Henry.

Mr. Archmore stood up.

"No. It's too much. I'll stand for losing a little flesh, but I won't lose both flesh and blood. Let it go. Good night, Jay."

"Good night," said Geo. H. without a tremor. "Sorry to have bothered you."

Archmore let him reach the door before he spoke.

"Look here, Jay. I'll give you three thousand five hundred. Yes or no! We can do with the place—but, also, we can still do nicely without it. Take it or leave it."

George H. was almost always capable of recognizing finality when he heard it.

"I'll take it, Mr. Archmore," he said. "You paying my commission."

"Damn your commission, Mr. Jay!" said Archmore blasphemously.

It was the most shocking observation that Honest John Jay had been compelled to listen to for months. It hurt.

"My commission, Mr. Archmore, is my daily bread," he observed with dignity.

"Well, get it from your client—the person you're selling for—can't you? Probably yourself, I should say." Archmore laughed. "That's it—pay yourself your own commission."

His harsh face went all good-humored at the sight of the horror and disgust which the revolting idea of paying himself his own commission painted on the agent's every feature.

"Tut, tut, man, be sane, be sane! Mustn't be too greedy these days. Have a cigar."

Resignedly, George H. took the cigar.

"Oh, very well," he said. "If you put it that way!"

He passed the last of his documents, signed it, exchanged it for Archmore's check and glanced at the clock.

"You may or may not believe it, Mr. Archmore, but this has been pretty well a twelve-hour day for me!" he said.

Archmore nodded.

"I know, I know. It's awful," he condoled. "That's the way I have to slave too. Sometimes I ask myself if it's all worth while."

George H. nodded sympathetically.

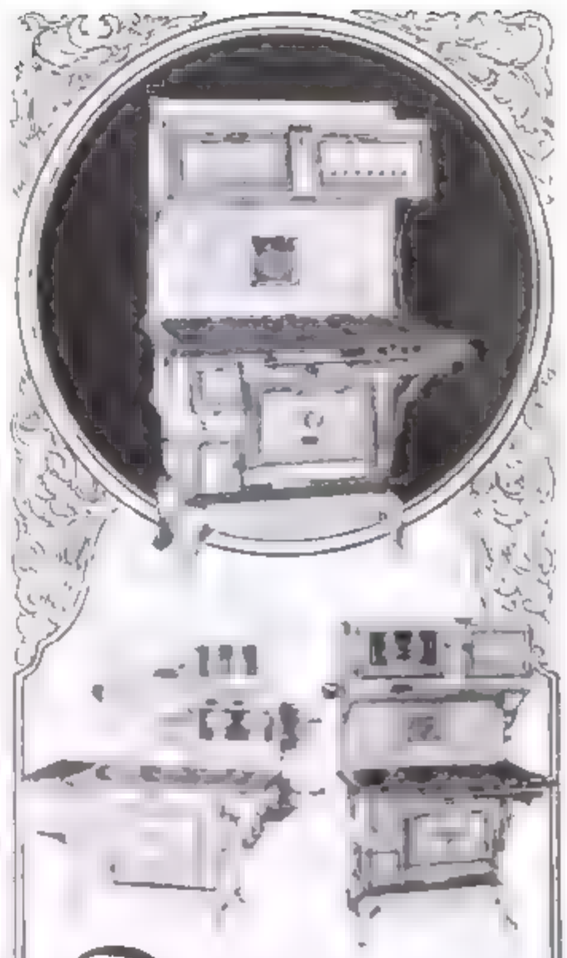
"Yes, yes. So do I."

"And what's the answer?" demanded Archmore with a deep, far-back twinkle in his eyes.

The squire of Finch Court reflected for a moment on the three thousand pound profit on the lease, plus the three hundred and fifty pound commission from Mrs. Touchwood, plus the thirteen hundred and fifty pound to come from Sir Clovis, from which total must be deducted fifteen shillings squandered on Gus Golding. Then he replied.

"The answer? Why, I think the answer is that it's worth it. On the whole, yes, worth it. It's a hardish life, but a man ought to do his best with things as he finds them—eh? Ha-ha!"

And so saying, shook hands, and once again let himself loose on London, walking full and free and bold.



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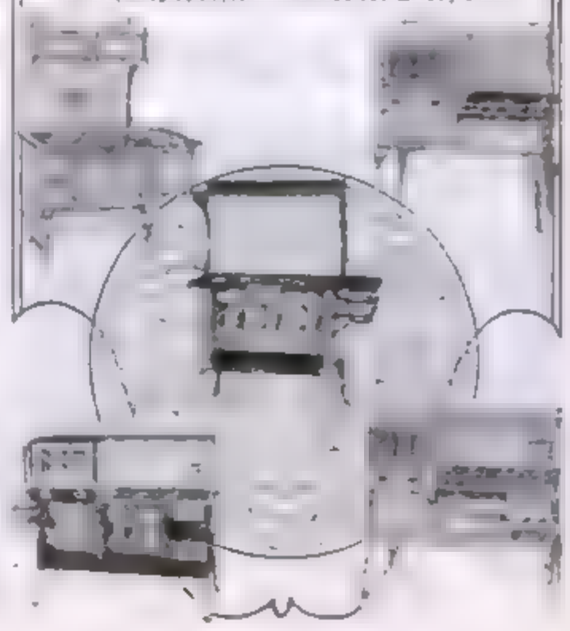
Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel



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With this ample stock to work with, it is possible to give a perfect bevel which terminates in a minute but true edge—a *super-keen* edge which is also super-durable—*the keenest edge in the world.*

The Ever-Ready Blade (A) above, is scientifically better than the thin wafer blade (B). It gives the *perfect shaves* made possible by its husky construction—and it *retains* its *keenness* through shave after shave.

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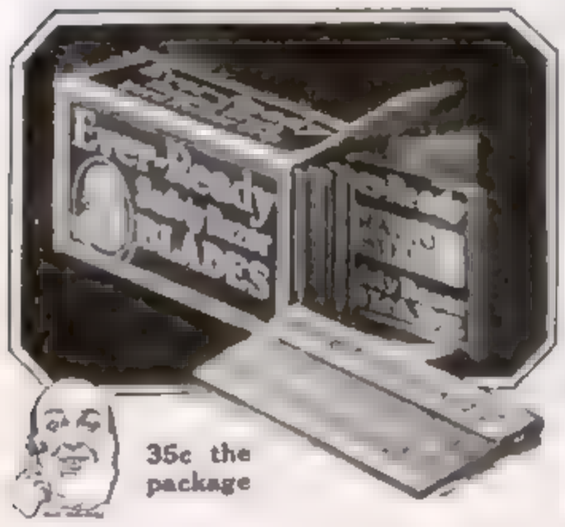

35c the package

JAZZ

(Continued from Page 5)

up to then, New York had never heard any jazz. Chicago had and New Orleans and San Francisco, but not New York. The café made something of a point of the band's debut—raised the cover charge and boosted the food prices. The dancers came, too, but when they heard the music they didn't know what to make of it.

The band played an entire jazz selection. Not a soul stepped out on the floor. The café manager, standing on the sidelines, was ready to weep with wretchedness. The men guests were suddenly conscious of their high collars and the women of shoes that hurt. And there sat the unhappy band, banging away, surrounded by a scene as festive as a funeral.

Finally the manager, desperate, dry lipped but determined, raised an arm to halt the incomprehensible music. "This is jazz, ladies and gentlemen," he pleaded. "It's to be danced to."

Perhaps it was his woebegone countenance that relieved the strain. At any rate somebody laughed and every gentleman grabbed his lady and began to cavort. Bang, bang, slap-bang, hip hooray! Jazz had hit New York and New York had gone down before it! In two years the thing had sprung from New Orleans to Chicago, from Chicago to San Francisco, had taken rough form and overrun the continent, had captured New York and spread from North to South and from East to West, with only isolated portions of New England and New Englandism holding out against it.

A Symphony Past and Jazz Future

A reporter who once came to get a success story from me complained bitterly that I hadn't undergone enough hardships. He explained that to be of any real value for his kind of tale I should have started to work at twelve to support an invalid mother and fourteen small brothers and sisters. Another thing he deplored was that I hadn't "fought my way up." In fact, he intimated that it looked to him as if I'd risen without much trouble and then gone down again of my own accord. That was his opinion of jazz, and he's not alone in it.

It's true that I've been broke only at intervals and that, even then, I might have called on relatives for help if I had been so minded. But just the same I feel as if jazz and I have come over some pretty rough roads together. We have had to fight for recognition, and folks have never spared our feelings if they felt inclined to tell us what they thought of us. They still consider us fair targets, for that matter. Every day or so somebody emphasizes my horrible jazz present by referring to my honorable symphony and string-quartet past. There are plenty of people who carry around that double-edged knife and use it any time to stab jazz and the leaders of the jazz movement simultaneously.

I am less vulnerable to such digs, now that I'm standing on my own legs with a clear idea of what I am trying to do. And I don't mind admitting that having the price of a good-sized meal in my pocket adds a lot to my self-confidence. You can't get away from human nature—at least I can't—and I have no patience with the idea that art and starvation are twin sisters.

There was a time when legs and pockets gave out all at once. That was after the war, when I broke down at the Fairmont and had to give up my orchestra and take to bed for several months. For a while then, I really did debate whether I hadn't better let the I-told-you-sos who said jazz would bring me to no good end have it their own way.

I didn't, but when I finally got well, I hadn't a penny and was warned by my doctor not to take on much responsibility or hard work for a while. I finally set out to build up a band at the Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara. My old prewar men were too expensive to be thought of in this venture, and so I had to make a new start with raw recruits.

These came chiefly from the high school. Bright, ambitious, nice youngsters they were, thrilled about jazz and eager to learn. The trouble was, not one of them had been taught to read music. Our rehearsals had to be conducted by ear and I had to build my boys into my musical idea without a trace of musical foundation. It was like making writers of free verse out of children who didn't know the alphabet. When a lad who could read notes applied for a job I hailed him as manna from heaven—and he turned out to be the worst of the lot. He knew no more about music than a parrot knows about grammar.

Those untrained children with their desire to learn made me realize what could be done by the schools if they would only take hold. Why is it that wealthy patrons of music pour out millions for symphonies and not a cent for music in public schools? It's my idea that every child ought to go to school with books under one arm and a horn or some other instrument under the other. Music—that is, music they play themselves—arouses the interest of boys and girls alike and may, I believe, make the bad ones good and the good ones better.

From what I have seen, it seems to me that most music teachers must be teaching music as Latin teachers teach Latin—as though it were a dead language—something without any meaning in real life, something to be learned by rote. Music is a language all right, but a living, changing, vital language. The solemn respect some people give it belongs only to things dead and canonized.

One of those Santa Barbara boys, a little chap who played the cornet, once woke me out of a sound sleep at four o'clock in the morning because he had forgotten how a difficult scoring ran. He was so interested that he didn't think of apologizing for his unceremonious call, taking it for granted that I would feel just as he did about the urgency of the situation. He said he couldn't sleep for thinking of the music, so he got up and walked five miles to reach first aid.

When the Dancers Paid the Fiddler

Probably I was already awake anyway, for I was losing considerable sleep myself just then over the conditions that were making it impossible for me to carry out my plans for an experimental orchestra. Hardly a day passed that I didn't get some new idea for scoring or instrumentation, but I didn't have, and couldn't get, an adequate laboratory for testing my inventions. The more I worked with jazz the surer I was that its authentic vitality would take root and develop on what I called a symphonic basis. I was longing to try it anyway. A painter must feel like that when he is confronted with an extraordinarily paintable subject and there are no brushes in reach.

Saving money became suddenly a passion with me—spendthrift and wastrel that I had always been. I wanted to save now because I wanted to be able to afford a good orchestra. For a while I led a sort of wandering minstrel life, directing bands in Pasadena, Los Angeles and San Francisco as opportunity came.

It was at the Maryland Hotel in Pasadena that I was presented to the King of the Belgians, who requested that I be brought up after he heard us play. It was the first time I had ever been introduced to royalty and I got all mixed up on what I should call him. Ever since I have been afraid that I addressed him as "King," but I have never dared ask anybody.

He was very gracious, anyway, and put some questions about certain of the "queer noises"—meaning the saxophone and clarinet effects. I explained as best I could, getting sort of red and flustered, and then he said I should go to Europe and play, and somebody led me away to a corner where I could mop my brow in peace and wonder just how many "bones" I had pulled.

Intent on making as much money as I could as quickly as possible, I joined a group which played for dancing at the beach hotels on a the-dancer-pays-the-fiddler plan. We musicians were equipped with a big can into which our patrons threw dollars in return for jazz. At first this made me miserably ashamed. I felt as if I were acting the cap-holding monkey for the hand-organ grinder on a street corner. But my need for money was so strong just then that when I saw the coins pouring in I abandoned my scruples.

We players walked about among the crowd and when one piece was finished we waited for somebody to feed the can before we started another. The movie folks were good customers—so good that we often allowed credit to the more reliable ones, including Charlie Chaplin. When they were dancing with someone they liked they would hold up their fingers to indicate how much they were willing to pay to have the dance prolonged. We followed them around with our eyes and as long as they'd continue to hold up fingers from time to time we continued to play. We enjoyed it—and if some little girl from the provinces was dancing with a movie hero she certainly did too.

A Chance With a Real Orchestra

Once it cost an Iowa grocer sixty dollars to keep a famous film vamp for six dances. When we had played four dances without a pause between, people began to drop away. During the fifth, only a few couples still hung on, and when we were going fervently on into the sixth, the last of them puffed off the floor—and still that Iowa grocer danced. But he was fat and perhaps thrift began to stir in the back of his mind, for during the sixth he held up no more fingers. When we stopped he came breathless off the floor, and we tackled him for our money. He tried to shade the price until one of our number basely suggested that perhaps he would rather have us send the bill back to his home town. Then he came through.

It wasn't pretty, but it was certainly life—absurd, chaotic, full of vigor, change, excitement and battle. Meantime I was slowly piling up some money, which mostly had to go to pay my debts, and hanging doggedly on to my ambition. It takes money to hold a first-class orchestra together and there weren't many people in those days who believed in jazz enough to back it. Not my kind of jazz anyway, for I was regarded as one who had highfaluting and impractical ideas. If it hadn't been for John Hernan I might have given up and gone back to the symphony. Or I might have taken to selling real estate, which my friends suggested would be a comfortable way of making a living. But Hernan, bless him, believed in me and in jazz enough to risk money on us.

One day when I was feeling particularly broke—a new dun had just arrived—he came to see me.

"Think you could make good with a real orchestra if you got the chance?" he asked after a little casual talk.

"Aw, what's the use?" I muttered, not even looking at him. "I haven't got the chance!"

"Are you so sure about that?" he flung back, and there was something in his voice that startled me. I grabbed him by the arm just as he was pretending to walk off.

"What do you mean?" I begged, and I expect he has a scar today from my grip.

"Well," said he, preparing to dodge thanks by fleeing round the corner, "I've just guaranteed your orchestra salaries for a month to the management of the

(Continued on Page 82)

who tests your tubes?

WHO makes the vacuum tubes you use? is one important question. Who tests them? is another.

The same great research laboratories that developed the Mazda lamp have developed the Radiotron. The five great factories that manufacture the Mazda lamp, manufacture the Radiotron. And the same genius and the same scrupulous accuracy are behind the test methods developed for the RCA test laboratories.

You would not think of putting into your lighting socket today, anything but a Mazda lamp. Why put into your radio socket, anything but an RCA Radiotron—backed by the same skill, the same engineering and manufacturing resources?

A Radiotron is far more difficult to make than an electric lamp. It demands accuracy to the hundredth of an inch. It demands ten million times rarer exhaustion of the air from the tube. And to guard against error in the turning out of hundreds of thousands of Radiotrons—to insure the high standards of uniform perfection that have made famous the names of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse, the RCA test laboratories have developed tests delicately exact. When you buy a vacuum tube—know who made and tested it. Look for the RCA mark and the name Radiotron on the base.

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RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RADIOLAS

(Continued from Page 90)

Alexandria in Los Angeles. You start the thirteenth."

Another time that thirteenth might have given me superstitious pause, but on this one occasion I didn't even think of it. Moreover, we did open on the thirteenth and I'll never forget the first night if I live to be a million.

Word had got about among some of my friends in the movies that I was going to make my "debut" at the Alexandria, so a lot of the picture people showed up. More than that, they acted as if they were crazy about our music and clapped so much that we were delirious with happiness and played better than we ever did in our lives before.

I think some of them went out between dances and telephoned to friends, because couples kept pouring in. I guess there never was a more generous orchestra than we were that night. We kept playing encore after encore until even the most insatiable dancers cried enough. I can see them all now—Charlie Chaplin, solemnly burlesquing my conducting while everybody roared, Pauline Frederick, Mabel Normand, the gayest thing there and pretty as a picture, Harold Lloyd, Cecil de Mille and—but it would take a blue book of the films to list them all.

You see, in spite of the stories about its illicit gayety, Hollywood gets pretty dull of evenings and the stars were glad enough to have something new to do. Wallace Reid was there, I know, and played the drum with the orchestra. He often came in and played either the drum or saxophone. We were always glad when he chose the saxophone, because we could drown that out. Poor Wallie was a fine fellow and a splendid actor, but not much of a drummer.

Of course we were pleased that the first night went off so well, but we knew we weren't out of the woods yet by a long shot; so the next day and the next, we tried harder and harder. I suppose I must have slept some during that time, but I can't remember any periods of sweet, dreamless ease. Our first-night customers stayed with us, though, and at the end of the month John Hernan was told we had made good, and at the end of the year symphonic jazz had proved so attractive that the Alexandria's cover receipts had considerably more than doubled.

The Short End of Cooperation

It would seem that I should have been earning plenty of money by this time, but I was not. Starting on a shoe string as I had, we adopted the coöperative plan in the orchestra. I was to have the largest share. That was all right as far as it went, but the difficulty was that whenever one of my men threatened to accept a better offer I had to take something off my own salary to keep him satisfied.

One day a fellow came up with a telegram. Without a word he handed it to me and I read an offer from another leader at twenty-five dollars a week more than he was getting.

"Well?" he prompted, when I didn't speak.

The reason I didn't speak was that I was figuring how much I could cut down on what I was getting and still eat regularly. He was a good man and I wanted to be fair with him.

Finally I said, "Will a thirty-dollar raise be all right?"

He thought it would and hurried off, jubilant. That week, and for many weeks following, I paid him thirty dollars of my own money—until one day I found out he had faked the telegram. He hadn't even had another offer.

The men averaged $100 a week. I got forty dollars—sometimes. Indeed, for a long while after I was leading a successful jazz orchestra and getting a lot of publicity for it, I was barely scraping by from week to week.

It was not until much later, when we began to make records, that dissatisfaction arose among the men over the coöperative system and we gave it up. It wasn't very fair. For instance, in making a record the drummer, who might strike his cymbal once in an entire number, got the same as the man who played five or six instruments and worked every second of the time. After that, I paid the men a straight salary, varying according to ability and usefulness. And from that time I began to make some real money myself.

For quite a while I did the arrangements and orchestrations as well as the conducting, but it was too much for one man; so we took on Ferdie Grofe, symphony player and composer. Now the two of us work out our ideas together.

The chance for the orchestra—or band, we called it then—to go East came when the Ambassador Hotel at Atlantic City was opened. S. W. Straus agreed to lend us the money to make the trip—$2600. He was gambling on us. If we didn't make good —— But we did. He got back his money.

Until we went to Atlantic City the only recognition we had won, aside from the approval of those who danced to our music, came from persons interested in our trick of jazzing the classics; that is, of applying our peculiar treatment of rhythm and color to well-known masterpieces.

Lady Luck With Yellow Hair

The notice this brought us was not always of the pleasantest. Certain correspondents called us scoundrels and desecrators, and one man described us as ghouls "bestializing the world's sweetest harmonies"—rather a mixed metaphor, it seemed to me. Seven different kinds of hell were predicted for us, and one woman with a gift of epithet termed us "vultures, devouring the dead masters."

I don't get mad at these communications and I always read them. Sometimes even I can see justice in them. Besides, it's good to know the worst that people think of us. But of course I don't agree that we have done such very terrible things to the classics.

I worship certain of the classics myself and respect them all. But I doubt if it hurts Tschaikowsky or even Bach when we rearrange what they have written—provided we choose appropriate compositions of theirs—and play it to people who have not heard it before. I have never had the feeling that I must keep my hands off the dead masters, as people feel that they must not speak the truth of the dead unless it is a complimentary truth.

Atlantic City was like a new world—a world we didn't like so well at first. After a few weeks of it the boys wanted to go back to the Coast.

The golden sunshine and the wholehearted camaraderie of California had taken on increased enchantment as the distance between us widened. My gang didn't think people were very friendly in Atlantic City and they claimed the Atlantic Ocean was vastly inferior to the Pacific. Even the neckties in the shops were "lacking in pep," they complained. In short, they were homesick.

I've always maintained that it was a girl who finally started us on the road to popularity. I don't know her name or where she came from. All we know about her is that she had yellow hair and brown eyes, and she danced like a wood nymph. One listless, gloomy day, when we were playing for a handful of people, she walked into the room with a typical masculine tea hound. She was bored and showed it. He tried to make conversation and she pouted.

Then the music started. They danced, and to our delight she began, as the trombonist gleefully said, to "snap out of it." We all felt an interest in her. The next day she came again, bringing a whole tableful. After that, she rarely missed an afternoon and she was always accompanied by a large party. Business fairly bounced out of its depression. We never spoke to the girl nor she to us, but we knew she was press-agenting us all over town. We certainly were grateful to that girl.

Even though we eventually did well at the Ambassador and began to pay Mr. Straus back, we might have gone home if a phonograph concern had not held a convention at Atlantic City. A representative of the company happened to lunch at the Ambassador and heard us play. It was a good deal like being rushed for a fraternity at college. He came up and urgently insisted that we do nothing about a phonograph contract until he had time to communicate with his firm. Only six of our men had yet come on and I suggested that he wait until he could hear us all.

"We're much better full force," I argued.

"Nonsense!" he surprised us by saying. "You can't be much better than you are now!"

And in a few days we had a nice, fat two-year contract. After that we got used to cyclone happenings. The Palais Royal café in New York City also waved a contract at us. Vaudeville scouts approached us. Our pictures were in the papers. The slings and arrows of fortune still pierced us occasionally, but on the whole we were almost surfeited with applause.

To the Palais Royal came all the country's great names and the foreign visitors too. Any night at all we could look out and see Vanderbilts, Drexel Biddles, Goulds and the rest dancing to our music. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, cousins of the Prince of Wales, came on their honeymoon.

The Front Door or Nothing

They adored dancing and they were such a friendly, jolly pair that when they were in the room we played almost nothing but their favorite pieces. We had many conversations and Lord Mountbatten got to be the friend of every boy in the band.

"You've simply got to come to London," he kept saying. "The Prince of Wales must hear the band. That's all there is to it."

And after they had gone back there was a letter with crests and coronets on its seal, telling us again that we must come to London, where Lord Mountbatten himself wanted the pleasure of presenting us to the Prince, and adding that ours was the best band they had ever heard!

Part of the result of our vogue was that smart hostesses began to want us for private parties. The first of these, at the home of a very rich, very well-known New Yorker, was almost a fizzle. Up to this time, whenever we had played for private parties it had been in California, where nearly everybody knew us. We were all fairly prosperous, with small cars of our own, well-fitting tuxedos and no idea that anybody was better than we were. So, though we played for the guests for pay, we always ate in the dining room and received the same consideration from the host that any visitor to his house would get.

But in the East, it appeared, all was different. Orchestras were hired by the social secretary to play for an entertainment and then turned over to the butler to look after. So when I got to the brownstone house in question on the night we were to play there, I found the men all out in the street, dejected and belligerent, instruments piled on the walk, and a crowd gathering.

"What's up?" I asked, amazed.

"Well," said the biggest sax player, "we didn't know what you would want us to do. They told us, when we rang the front doorbell, to go round to the servants' entrance. We aren't going."

I didn't blame them and so I went to the front door and got an audience with the host.

"My men don't wear secondhand tuxedos nor eat with their knives, and they are a good deal like gentlemen," I told him.

After that we were always treated just as we had been in California.

Into the midst of our already busy days came now a contract for a season with the Ziegfeld Follies. The first night we played with them was one of the most miserable I ever spent.

We were seated on a platform designed to move forward. When the time came for it to start, it didn't. We had stage fright anyway, and the failure of the mechanism to work on schedule fairly froze the smiles on our faces. We played on but I thought we sounded worse than the worst dress rehearsal we had ever had. And then, when we weren't expecting it, the platform gave a leap like a skittish colt, flinging us forward and almost knocking our teeth loose. I thought, of course, we were a flop, and wouldn't even read the papers next day. But to my surprise I heard they had spoken very well of us, and the next night we got on all right.

The Fad for the Foreign

New York is a queer city. I have the theory that novelty, not luck or ability, is what gets by there. New York doesn't seem to care about merit so much as it does about something new to tickle its eyes, its palate or its ears. The newspapers reflect this. It is a city of press agents, and I used to wonder how they all lived.

"It's easy enough," one told me. "New York city editors like press agents who produce the goods. They don't want you to pretend with them, but if you have a story that is different they will give you the front page any time."

The bizarre and the unusual get not only the headlines but the homage and the shekels. Naturally, anything new has always an army of imitators and soon one's vogue wears out. There is nothing real or lasting in novelty alone. We knew that to New York we were just a novelty at a dull season, something to make the great city stop, listen and dance for the time. We had a hankering to be taken seriously. We had an idea that there was something worth while about jazz—danceable as it was. We were doing the best we could with it and once in a while there was the satisfaction of hearing a flapper humming really good music without knowing it was good—something we had sold her.

But no one took us seriously. At that stage, it wouldn't have done to say anything about jazz being an art, even a lively one. The artistic would merely have scoffed and the flapper and her beau would have looked sheepish at being accused of a liking for anything highbrow.

I thought it would be a good thing to get out of New York for a while. Besides, I had seen, as everybody must see, the American adoration for the European. I knew singers, nice American boys and girls, who were unable to get a hearing in their own country until they had studied in Italy or France. They were not particularly improved by the European period that I could see. On the contrary, they usually lost something—whatever it was that made them distinctive. But the point was, they had gained what the public wanted them to have—foreign flavor—especially if they returned wearing a foreign name.

I figured that my orchestra would probably get more serious consideration for what was in the back of my head to do if we obtained a little of the foreign stamp ourselves. And we wouldn't need to bring back any Russian prefixes or French suffixes either. The end of it was that we sailed for Europe March 3, 1923. We were a strictly American bunch. Most of us had never been abroad. Wild Westerners all, we had managed to adapt ourselves to Broadway, but Europe was something else again.

There was a terrified lump in my throat as the Statue of Liberty curtsied out of sight. I had a premonition we had better have stayed at home. The boys were excited and confident.

"Lookut what we did to New York," one encouraged me on a seasick day, when I was proclaiming quite audibly that I wished we had never come.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr Whiteman and Miss McBride. The second will appear in an early issue.

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line

In almost every drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have painful decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than cleaning. They must be protected at THE DANGER LINE.

That triumphant consciousness that you are charming—

will you risk it for lack of this new knowledge?

YOUR eyes sparkling—your smile young, brilliant. . . . You can't help feeling gloriously confident. . . . No charm like health! No allure so compelling as the magnetism of glowing vitality!

Yet so many women lose all this simply through neglect of their teeth and gums—or through erroneous methods of caring for them!

Make The Danger Line Safe

Dentists and physicians tell us that diseases of the teeth and gums cause thousands of cases of ill health—rheumatism, heart and nervous disorders—other serious ills.

They also state that most serious dental troubles start at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. The edges of the gums form tiny V-shaped crevices there. Food particles collect in these crevices. Then they ferment; acids are formed which lead to decay and which also irritate the delicate gum tissues.

Neutralize these acids. Protect your teeth, and keep the delicate gum edges strong and well. Then you will be practically free from danger of serious dental troubles.

Brushing Not Enough

Many dentifrices clean the surface of the teeth but they do not neutralize the acid between the teeth nor protect the V-shaped crevices along The Danger Line. That is why so many people suffer the pain of decayed teeth and gum infections even though they brush their teeth regularly.

It was to remedy this condition that the Squibb laboratories developed Squibb's Dental Cream, *made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.*

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—long recognized by members of the profession as a safe, effective antacid. Squibb's Dental Cream not only cleans perfectly, but *protects the teeth and gums from the acids which attack them, for hours after use.*

A Safe, Pleasant Way

Try Squibb's Dental Cream. Guard yourself against the threat of acid decay and gum infection at The Danger Line—from the serious ills that so often follow in their train.

Squibb's Dental Cream is mild and safe. It cannot injure the delicate gum tissues of even the youngest child. It contains no grit. It *cleans* beautifully, but it is essentially protective. Your teeth are infinitely precious—your health even more so. It is best to keep them *safe*. Get a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream today. Use it regularly. And (as an additional precaution) see your dentist twice a year. At druggists'—only 40 cents a tube.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—*The Standard of Quality—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by physicians everywhere. It may be purchased in large and small bottles from your druggist. If you have not used Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, we urge you to try it and note its definite superiority—its entire freedom from earthy, alkaline taste.* © 1926

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

THERE IS BEAUTY IN THIS DOOR

This is the front door to the home of Mr. Donald Lincoln, 3299 Grenway Road, Shaker Heights, in Cleveland, Ohio; Architects, Brooke and Burrows; furnished by The Standard Building Materials Company. The door is Curtis design C-220. This door carries out the best traditions of genuine Colonial architecture. Notice the splendid proportions of the various parts of the door. The panels are raised and stand out in vivid contrast with the flat surfaces of the rest of the door. The Curtis "flush" molding, described and illustrated in the inset on the next page, is used here. It defines the panels with fine lights and shadows that make the door interesting and beautiful. All door designs by Curtis are as carefully studied as this one. This door, average size, about $12.50

1865 CURTIS

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law, however, does prevent others from using our trademark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, mouldings or interior woodwork—bears the CURTIS trademark

Bedroom Dressing Table. Not only a space and furniture saver in the bedroom, but a piece of permanent furniture that pleases the most exacting woman on every point of utility and beauty. Ask to see design C-810 in the Curtis Catalog. The drawers below the table are enclosed behind doors, but in this photograph the doors have been removed to show complete utility of the Dressing Table

New beauty in the stair hall. The stair is the largest single item of woodwork in the home. Curtis stair parts are designed to give the stair dignity, grace, beauty. Here is an example of an open stairway for a Colonial home of the type of Curtis Stairs C-908. From a residence by Carrol A. Klein of Clausen, Kruse and Klein, Architects, Davenport, Iowa

Permanent furniture for the dining room. This is Curtis China Closet C-700, a real space saver in the dining room and a design of unusual beauty and dignity. Use two of them in your dining room, as they are often used in fine homes. Priced less than $95 00

BEAUTY Must

Woodwork is both architectural and decorative in character and it is permanent. Select it with care

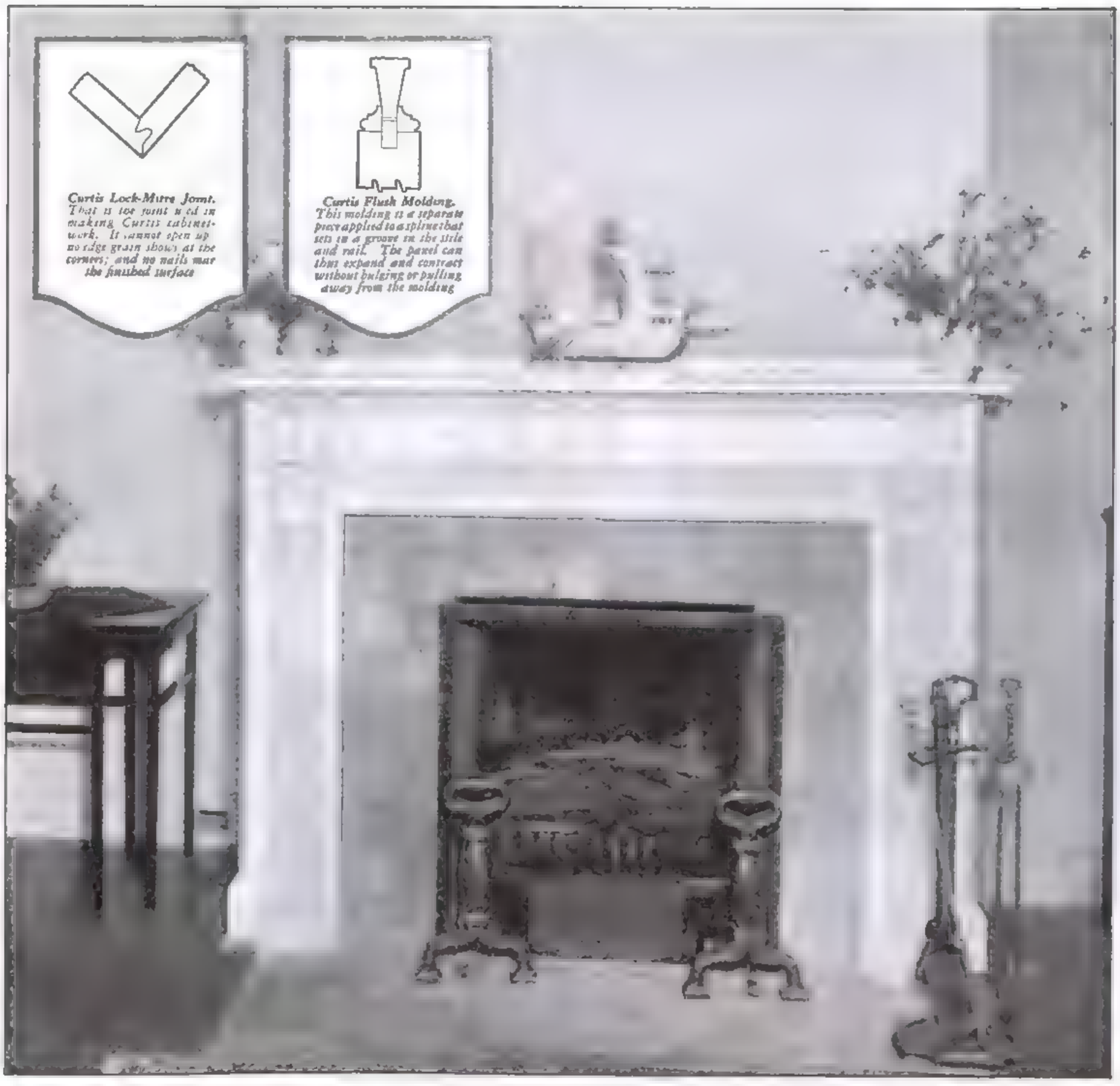
IF YOU select the woodwork for your home without careful thought or knowledge, it can never be made as beautiful as homes with woodwork of authentic design and real craftsmanship. No matter how much you may spend to furnish and decorate, inferior woodwork disrupts the harmony and defeats your efforts.

Doors and windows must be more than mere openings. For they have great power to enhance the beauty of your home or to detract from it.

Casings and moldings must yield more than structural strength. They either adorn or disfigure.

Cabinets, mantels and staircase must serve more than useful purposes. Either they reflect character and charm or reveal poor taste.

Rugs may be replaced, chairs changed, tables and lamps discarded, but not so with the woodwork. Once in, it is there to stay—a thing of beauty or else an eyesore forever.


Curtis Lock-Mitre Joint. That is the joint used in making Curtis cabinetwork. It cannot open up no ridge grain shows at the corners; and no nails mar the finished surface
Curtis Flush Molding. This molding is a separate piece applied to a spline that sets in a groove in the stile and rail. The panel can thus expand and contract without bulging or pulling away from the molding

A MANTEL OF TRUE COLONIAL TYPE

Probably no other architectural style demands so much of the mantelpiece as the Colonial. That is why so many Colonial homes fail at that point: their mantels do not ring true to the type. Too often they are thick, heavy boards, too brutal for the true Colonial home. The design of the mantel should by all means be left to those who have studied the subject. This Curtis Mantel (C-617) as worked out by Trowbridge & Ackerman for the Curtis Companies, shows skill and taste in the use of fluted pilasters and in the proportions of the shelf and the wood part below it. It is made for a fireplace opening 3 feet 11 inches wide and 3 feet 3½ inches high. The height to the top of the shelf is 4 feet 4⅜ inches. The Curtis Catalog shows an interesting variety of beautiful mantels suitable to homes in various architectural styles. This photograph is from a home in Ottawa Hills, Toledo, Ohio. Curtis Woodwork furnished by The D. J. Peterson Lumber Company. This mantel sells at approximately $30.00

Always Begin With The Woodwork

Builders of expensive homes have always realized the importance of beautiful woodwork. Because they could afford to, they employed architects to "detail" it especially for them.

Today builders of small homes can have beautiful woodwork, too. The authentic designs and sound construction of Curtis Woodwork afford every advantage formerly found only in expensive made-to-order woodwork.

You and your architect or builder can now select appropriate designs from the Curtis dealer's stock or from his Curtis Catalog. These items are manufactured in advance of your needs. Confine your selections to Curtis sizes and designs and there will be no errors in production and no disappointments so common with made-to-order millwork. And every article of Curtis Woodwork is not only of known quality as to design, but is uniformly of the same construction as every other similar article. Because all are made by one manufacturer, and according to definite standards of construction practices.

While Curtis Woodwork has been designed by well known architects of high standing, with ideas drawn from the finest houses in England and America, this masterful work has not increased the cost. For Curtis Woodwork is produced in large quantities.

Although not to be compared with ordinary woodwork in design, workmanship, quality of materials or strength of construction, Curtis Woodwork costs practically the same. Yet when all expense is included, such as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job, it usually brings an actual saving.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau, 429 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa; Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas; Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois. Curtis Companies Incorporated, Eastern Sales Office: 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

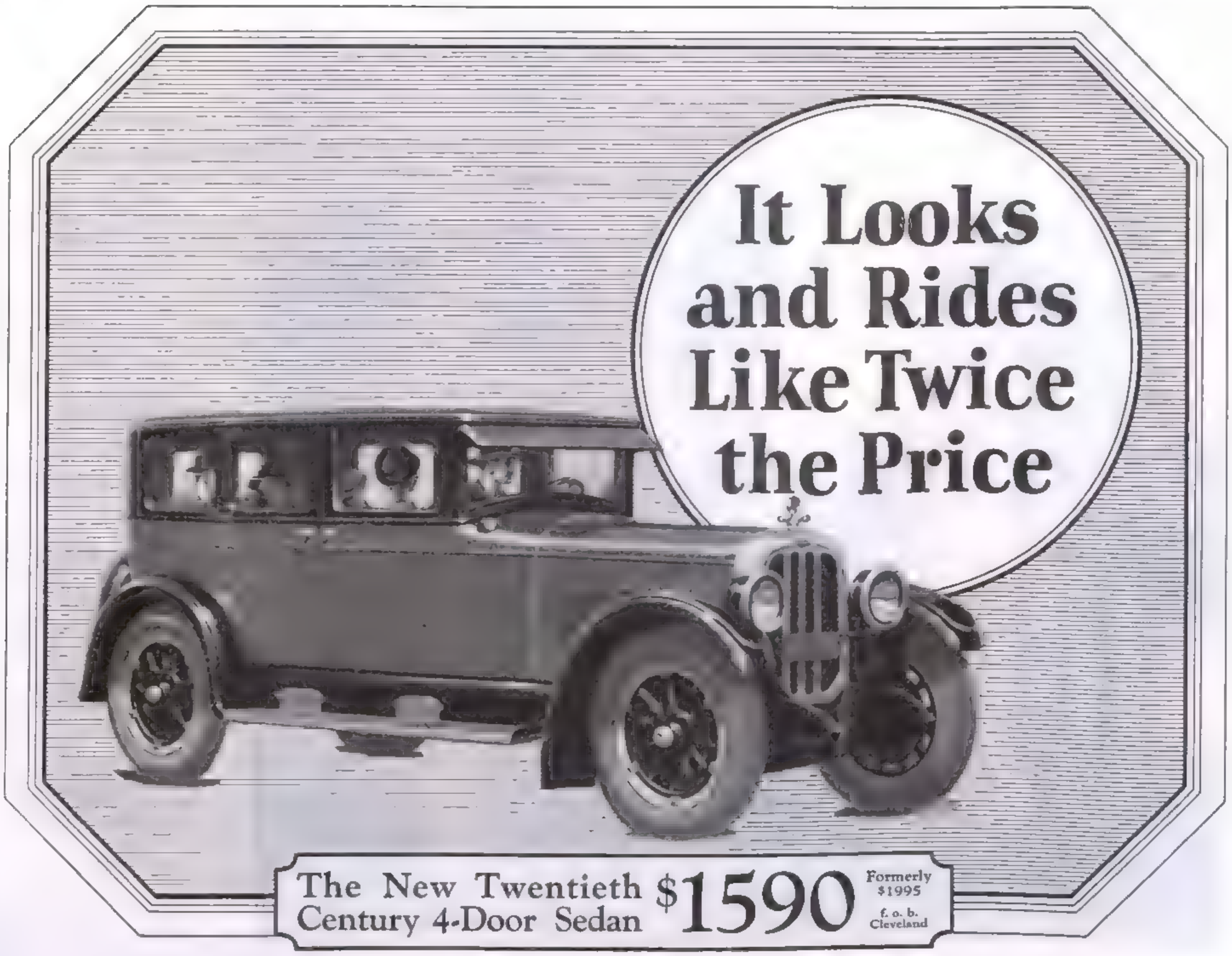
CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

CURTIS WOODWORK

{ Doors · Windows · Frames · Moldings · Stair Parts · Built-in Cabinetwork }

1866 CURTIS

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law however does prevent others from using our trade mark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, moldings or interior woodwork—bears the CURTIS trademark



TO look at the 1926 Chandler is to like its looks. To ride is to want to own it. To buy it is to have a car that will pay and repay you for every penny you invest in it—in terms of enduring enjoyment.

Where, for anything like the money, is another such car as the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan? Where is there another 4-door Sedan of this quality, this size, priced as it is priced—*less than a 2-door coach!*

Dynamic Power!

Where, within a far cry of its price, can you find a car with so rich a body? With such a record-winning (and record-holding) power-plant as Chandler's mighty Pikes Peak Motor? With such dynamic pick-up? With such smoothness throughout the great range of its speed?

Comparison shows a world of difference between average automobile beauty and Chandler beauty; between average power and Chandler power; between average comfort and Chandler comfort.

"One Shot" Chassis Lubrication

And on top of all other advantages, the new Twentieth Century Sedan and all the other new models have the great "One Shot" Lubrication System. Press your heel on a plunger—just once—and "One Shot" thoroughly and *instantly* lubricates the entire chassis.

Among all cars, Chandler is decidedly *different*—beautifully different; comfortably different; powerfully different. Progress, this year, wears the *Chandler* name plate!

Quality now talks price: Besides the Twentieth Century Sedan at $1590, there is a new Metropolitan Sedan De Luxe, now $1895; a new Seven-Passenger Sedan, now $1995; a new Brougham, now $1695; prices f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND; Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER

CORPORATIONS AND PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 19)

It is true that steam and electric railways are coming back. Street railways carried 16,000,000,000 passengers last year, despite the increased use of private automobiles and public busses. Both steam railroads and street railways are adjusting themselves to new conditions, and beginning to gain rather than lose from automobile competition. But there was a period of severe and painful loss to investors before the readjustment began. As the writer has said elsewhere:

"There is no such thing as complete or perfect safety in the world. We cannot be any surer of always making a safe investment than we can of living to a ripe old age. It is all comparative and relative. Everything wears out, investments and human beings alike.

"Entirely aside from dishonesty, bad faith and mere quackery, all business enterprises are subject to countless hazards. Such influences as poor management, natural legislation, disappearance or change in demand for specific articles, violent changes in the general level of prices, excessive advances in wages, war, fire and physical calamities—all these tend to destroy investments.

"It has been said that no business is good for more than a generation. One thing we may be sure of, present incomes cannot be exchanged for future incomes without risk."

Unfortunately the new ownership is not being confined entirely to industries which produce and sell basic, essential commodities and services. Employes and patrons are enlisted as owners in enterprises where mushroom growth will pass in the course of a few years, like styles in women's shoes.

One of the everlasting riddles of the whole corporate organization of industrial society is the "sell out." In other words, what does the tendency of the organizers and early owners of an enterprise to cash in by selling to the public really mean? Does it mean that the investment is no good? Are the insiders unloading at the expense of the public? Mr. Filene, the Boston merchant, refers in one of his books to the "critical moment when the creative administrator gets tired," and a financial syndicate, attracted by quick profits, buys control and sells out to the public.

Are the Insiders Unloading?

Without in any way indorsing such extraordinary views, and merely to bring out the extreme lights and shades of the subject, the writer feels it only fair to quote from a statement made in the House of Representatives on February 7, 1924, by a congressman from West Virginia:

"It is within my personal knowledge when the street cars were first constructed and companies were organized for their operation. At that time they were highly profitable, and, as a rule, were almost entirely owned by persons influential enough to secure the necessary franchise. They were close corporations, and the public, generally, could not buy the stock. With the coming of good roads and automobiles, the profit from operating cars was at an end, and the public, by advertisements in the street cars and newspapers, were invited to invest. The original owners unloaded, and the public are now holding the securities of companies that are fast becoming obsolete."

Whether this gentleman holds the same opinions still, I do not know, but prophecies of his will be found in the Congressional Record of the date cited, to the effect that "the railways will go the same way"; also, because of the coming of the radio, the telephone system, "as at present organized." And he goes on to say:

"So that you are now receiving with your telephone bills an invitation to join the stockholders of the telephone companies for the purpose of allowing the present owners to unload."

Though not alone in seeking employe and customer shareholders, the public utilities, especially the electrical and telephone companies, have made spectacular advances in establishing the new ownership. Fortunately, there are unusually stable features to these industries. Monopoly is a natural condition, and people use telephones and electric light and power as well as gas in bad times and good. Whims and fashions do not affect such commodities. Nor can anyone be certain that new inventions will not increase rather than decrease their use.

It is true there are signs of pyramiding, of overcapitalized holding companies, in certain branches of the utility field, and an ignorant or greedy public may buy watered stocks to its everlasting grief. High financial schemes turned flukes will give any industry a temporary black eye. The legitimate machinery of the stock exchange has been abused more than once, although it is a marvelous instrument for diffusing corporate ownership. In the same way it is possible that employe and customer ownership will be abused.

The sale of three shares of preferred stock of the gas and electric company in New York or Chicago or Detroit to Widow Smith almost transforms the 6 per cent dividend into a fixed charge, not legally but morally. Theoretically Widow Smith is like any other stockholder or investor; she assumes a risk. But if there should ever be wholesale loss in customer ownership, the scandal would exceed all previous corporate disgrace.

The Job Still the Thing

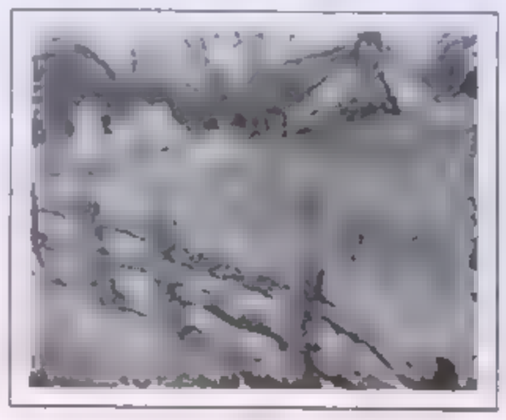
But, fortunately, if we view the subject in a broad, practical way, the risk is small. Generally speaking, it is simply not so that the early insiders have unloaded on the public because the investment is no longer good. Almost the exact contrary is true.

As a business grows large, the promoter and speculative or wealthy investor almost inevitably drop out. The older and larger companies do not as a rule make as generous profits as the newer and smaller companies. But such profits as they do make are more certain and regular. If small investors, the working-class employe and the average gas-and-telephone-company subscriber, have any sense at all, they want a safe investment with regular if moderate returns, rather than an uncertain speculation, which in one case out of ten turns into gold and in the other nine proves worthless.

The capital of the promoter or wealthy investor should be in new enterprises of a pioneer nature. As the business becomes established these men should sell out to smaller investors willing to pay for safety and regularity of dividends. Thus the rich man's money is released for still newer ventures.

The promoter of the venturesome and speculative type does not want stability and regularity. He wants action. As President Cornish of the National Lead Company said at the annual meeting of his company last year:

"I do not know but what some men of large means might be interested in the corporation if it would change its dividend rate two or three times a year and make the stock move more actively. Then perhaps we might draw a few people of large capital. We are, however, a company of a large number of relatively small people."



It is largely the successful, established, stable companies which have offered stock directly to employes and customers. Fortunately many such offerings have been those which a prudent small investor would buy regardless of whether he was an employe and customer or not. Often the investment is made safer by selling it to employes at less than market price. Many of the largest companies like International Harvester, General Electric and Du Pont Powder sell their employes a specially safeguarded stock, thus still further increasing its stability.

Nor is it accurate to say that promoters or wealthy insiders have unloaded most of the stock bought by the people under employe and customer plans. Mostly, such stock has been sold to raise funds for extensions and additions to the business. The telephone company grows with such extreme rapidity that capital cannot be raised fast enough. Stock bought by employes and customers does not represent a mere additional turnover on the exchange, but stands for new capital which the company requires.

But it must not be supposed that the ownership of two or three shares of stock changes a man's whole nature and habits, or makes such a great capitalist out of him, loose and thoughtless statements of corporations flushed with their success at stock selling to the contrary notwithstanding. We are all alike in that our heart is where our treasure is.

It will be a long time before the interest from investments equals wages and salaries, for most people in this country. The job is still, and long will be, the big thing. If a man does not like his job he is likely to change it, even if he does own a few shares of stock.

A gas company in a city of 175,000 population has had sixteen years' experience with employe ownership. The plan has weathered war and other vicissitudes, and the company still believes in it, although much of the stock originally sold to employes is no longer owned by them. But an officer of the company says, "No stock plan will change a lazy drone into a wide-awake workman. Only necessity will do that."

Centralizing Corporate Control

It is fashionable nowadays to idealize the small investor and stockholder to the point of the nonsensical. As such, stockholders are pretty poor cattle. For one thing their rapid multiplication makes it that much easier for a few bankers or a limited number of professional executives, lawyers and other intermediaries to control the corporations.

If five men owned 60 per cent of the stock of a company in 1910, it had to be one or more of those five who ran the outfit. But now 75,000 employes and customers own 80 per cent of the stock. The managing interests no longer need to own anything, and if they are reckless and unscrupulous they have no capital of their own at stake.

It is no light task to answer the cynical indictment of Donald R. Richberg, former counsel for the railway unions, in his statement that customer and employe ownership is "an improvement in the mechanism of minority control which is an essential device for making a fortune out of any large enterprise."

Though the corporation form makes possible a theoretical division of control or leadership in business enterprise, it makes possible in practice a centralization of power.

The very fact that sound securities are sold to employes and patrons makes it all

Make your lamp socket your "B" Battery

Aero B supplies a full, steady, quiet "B" current from the home lighting circuit (110-120 volts 50-60 cycle). It eliminates the "B" battery nuisance permanently—and is actually better than a new, fully charged battery. Aero B is simple in operation, sturdy and compact in construction and attractive in appearance.

No Hum nor Distortion Aero B is absolutely noiseless. There is positively no hum, no distortion, no foreign noises whatsoever. Not only is an Aero B Eliminator a source of quiet, dependable Radio "B" Current, but, due to its full uniform voltage, it almost invariably increases the volume and improves the tone.

For All Types of Sets Aero B is adapted for use on *all types* of sets. It is equipped with 4 taps to deliver 3 voltages simultaneously, so that it can be used on sets equipped with power tubes or resistance coupled amplification. Amplifier voltage is variable from 90 volts to 150 volts and detector voltage from 0 to 75 volts. There is no water nor acid—nothing to get out of order or require constant attention.

If your dealer hasn't Aero B, write us.

Built and Guaranteed by

THE GLENN L. MARTIN CO.
Radio Division Cleveland, Ohio

Builders of the famous radio-equipped Glenn L. Martin Aircraft

the easier for a small group to dominate the company. The more secure an issue of stock is the less voting power there naturally goes with it. Voting power should and usually does go with risk. If a corporation sells its employes or customers an issue of preferred or debenture stock very similar to a bond in security, there is little if any need of attaching voting power to protect the investment.

The modern shareholder is at first view a very feeble, passive, almost a phantom representative of the institution of private property. Such ownership is abstract, scattered and fluctuating. The investor is quite impersonal; he may buy one stock and sell another. Or he may not even choose the stock, merely putting himself in the hands of his broker or investment banker. What pride can there be in such ownership, in such a relationship? As Sir Albert Stanley, managing director of the underground railways of London, said:

"Ownership in great undertakings is becoming more and more ghostly. The owner comes in not by the office door or through the works but by the stock exchange."

This kind of property has been refined down to a mere claim on an income arising from goods and services produced by unknown workers. Is there any substance and reality to such proprietorship, or only semblance and shadow?

Maiden-Aunt Ownership

One writer of radical tendencies speaks of it as a "fleeting and futile effort to breathe life into a decadent and expiring capitalism," while a corporation lawyer, who is anything but radical, is obliged to admit that it is strange but true that even when we own stock in corporations, "we feel ourselves separate and apart from them and regard them as owned and run by people other than ourselves."

When he bought a railroad a few years ago, Mr. Ford remarked in his large, breezy manner that "the first thing to be done anywhere is to reorganize by getting rid of unproductive stockholders."

The obvious retort is that Mr. Ford's own great enterprise would never have existed except for a few courageous stockholders. Very few stockholders these days are idlers; most of them invest surplus saved from their daily toil. In the prospectus of a local financial organization recently appeared the names, among others, of two men whose occupation was given as capitalist. Both of these men had been teachers, and their capital was the accumulated savings of their earning years. Now they are retired, living on the income from their savings and answering to the description of capitalist.

Yet this does not quite answer the charge that as such the stockholder is functionless in the sense of having only the slightest possible relation to the work of the company in which he invests.

The average stockholder gives no thought to the company as long as dividends are paid. The relation is one of such impersonal absenteeism that dividends are wholly disinfected, as it were, by the distance, the space intervening. One manufacturer has said that as regards any real copartnership between the stockholders and the internal working affairs of corporations is concerned, many companies "seem to be owned by maiden aunts."

Socialists say that the fundamental injustice of modern society consists of the divorce between ownership and work, as exemplified in the case of the stockholder, large or small. One member of this school of thought remarked of the late D. A. Thomas—Lord Rhondda—the English coal magnate.

"He is really a worker. It is a tragic anomaly that this laborer, this efficient promoting brain, is compelled by force of circumstances to take a false position and pay toll on his brain to a motley crowd of shareholding dividend mongers."

But we do not need to go to Socialist agitators to learn what a careless, unthinking crowd stockholders and investors are. There is hardly a day in which the financial pages of the newspapers do not tell how investors have lost by not converting bonds or turning in coupons or failing to take some other perfectly obvious and simple step. It is said that in one issue of American Telephone bonds alone the owners lost $320,000 by failing to convert their holdings at a given time, although they had received repeated notices to do so.

There are stockholders with hundreds, even thousands, of shares in a single company who do not know the location of the plants. They buy and sell or hold stock on the merest rumors and whispers. The idlest of gossip and the most superstitious of signs may determine their actions. Even if speculation plays no part in the purchase or sale, and profits are not looked for, the purchase is made and the stock retained merely because someone has said that dividends are secure. Stockholders throw their voting proxies into the waste basket and seldom read the annual reports of the companies of which they are legal owners.

Several years ago the then president of a corporation which itself has sold enormous quantities of stock to employes and customers, told me that he never read the annual reports of two railroads in which he held stock. He was too busy with his own job, with his own corporation, and thought he had no time to read the reports of other companies. If he had, he might have saved money, for one of the roads has since gone on the toboggan. More than ten years ago I wrote a few words which seem to be about as true now as then:

"Investors are careless, indifferent, apathetic, indolent. In the year 1911 only forty-one policyholders out of a total of 1,000,000 in the New York Life Insurance Company took the trouble to cast a vote at the annual meeting, although the policyholders in theory own the company. The writer admits to having been one of the careless 1,000,000."

Indifference the Real Menace

But on the other hand the small stockholder is panned for the wholly opposite reason that he dulls the public conscience and silences complaint or criticism of corporate abuse. In California, where government-ownership sentiment is strong, its adherents rail at the even stronger customer-ownership movement by saying that it would be just as well to elect alternately as governor Messrs. Creed and Miller, the presidents of the two largest power companies.

An advertising man for one of the power companies actually tells with glee of a case where an attorney for a plaintiff in a damage suit against such a company had to agree to take a judge and jury all of whom were stockholders in the company. But there need be little concern on such a score. As a committee of the National Electric Light Association says:

"Experience has demonstrated that customer owners are proud of the company because of its superior service, but severely critical if that service is not maintained at a high standard of efficiency. They get their dividends every three months; they use the service every day."

This same committee gives as the last of ten cardinal rules of customer ownership:

"Managements must realize that customer ownership multiplies their obligation to the public and intensifies the trust reposed in them. It does not replace the constant striving for higher efficiency, good service, reasonable rates, courtesy and progressive public-relations policies."

The main job of utility corporations is to give service. If the light does not come on promptly, the small investor is the first to sell his stock. There is more danger of indifference on the part of the stockholder, it seems to me, than there is of his using too much activity or influence in favor of the company. The life-insurance agent who owns five shares of Mammoth Edison stock is far too busy trying to write a $50,000 policy on the life of Solomon Bloomski, owner of a ladies'-wear shop, to give any time or thought to the question of whether the city aldermen are really hostile to the company, as the management avers, or merely doing their duty, as the aldermen themselves say.

The blunt fact is that it will be many, many years before stockholders become so active in their corporations' behalf as to constitute a public menace. The real menace of the stockholder is still indifference, exactly as it is with the citizen and voter. Public welfare does not require that stockholders be kept within bounds; it does demand that they function more than they do.

But this very problem is being attacked with considerable vigor. Corporations are following up their stockholders far more closely than in earlier years. When a new name appears on the transfer books, a letter, signed by an officer of the company, is sent to the new owner, welcoming him or her into the company, and containing information regarding the safekeeping of the stock and other details. When the name drops out of the books the former owner is again followed up, asked his reason for selling, and is urged to buy again.

Making Customers Out of Owners

Has the former owner any criticism or suggestion to make? Did he or she not like the policy of the company or fail to get enough information from its reports? Was there dissatisfaction with the security or yield, or was the sale made for purely personal reasons? Such are some of the questions.

Though it is true that most stockholders do not read annual reports, the tendency is to make these documents more readable and simple. Advertising methods have improved so much in recent years that the possibilities of arousing stockholder interest by direct and popular methods of printed appeal are not to be despised. In a few cases efforts to increase the attendance at annual meetings from the former absurdly nominal representation have been successful, and a few companies broadcast the meetings by radio to stockholders who cannot attend.

Another method of arousing ownership interest is to enlist the stockholders as business getters. Railroad owners are being urged to turn freight and passenger business in the direction of their company. At first sight this does not seem very promising. If I own three shares in the Pennsylvania Railroad and induce a friend to travel from New York to Chicago by that route instead of the New York Central, the effect upon the dividends paid to me is just about the same as the addition of one small drop of water to the Pacific Ocean. If the owner of three shares of Pennsylvania has any sense of humor he may hesitate before drumming up one additional passenger.

The following account from the Wall Street Journal of how a young man tried to help himself by rooting for the stocks which he owned not only suggests phantasy rather than reality but runs counter to human nature:

"When he built his little suburban home he had copper shingles on the roof instead of slate, not only because he preferred the beauty of the copper but because he has some Anaconda Copper, common; he had a telephone put in not only because it would be convenient but because it would help his American Telephone and Telegraph shares; Congoleum is on his kitchen and bathroom floors as well as on his security books; his General Motors holdings helped his wife induce him to buy a Buick, and his Standard Oil of New Jersey to keep it running smoothly; he still buys his suits at Macy's, but feels repaid when he looks at his Macy stock; and when he works in the little garden just back of his house, Endicott-Johnson provides a basis for satisfaction as do his Sears Roebuck seeds and stock.

"Around four o'clock his wife chips in with aid for both her husband and National Biscuit, American Sugar, United Fruit and National Tea. Also, both she and her husband are delighted with their holdings of Westinghouse Electric. . . . The Kodak story is highly pleasing to all concerned."

But the enlistment of stockholders as business getters is not wholly an illusion. If enough of the owners themselves traveled by their own road rather than another, there would be a substantial jump in traffic regardless of any other class of passenger increase.

When the writer is offered two makes of tires at about the same price, he automatically picks the one made by an Akron company in which he owns five shares of stock. If enough stockholders behave the same way, the effect must be considerable. Constant appeals made to stockholders are bound in time to have their effect. Advertising men know the value of repetition.

The American Sugar Refining Company, in its annual report for 1924, says that "the stockholders have been of definite assistance to the company in demanding from their retail grocers the company's package sugar."

The Borden Company, which manufactures milk, candy and cocoa products, adopted the custom of sending each new stockholder a present of a box containing regular-size packages of condensed milk, evaporated milk, malted milk, condensed coffee, milk-chocolate cakes, malted-milk-chocolate cakes, milk-chocolate almond bars and milk-chocolate cubes. There are hotels and automobile companies which give stockholders a discount. The stockholder at least is a preferred prospect in the way of advertising.

"What real good is accomplished by customer ownership?" I asked an experienced utility operator.

"None," he replied, "unless it is followed up with local meetings of stockholders and the practice of getting them to send in suggestions, complaints, and the like."

Just as it is possible to arouse the citizen, if the effort is great enough, so the stockholder can be drawn out of his indifference. Once aroused he can often render his company greater service than the larger owner. But the price of shareholding activity, and of any industrial democracy that may inhere in widespread ownership, is eternal effort and vigilance, just as political democracy exacts the same heavy toll.

Avoiding Apathetic Ownership

Apathetic as the stockholder is, his feeling toward a company in which he owns a few shares is just a little different from what he would have if he did not own any. There is such a thing as a saving sense of proprietorship. A citizen of this country may not vote, but he has a slightly different feeling toward its government from what he would have if he were not a citizen. As a committee of the National Electric Light Association says:

"If his stock is in the electric company he has just a little different feeling every time he turns on the lights.

"Ownership of anything or in anything should carry with it a certain sense of responsibility. It is the experience of all utilities operating under customer ownership that this sense of responsibility does exist. Stockholders, no matter how small may be their holdings, like to hear about the company's affairs. They like to meet employes of the company and discuss it and its plans and operations."

The apparent discrepancy between the known indifference of stockholders in general and these statements is not so great as it may seem. Ownership does have an effect upon people educational or otherwise, but the effect is much greater if it is kept alive by clever appeals. The committee just quoted says that "a good slogan for the utility with customer stockholders might be, Keep your owners conscious of their partnership."

Then, too, the employe or customer owner is not an absentee, but a resident. The connection between company and

(Continued on Page 102)

Too Many Lady Fingers

—*But Don't Worry*

LITTLE fingers in jam pots can cause considerable devastation, but sticky little finger prints can be easily and quickly cleaned off if your car is upholstered in C & A plush.

No matter what type of C & A plush, either a mohair, a velvet or a velour, you need never fear that spots or stains will permanently mar the soft sheen and glowing loveliness of this beautiful fabric.

And now, in order to assure prospective purchasers that their cars are upholstered in C & A plush, many motor car manufacturers are sewing the C & A label* in the pocket of their closed models—look for it before you buy that new car and you will be sure that you are getting the finest, most beautiful and durable material that can be had.

Write for a free copy of "The Plush Primer". It will explain to you the importance of upholstery; how it adds dollars to the value of your car and many other interesting features. In addition it contains a list of cars upholstered in C & A plush.

COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
New York, N. Y.

★

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

C & A PLUSH

Let these 100,000

tell you what Unit-Built means

Studebaker Big Six Brougham
$2095 freight and war tax extra

These are the quality cars which may be purchased out of income at the lowest time-payment rates known to the automotive industry.

STANDARD SIX

3 Pass. Duplex Roadster	$1125
5 Pass. Duplex-Phaeton	1145
5 Pass. Coach	1195
3 Pass. Sport-Roadster	1295
4-Pass. Country Club Coupe	1295
5 Pass. Sedan (wool trim	1295
5 Pass. Sedan (mohair trim	1395

SPECIAL SIX

3 Pass. Duplex-Roadster	$1395
5 Pass. Duplex-Phaeton	1445
5 Pass. Coach	1445
4 Pass. Sport-Roadster	1595
4 Pass. Victoria . . .	1650
5 Pass. Brougham .	1795
5-Pass. Sedan	1895

BIG SIX

3 Pass. Duplex-Roadster	$1495
5 Pass. Sport-Phaeton	1595
4 Pass. Sport-Roadster	1645
5 Pass. Club Coupe	1650
7 Pass. Duplex-Phaeton .	1775
5 Pass. Sedan	1895
5 Pass. Coupe	1945
5 Pass. Brougham	2095
7 Pass. Sedan . .	2145
7 Pass. Berline	2225

All prices—freight and war tax extra

IT is true that the average owner turns in his car and buys a new one within three years. Nevertheless, Studebaker has refused to build a three-year car. Great numbers of Studebakers with hundred-thousand-mile records attest this fact.

Studebaker's substantial Unit Built construction not only insures scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation, but it also

—insures luxurious comfort.

—insures greater safety as evidenced by many lives saved when staunch Studebaker body work has met the test of severe accidents.

—cuts repair expense to a minimum

—keeps the car not merely running, but running like new for years beyond expectation.

maintains resale value.

These long years of quality transportation are possible at Studebaker prices because Studebaker has $100,000,000 concentrated on the economical production of quality cars.

Studebaker's unique facilities

Few motor car "manufacturers" have foundries, forges, etc., to make their own engines—yet one-fifth of the cost of an automobile is in the engine. Even fewer build their own bodies—yet one-third of the cost of a car is in the body.

Not only does Studebaker make *all* bodies, and *all* engines used in Studebaker cars, but also *all* clutches, gear sets, brakes, springs, differentials, steering gears, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings. Only Ford in the low-price field and Studebaker in the fine-car field enjoy the benefits of such complete manufacturing facilities.

One-Profit value

These facilities enable Studebaker to manufacture quality cars on a One-Profit basis. They enable Studebaker to eliminate the profits of outside parts and body makers. These savings enable Studebaker to use selected hard wood, alloy steels of extra toughness, plate glass, genuine leather, the best curled hair, etc. They permit us to maintain high standards in workmanship as well as materials—all forming the basis for 100,000-mile cars.

Unit-Built construction

Studebaker facilities result, too, in Unit-Built construction—in cars designed, engineered and built as units. The hundreds of parts used in a Studebaker car function together as a unit, resulting in longer life, greater riding comfort and higher resale value. The mileage records listed and hundreds of others testify to standards of manufacture which cannot be equaled with lesser facilities.

Always kept up-to-date

Because all phases of manufacture are directly under Studebaker control, Studebaker cars are constantly kept up-to-date. Improvements are continually added, thus giving Studebaker buyers immediate advantage of our engineering achievements. Resale values are thus stabilized.

Rock bottom time-payment rates

Leading bankers, recognizing Studebaker stability have made money available for financing Studebaker cars at low interest. They know Unit-Built cars bought at One-Profit prices and kept constantly up-to-date are exceptionally fine risks. Therefore, no car in the world is able to offer lower time-payment rates than Studebaker.

New low prices

Studebaker recently passed on to purchasers the benefits of One-Profit manufacture in the third price reduction since January 1, 1925—although improvements and refinements have been added which make the present Studebakers the finest ever built.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Mile Studebakers

The Studebaker 100,000-Mile Club

LISTED below are a few of the Studebaker owners who have driven their cars from 100,000 to more than 300,000 miles. All Studebaker models are included in these records. The list is by no means complete—there are hundreds more throughout the world.

You hear and read of *stamina*—do you know of greater stamina than this? You listen to talk of *dependability*—do you judge the dependability of the car you buy from records like these? We have been telling you in Studebaker advertising of the scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation built into every Studebaker. Here is the proof!

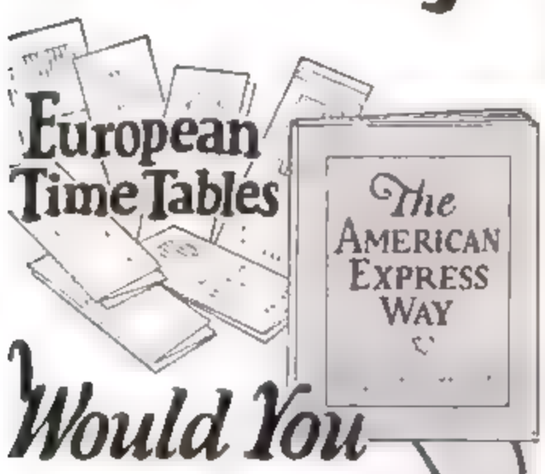
Name	Mileage
Geo. Seleaffer, Topton, Pa.	110,278
John Winquist, Salamanca, N. Y.	102,321
C. J. Forness, Salamanca, N. Y.	121,280
Beau Taxi, Salamanca, N. Y.	103,222
David B Abrams, Northville, N. Y.	138,000
Chas. Landers, Johnstown, N. Y.	117,000
Empire Co., Gloverville, N. Y.	109,000
Henry Loreny, Pipestone, Minn.	115,000
Bert Flynn, Bloomingdale, N. J.	135,000
F. L. McCord, Dexter, Me.	150,000
County of Kern, Bakersfield, Calif.	138,000
Anderson Stage Co., Mojave, Calif.	100,000
Geo. W Rickhill, Bisbee, Ariz.	150 000
F E Spicer Dodge City Kans	100 000
Frank Hessman, Dodge City Kans	100 000
Lee Spence, Monmouth, Ill.	130 000
W. H. Wilhite, Pasadena, Calif.	300 000
Thos. L. Medanick, Pasadena, Calif	225 000
H R. Taylor, Pasadena, Calif.	110 000
Walter Mushrush, Pasadena, Calif.	125 000
Police Dept Pasadena Calif	152 000
A W Shaffer, Pasadena Calif	110 000
F H Whitney Buffalo N Y	130 000
Dr. Emanuel Manor N D	100 000
Albert G. Dehnel, Ritzville, Wash.	140 000
V. B. Bennington, Ritzville, Wash.	130,000
J A. Adams, Ritzville, Wash.	120 000
Wm. Moore, Ontario, Calif.	105,000
J Lawrence, Port Jefferson, N. Y.	146,000
F A. Carper, Malden, W. Va.	101,264
H. D. Ness, Smethport, Pa.	155,000
Paul Barlett, 343 Saylor, Atlas, Pa.	137,000
T. F. Tompkins, New Brighton, N. Y.	100,000
Dawson Garage, Pueblo, Colo.	103,000
Richardson & Smith, Devils Lake, N. D.	100,000
Alex Neman, Superior, Wis.	135,184
W. L. Brown, Waterville, Maine	105,000
C. W. Evans, Waterville, Me.	100 000
Shance Transportation Co., Charlotte, Mich.	130 000
John Bower, Bedford, Va.	120 000
C. E. Pickens, Sidney, Ohio	210 000
F. O. Flours, Sidney, Ohio	110 000
L J Robeson Buena Park Calif	242 792
F J Paul Orange Calif	170 000
C L Beach, Bucyrus Ohio	235 400
Jerome Fisher Bucyrus Ohio	225 000
Roy Lee Bucyrus Ohio	120 105
Howell Davis Westminster Md	125 000
John Henshaw Dobbs Ferry N Y	241 000
J E. Baker, Dobbs Ferry N Y	180 641
George Ives, Gouverneur, N. Y.	110 000
Snow Valley Bus Co., N. Paint St., Chillicothe, Ohio	100 000
Cannon Ball Transportation Co., Portsmouth, Ohio	100 000
North Iowa Motor Co., Mason City, Iowa	257,286
Bill Taxi Co., Mason City, Iowa	135 284
Merchants Garling Oil Lockport N Y.	125 500
Frank Reynolds Lockport N Y	115 000
Dan Wood Clark S D	150 000
Kirchett Kelly Auto Co., Stuart, Ark	125 268
Dan Wood Clark S D	100 000
Oscar Houghum Clark S D	100 000
Fred Schlegel Clark S D	100 000
Hans Thorn Mesa Ariz	131 000
Otto Neuman Baltimore Md	114 000
Jack Brady Baltimore Md	132 000
Fred H. Carlson, Creighton, Neb	135 892
Harry Decker, Huns Lake, N. Y.	145 000
Harry Smedley, New Haven, Conn.	100 000
R. E. Gordon, Indianapolis, Ind.	130,000

Name	Mileage
R. E. Francis, Indianapolis, Ind.	120 000
Webb Greer, Houston, Texas	100,000
Webb Greer, Houston, Texas	100,000
Webb Greer, Houston, Texas	100,000
A. B Pierce, Houston, Texas	150 000
H. K. Wheeler, Holyoke, Mass.	115,000
John Shea, Holyoke, Mass.	100,000
Chas. Koegel & Sons, Holyoke, Mass.	100,000
Dr. J. C. F. Hutton, Miami, Fla.	100,000
M. Snyder, Miami, Fla.	300,000
Ft. Madison Fire Car, Ft Madison, Ia.	340,000
John Snyder, Joplin, Mo.	200,000
John Snyder, Joplin, Mo	150 000
Joh , Snyder Joplin M	150 000
D W Weir Akron Ohio	250 000
R A Ives Ashland Ohio	140 000
W D Ivs Ashland Ohio	100 000
Stilwell Auto Livery, Los Angeles Calif	100 000
Stilwell Auto Livery Los Angeles Calif	100 000
F. K. Eaton, Hollywood, Calif.	100 000
Bogren-Robinson Co., Petoskey, Mich.	118,346
Ed. Oberg, Merrill, Wis.	118 491
E. J. Tonnelier Benton Harbor Mich	165 000
Joseph Scott K Corners N Y	200 000
Chas Covert Boston N Y	150 000
Jack Lansford, Greenville, Tex.	150,000
H A. Funk, Winslow, Ariz.	110,248
Russell Freer, Highland, N. Y.	200,000
William McGail, N. Conway N H	125 642
Dearmore Smith N Conway N H	111 237
Barnes Bros Valparaiso Ind	110 000
Eugene Hartkopp Austin Tex	154 527
A L Lawrence Austin Tex	108 000
Mrs. F. Schvedel, Austin, Tex.	115 000
A. P. Gardner, Frankfort, Ky.	235, 000
Fred H. Carlson, Creighton, Neb.	119,465
Harry Brook, Sterling, Colo.	100, 000
W. E Hemming, Sterling, Colo.	125 000
Samuel Brown, Uniontown, Pa.	125 000
M. F. Sypal, Brainard, Nebr.	100,000
S. B. Baker, Red Star Bus Line, Dunkurk, Ohio	150,000
L Bamberger, Yuma, Ariz.	120,000
J. E. McGregor, Yuma, Ariz.	100,000
L. Rock, Ada, Okla.	100,000
Bisbee Tucson Stage, Tucson, Ariz.	200 000
Bisbee-Tucson Stage, Tucson, Ariz.	275,000
H. C. Kinnison, Tucson, Ariz.	300,000
Heber White, Buffalo, Mo.	142,000
E. T. Williams, Springfield, Mo.	112,000
Dr. L. J. Stetauer, Chicago, Ill.	120,000
Chas Corley, Savanna, Ill.	100,000
David Gillody, Savanna, Ill.	100,000
Dan Dauphin, Savanna, Ill.	100,000
J Hiptwell, Chelsea, Mass.	130,000
Ralph Pierce, Melrose, Mass.	125,000
Oliver Mitchell Boston, Mass.	150,000
Joe McGlory, Highland Park, Ill.	115,000
Biss Russell, Highland Park, Ill.	106 000
Mrs. J. Sheahen, Highland Park, Ill.	103 000
E. A. Bullock, DeLand, Fla.	102,000
I. C. & E. Traction Co., Springfield, Ohio	100,000
Red Star Bus Co., Springfield, Ohio	360,000
Pendengroft Bus Line, Chapel Hill, N. C.	100,000
Steubenville Caton Trans. Co., Steubenville, Ohio	160,000
Jefferson County, Steubenville, Ohio	108,000
Cadiz Bus Line Co., Cadiz, Ohio	135,000
Bunker Hill Trans. Co. Waterbury, Conn.	246,000
M Hengevelt, Miami, Fla.	250,000
E. G. Palmatier, Miami, Fla.	100,000

Name	Mileage
Walter H. Goodrich, College St., New Haven, Conn.	126,000
Connaughton Waen Co., Old Monroe, Mo.	102,000
Rus. Heycock, Olympia, Wash.	175,107
White Line, Lewiston, Me.	101 000
White Line, Lewiston, Me.	140 000
R S. Whitney, Lewiston, Me.	100 000
Anton Anderson, Montevideo, Minn.	220,000
Pete Stalmen, Morris, Miss.	125,074
Al. Howard, Salina, Kans.	125,000
Al Jennings, Saluna, Kans.	162,000
Youngstown Southern Trans. Co., Columbiana, Ohio	110,000
Youngstown Southern Trans. Co., Columbiana Ohio	106,000
Mat Stocker, Glens Falls N Y	210,237
Alias Gerlock, Memphis, Texas	124,000
H Anderson, Jamestown, N. Y.	175 000
R B. Neale, Denton, Texas	200,000
R. B. Neale, Denton, Texas	100 000
L. Loegler, Cleveland, Ohio	116,000
Horn Ice Cream Co., Norfolk, Va.	182,000
Frank M. Emerick, Johnstown Pa.	130 000
Yellow Cab Co Benton Harbor, Mich.	100,000
Yellow Cab Co., Benton Harbor, Mich.	100,000
K Gerald O'Damel, Detroit, Mich.	149 586
A E. Claxon, Detroit, Mich.	100,000
J. W. Collums, San Antonio, Tex.	115,261
Capt. C. W. Titus, San Antonio, Tex.	136,431
J. M. Taylor, San Antonio, Tex.	168,000
C A Goff, Ironton, Minn.	116,000
W C Jinsley, Anderson, Ind.	150,000
Ventura Refin'g Co., Santa Paula, Cal.	100,000
R. R. Wallace, Bigtown, Ill.	108,000
John Smalley, Jackson, Calif.	138 000
Wm. Dement, Lodi, Calif.	125 000
Burton A. Towne, Lodi, Calif.	110 000
George Cross, Jeannette, Pa.	104,500
George Baughman, Arona, Pa.	102,000
George P. Thompson, Irwin, Pa.	124,490
Greensburg, New Alexandria and Blairsville Bus Co.	138,000
Chas. Reese, Chicago, Ill.	100,000
E F Turner, Chicago, Ill.	110,000
A F Hoffman, Chicago, Ill.	250,000
Mint Auto Co Liberal Kans	150 000
City Garage Co., Meadville, Pa.	100,000
Lawrence Anderson., South Bend, Ind.	210,110
J R & Harry Howbert, Lima, Ohio	100,000
William R. Jewesson, Brooklyn N Y	109 000
T V Backe, Brooklyn, N Y.	160 000
L. J Tonnelieu, Benton Harbor, Mich.	175 000
Oscar Gernert, Shillington, Pa.	135 000
F Oberg, Port Sanilac Merrill Wisc.	118,491
Baker & Co., Modesto, Calif	101,050
F. D. Clements, Gassaway, W. Va.	126,000
R. R. Wales Begton, Hamilton, Ill.	108,000
T. S. Wright, Temple, Texas	105,000
Oak Ridge Oil Co., Santa Paula, Calif.	100,000
Ike Warren, Holly, Mich.	137,000
W. E. Nunnalea, Tyler, Tex.	115 605
W E Nunnalea Tyler Tex	111 025
W L Nunnalea, Tyler Tex	106 150
Nathan Feldman, Kingston N Y	186 000
Samuel Feldman, Kingston, N. Y	175 500
Chas. Van Etten, Kingston, N. Y	160 000
Sheriff Columbiana Co., E Liverpool Ohio	142 000
Canton E Liverpool Bus Co E Liverpool Ohio	128 000
Tim Bishop, Lincoln, N H	165 000

Name	Mileage
George Ward, Ansonia, Conn.	110 000
Clark Barger, Kitts Hill, Ohio	135,000
H Ketler, Ironton, Ohio	100 000
J W. Truby, Ironton, Ohio	100 000
Hillstead & Grant, Int. Falls, Minn.	135,000
Red Top Cab Co., Wichita Falls, Tex.	160,000
Red Top Cab Co., Wichita Falls, Tex.	120,000
Dr. H. E. Funk, Culbertson, Nebr.	117,000
M B Greenlee, Terre Haute, Ind.	211,536
B F. Davis Bus Line, Terre Haute, Ind.	108,036
Warner Paige, Terre Haute, Ind.	103,469
W. B Bruce, Terre Haute, Ind.	112,763
O H Hall Beaumont Tex.	140 000
W B Perkins Dallas Tex	125,000
Jack Sharp Dallas Tex	140,000
Larry Meier Bismarck Minn.	105,000
Geo H Larson Bismarck Minn.	100 000
Nick Elias Huntingdon Pa	166,556
Geo Magee Huntingdon Pa	105 351
A F DeGroat Woodbine Ia	120,413
Harry E Yount Denison Ia	120,413
Jo Mangan Lawton N D	110,000
Robert Shelby, San Antonio, Tex.	150 000
Central Garage, Lake City, Minn.	117,000
C. A Goff, Ironton, Minn.	116,000
H. M. Wandre, Ironton, Minn.	135,000
Herbert Johnson, Roslyn, N. Y.	100 000
Johnson Co., Marshall, Texas	112,687
Eugene Bradley, Georgetown, Ky.	106,000
B A. Savage, Fresno, Cal.	128,000
Art. Eedi, Nashwauk, Minn.	265,000
F. O Boggs, Nashwauk, Minn.	165,000
C L. Baird, Atchison, Kans.	140,000
Red Star Bus Line, Canton, Ohio	102 000
Steubenville Bus Line, Canton, O.	150,000
E Liverpool Bus Line, Canton, O.	114,000
C O Bainbridge Phoenix Ariz	352 000
O F Anderson Phoenix Ariz	121 000
Denver Stage Co Denver, Colo	100 000
B C Odell Sherman Tex	117 000
W I Thomas Long Beach Calif	125 000
H Phelps Long Beach Calif	150 000
C DeAngelo Long Beach Cal	146 000
I H Hemmoghs Brunswick Ga	198 233
J M Armstrong Brunswick Ga	235 221
Claude Armstrong, Geneva, Ohio	17 308
F. M. Lord, Mt. Vernon, Ohio	100 000
Robert Kersey, South Bend, Ind	115,200
Platner Garage, South Bend, Ind.	214 140
Dan Linn, Stockton, Cal.	127,000
Edward Dunn, Chillicothe, Ohio,	210 000
Peter Maccia Worcester Conn	190 000
Irving Reaves, Detroit Mich	140 000
G W. Conter, Xenia, Ohio	125,000
J. A. Landon, New Ulm, Minn	185,000
Harry Fasnacht, Union Deposit, Pa.	141,587
A E. Hart, Evansville, Wis.	125,000
Norman K. Stump, Akron, Ohio	156 902
C. F. Sutton, San Francisco, Calif.	110 000
Border Taxi Service, Nogales, Ariz.	225,000
Van Motor Co., Kingston, N. Y	198 000
E. W. Barker, Norfolk, Va.	192 000
Service Taxi Co., Mt. Vernon, Ohio	350 000
H. A. Savage, Fresno, Calif.	186,000
Geo W Drumm Albany N Y	207 000
John P Carrier Brookeville Md	164 851
Mr J B Paradis, Taftville, Conn.	100 500
B B. Chafin, Midland, Pa.	112,400
E. H. Brooks, E. Liverpool, Ohio (Taxi)	108 000
B. O. Propts, Chester, W. Va. (Taxi)	147,000
U. V. Price, E. Liverpool, Ohio (Taxi)	157,000

to Europe Which Way?



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[ ] Special Tour for Members of Women's Clubs, $1095.

Name
Address
City State

Continued from Page 98

owner is less remote than in the case of the small investor who buys his stock through the ordinary financial channels. In the past, small investors, even when living in the territory or community served by the company, have purchased their stock through the financial market, which is a more impersonal approach to ownership than direct purchase from the company. As one company says:

"As long as somebody has to invest money in construction, it is a sensible attitude that that somebody should be the people right here at home—people who are in close touch with us, can see the properties, observe the service and keep in contact with their investments at all times."

A stockholder has been defined as a clamorer for dividends, but the president of an oil company says that it is good to have "the boilermaker, the tinsmith, the blacksmith, the process man, raise their voices in the same refrain."

"This is quite a different matter from buying miscellaneous stocks and bonds," says John H. Leighton, manager of the Leighton Coöperative Industries of San Francisco, 99 per cent of whose stock is owned by 1353 employes.

"These employes have concentrated their buying in the business where they earn their living. Buying stock here or there, or in a concern where one does not work, makes one an investor, but buying stock in the business to which he is attached makes him a business man."

But customer ownership likewise is a daily manifestation of how the stockholder's money works. If the light shines when he pushes the button he knows his investment is alive. Both the employe and the patron who has purchased through local home agencies have more feeling of pride and partnership than if they had purchased through a bond house or the stock exchange. In the latter case only speculative and investment values are thought of; in the other a far broader set of motives is brought into play.

Local Loyalty Preferred

Nor is this type of home stockholder as likely to sell out forthwith and buy something else at the least shifting of the markets. He is not the type of investor or speculator whose sole desire is to scalp a point here or there. One company advertises that it wants only permanent owners. "No haste is desired," it adds. "Investigate fully, make ample comparisons with other investments and determine the merits of this."

It is a question whether the fleeting, shifting nature of the modern stockholder is not somewhat exaggerated. Many do shift around constantly, but great numbers remain loyally steadfast to the company. Indeed, many hang on too long to bad investments. Even those who buy through the strictly impersonal medium of the stock exchange often fail to sell out soon enough. After all, the investor's first duty is to himself, and to industry only secondarily.

But of course industry naturally wants all the loyalty it can get, all the good will obtainable. Says the general manager of a Western utility which has just completed a sale of its 7 per cent preferred stock:

"There was not the slightest necessity for securing this capital locally, as the entire issue could easily have been placed in the hands of Eastern capitalists, without the bother of conducting the sale, and at a higher price. Though there was back of each share $285 in property value, we realize that important as these physical assets are, a more precious possession is the good will of the people.

"Our idea was further to increase this good will by making of employes and patrons real partners in the business. This was the first direct stock selling done by us and far exceeded our expectations."

A large power company which has no retail customers at all, selling all its enormous output to ninety-three other power companies in which it has no proprietary interest, was so anxious to have stockholders with local pride and loyalty that it entered upon a direct community-ownership campaign in its counties where its juice is retailed by the ninety-three companies.

Just what different relationship between corporations and people will come out of the new or popular ownership, we cannot say. But certainly a form of community control is gradually evolving. In numerous cases more than 90 per cent of the stockholders of the great utility corporations live in the territory served, and in a number of cases they own far more than a majority of the stock. Wall Street, we are beginning to learn, does not own quite all the country.

But what of the charge that such widespread ownership makes it easier for a small group of bankers and managers to control industry? Certainly the mutualizing or socializing of the great corporations now under way must have a wholesome effect, through the channels of public opinion, upon bankers and managers.

Our Alternative to Socialism

Even if the regulatory authority of state public-service commissions proves to be of no avail, public opinion is gradually developing a new kind of business mechanism, a new kind of corporation, the managers of which feel an obligation to customers, employes and stockholders alike. Abuses may develop from time to time; here and there insiders may grow rich at the expense of the public, the workers or the stockholders.

But it is a blind and hopeless cynic, indeed, who cannot see the gradual evolution of a new type of administrator, impelled to conduct vast operations in the public interest, if not by his own conscience, then by the very extent of the obligations and responsibilities incident to the new ownership. Such men are watched these days by many eyes.

The great corporations as now organized are not operating for the day alone. Sudden and fleeting success is not their object. They must plan for long-time operations, and they know that public good will and high standards of conduct on their part are essential for other than temporary success.

But believers in government ownership see no substitute in popular proprietorship for what they propose. It is not really public control, they argue, because the average investor does not take enough interest for that. Such an argument, however, is not impressive. The stockholder is every bit as vigilant as the citizen, probably more so. He has entered into the relationship voluntarily and has paid for the privilege, whereas the citizen has had citizenship thrust upon him at no cost whatever.

The average political worker around a city hall does not show such intense activity in the public welfare. Certainly he does not feel as if he were working for himself any more than an employe stockholder in a corporation feels that he is working for himself. As Professor Carver remarks, public-school teachers do not feel any more interest in their work than private-school teachers. There is certainly much to be said for the ownership of great industries by the communities they serve, but by the individuals in that community rather than by the municipality as such.

This much we can be sure of: that the new ownership is a singularly and typically American alternative for more socialistic devices. It is strictly in keeping with our historical origins and basic concepts of government. The diffusion of prosperity has been recognized again and again as one of the bases of a sound democracy. It is an element in a free and independent life.

If the widespread ownership of property means reaction and a lack of progress, then American history will have to be wholly rewritten. The settlement of the West will have to be regarded as a blow to forward-looking instincts. It is stupid for the radicals to wail against the new ownership, unless they can show that American ideals of democracy are at fault. As one authority says:

"There is something appealingly American in the thought that an organization serving the public is owned by people genuinely representative of that public—plain, industrious, thrifty American citizens."

The Socialist says that modern property is valued because it relieves the owner from work. But what of the worker who has given the best part of his life to arduous toil, and at last finds he has a pension as the reward of his own thrift and unbroken service, perhaps in the form of stock in the company for which he has toiled?

Nearly everyone has the natural desire to be in business for himself, and to be independent. In the early days of the republic both these ideals were possible of attainment. But a business of his own is not now possible for everyone. Yet the opportunity of reaching independence is being achieved in another way. The American ideal has merely assumed another form.

Democracy's New Alliance

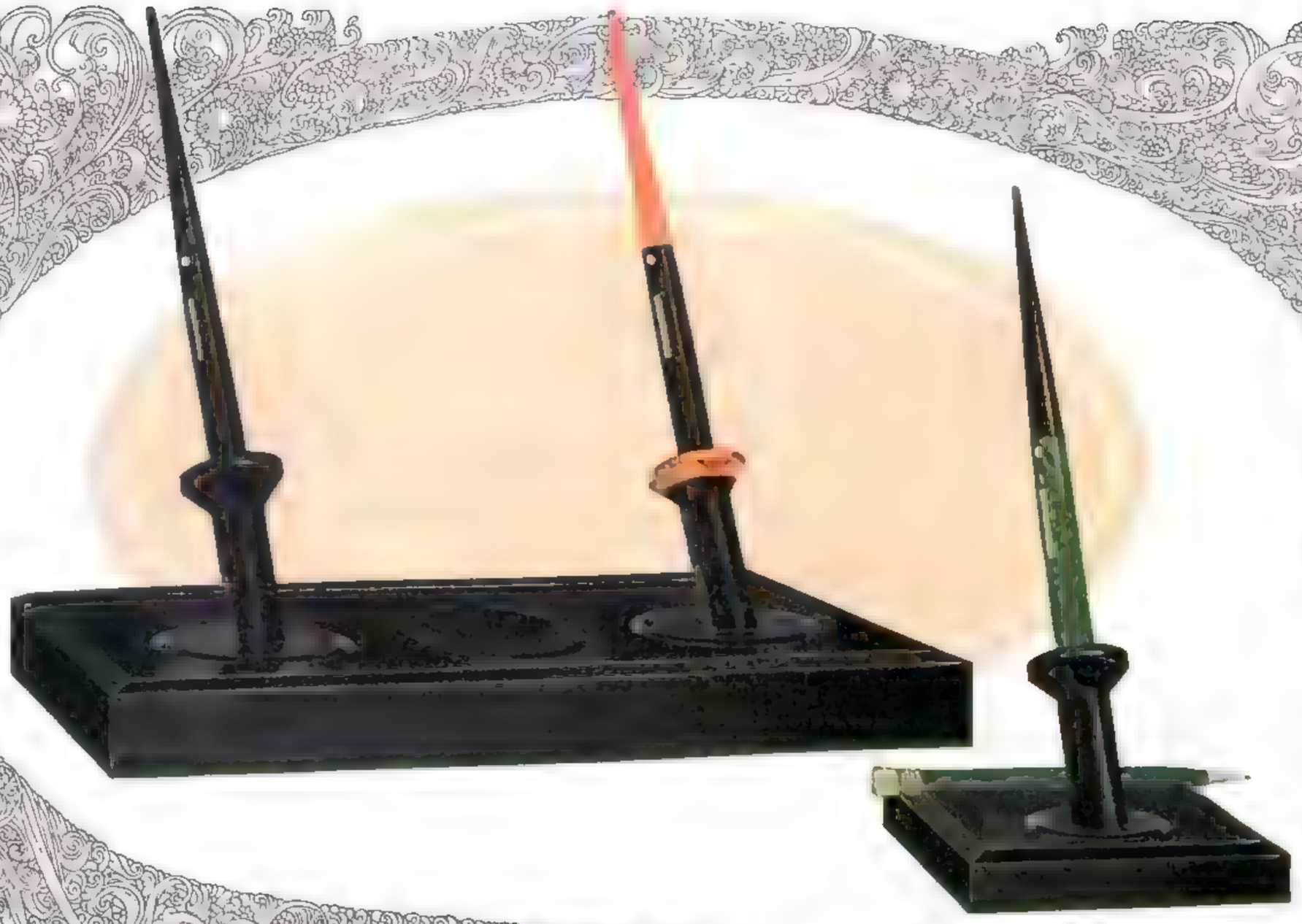
Poverty for the working classes, the negation of opportunity and independence, is not American. Sneering criticisms of the diffusion of ownership reflect an alien and foreign philosophy of despair. But naturally no apostle of discontent likes to be robbed of his thunder.

Perhaps the new ownership, the new relation of people to corporations, may in time modify the common attitude that any one is a capitalist who happens to have more than the speaker or writer. Perhaps in time we shall not feel ourselves separate and apart from the corporations. They are rapidly being assimilated by the people. Gradually the fact is being borne in upon us that capitalists are not bloated plutocrats, but are we ourselves, the people.

The average American worker for a long time associated the buying of stock with the well-to-do business man, with what used to be called the investing class. But now it is the everyday man who buys.

In any case the new alliance between people and corporations goes forward as little affected by captious criticism as a locomotive is stopped in its progress by a fly. It will rule and permeate many additional lines of business, and will furnish a vehicle for progress for a long time to come.

Nor is it the result of a plan carried out in accord with any preconceived theory. Revolution is a strong word to apply. Perhaps in time popular ownership will increase to such an extent that government and business will become so interwoven as to be one and the same thing. Then it will not matter whether we call it business or socialism or revolution. But that is not a present likelihood by any manner of means. There is not being ushered in before our very eyes such extreme changes as the complete ownership of industry by labor or by consumers' coöperatives. Rather the economic order is merely being modified to make it more democratic.



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BASE ORE AND HIGH GRADE

(Continued from Page 17)

"That has been the theory," Cooper agreed. "But I believe it is an incorrect theory. There has been an enormous amount of erosion in past ages, but I believe the cañon is not the result of erosive agencies; rather, that it is merely a deep crevice that was formed while the country rock was cooling and contracting. Another thing: I've prospected there without finding a trace of mineral."

That evening they established a camp on a sandy bench above a shallow draw between two of the rocky shoulders of the butte. In that draw was a tiny trickle of water—sufficient for their needs. There was nothing petty about Cooper. He was careful to observe all the amenities; shared his evening meal as with a welcome guest; then divided his bedding so that they might both enjoy a degree of comfort during the night. The next morning when he was ready to leave he handed Palmer a deck of cards.

"Perhaps you'll be able to entertain yourself by playing solitaire," he suggested. "The time will pass slowly for you, just loafing here in camp." This was a reminder that Palmer was not to do any prospecting. Then he took a pick and shovel and crossed the low rocky ridge above the camp. At the foot of the opposite slope a dry gully opened into a wide flat. An unpromising place to look for ore, the average prospector would have said. But Cooper crossed to the far side and began to dig. That evening when he returned to the camp he carried with him a small quantity of galena dust.

"I believe my guess is a good one," he told Palmer. "I've found colors in almost every pit I've dug. Tomorrow I hope to find the source of the mineral."

"Do you think you'll find a vein?" Palmer asked, not trying to conceal his eagerness. "Or will it be just an isolated chimney or pocket of ore?"

Cooper answered frankly, as if confiding in a trusted friend. That was characteristic of Cooper—letting the other fellow see some of the cards he held, and then outplaying him at the show-down.

"From the way the colors panned today, I believe there are three well-defined veins," he said. "Naturally, I am going to try to uncover the one where I think I'll find the greatest enrichment."

"And about the others?" Palmer asked quickly. "Are you going to let me stake out some ground along one of them?"

Cooper moved one hand in a definite gesture of refusal.

"In some ways you seem to be quite a fine fellow," he said judiciously. "But I don't like the way you horned in on this deal. Besides, I have some good friends who are entitled to the first chance at the ground I may leave open."

Palmer nodded as if he had expected some such answer—did not urge the matter further. But to the emotion of antagonism he had experienced at their first meeting was added a growing sense of resentment. He took pains not to reveal his feelings. They had made a point of preserving the outward forms of amiable good fellowship. A little later that evening they were playing cards with pebbles for stakes. A quartz pebble represented a big chip, a porphyry pebble a middle-sized chip, and a limestone pebble a little white chip.

The next morning at dawn Cooper started to work again. Twilight had fallen when he returned. But he brought with him rare specimens of galena—great pieces of glittering ore heavy with their content of lead and silver.

"Easier to find than I had expected," he told Palmer. "Tomorrow we'll be on our way. I'll have to go outside to record my location and to get more supplies."

Palmer looked at the ore with greedy eyes, began to fondle the pieces, fondling them as a miser might play with coined gold. Unconsciously he voiced his thought.

"Luck!" he said. "Sheer blind luck! Fellows like you are loaded with it, while men like myself ——"

"Aw, your luck is all in your eye," Cooper interrupted. "Why, man, prospecting is a business, a profession! I've spent years learning what little I know. Don't think it was luck brought me to this particular spot. I had prospected the flow of porphyry so thoroughly that when I found the galena float I knew there was only one place near the butte where there could be an enrichment.

"This thing looks good to you," he continued, referring to the discovery he had made and moving one hand in a gesture of disdain, "but to me it is just a little bit of base ore—and I don't like to waste time with base ore. Now here," he added, opening the chamois bag he always carried and showing Palmer the yellow gold—"this is high grade. It will be a matter of luck when I find the vein where this came from."

Abruptly he put the little bag away and went about the task of preparing the evening meal. From time to time he glanced covertly at Palmer, smiling as he watched the big man fondling the gray ore. He knew that all day Palmer had been lying in the rocks up on the top of the ridge spying—could almost prophesy what Palmer's next move would be.

As soon as they finished eating they rolled up in their blankets. The hour was late and already a pale crescent moon was riding high in the heavens. Then the moon faded from view and under the wan light of the distant stars the stunted sage and Joshua trees took on fantastic shapes and forms. From time to time the burros stirred and the tinkling bell of the leader sounded with startling clearness in the still night. At last even the tinkling of the bell ceased. But Palmer remained awake. Finally he sat up and listened intently to Cooper's slow breathing. Later he rose stealthily and crept out of the camp. Swiftly he climbed the low ridge, went unerringly to the piles of rock that marked the boundaries of the new discovery, removing Cooper's location notices and substituting notices of his own.

He had to go back across the ridge to reach the trail that led out over the desert. He moved cautiously from rock to rock, crouching, keeping always below the sky line. When he came to a point from which he could catch a final glimpse of the camp he rose and lifted one hand in a contemptuous gesture of farewell. His hat was pushed jauntily back from his forehead. His traveling bag swung from one end of a stick that he carried across his shoulder and his water sack swung from the other end. He was on his way. He knew that if he could appear before a land commissioner and make the first filing on the claim he would gain a legal advantage which under the circumstances would be hard for Cooper to overcome. In the courts it would be his word against Cooper's as to who had made the discovery; and whoever was first to make the filing would in all likelihood be awarded the property. For one brief instant he stood there with his hand uplifted, a gray silhouette against the gray night light of the sky. In that same instant a single shot rang out—and Palmer's water sack, as if by an invisible hand, was snatched from the end of the stick and flung among the rocks at his feet.

Instinctively Palmer dropped to his knees and began to grope there in the black shadows. He found the sack, and as he lifted it he could hear the water gurgling and dripping from a hole in the damp canvas. A wave of almost uncontrollable rage swept over him as he realized Cooper had been playing with him, had permitted him to post his false location notices and then by the simple expedient of ruining his water sack had made it impossible for him to cross the desert alone. He was still on his knees fumbling futilely with the sack when Cooper spoke at his side.

"Have you my notices with you, or did you destroy them?"

There was a suggestion of amusement in the tone that provoked Palmer to a greater rage. He rose swiftly, agile as a huge animal; saw that Cooper carried a revolver in his hand, and forced a semblance of self-control.

"Yes," he answered sullenly. "I have them in my pocket."

"Give them to me."

Palmer handed him the papers.

"Now go back to camp and don't do any more night walking," Cooper advised softly. "Next time you might accidentally stumble—over a cliff." There was a significance in the casual statement that Palmer could not fail to understand. Without replying, he started back to the camp. Cooper crossed the ridge and reposted his notices.

Four days later, late in the afternoon, they reached the little town in the foothills. Cooper stopped in front of the hotel to unpack his burros; but Palmer hurried to a saloon where he believed he would find some friends of his. Loiterers gathered around Cooper, as they always gather when a desert man comes in from a prospecting trip, eager for some crumb of news, some hint of a new discovery. Moreland came down the hotel steps to exchange a word of greeting. No one saw the tiny specimen of galena that passed from palm to palm as Cooper shook hands with the hotel keeper; nor did anyone overhear the tersely whispered instructions for finding the site of the ore deposit. Then Moreland strolled leisurely along the street in search of men to take with him.

Palmer, on a similar mission, had failed to find the friends he most wanted. Twice in his search he passed Hale Blair, an adventurer, prospector, miner. He knew Blair—knew the man's reputation for daring courage. But he didn't know how he would react to a thing like this. Finally he approached and spoke to him.

"I know where there's a claim that looks like a million dollars to me," he said. "Do we want to jump it?"

He had no time to mince matters, was relying on Blair's reputation for playing square with his associates. Blair grinned. "Can we get by with the deal?"

"We can if we work fast enough. We'll have to move the present location stakes and notices about six hundred feet one way or the other and replace them with our own monuments and notices."

Blair asked one more question.

"Is anybody guarding the ground now?"

"There will be within twenty-four hours," Palmer answered. "Have you a horse here?"

"Two—down in the livery stable."

"Fine!" Palmer said, then gave directions for finding the place. "Don't stop for supplies," he added. "There'll be a stampede under way before dark. Take both your horses. Ride them to death if you have to. Post the new notices in your own name if you want to. I'd rather not appear in this. Then if the case is taken into court I can appear as a disinterested witness."

"Old King Solomon the Second!" Blair jested. "Well, I'll be riding in about three minutes. By the way, who owns this ground I'm going to jump?"

"Brandt Cooper," Palmer said, and there was a suggestion of peevishness in his tone. He didn't like Cooper and he wasn't trying to conceal the fact.

"Nothing doing," Blair decided promptly. "I'd rather jump a den of rattlesnakes than try to jump a claim belonging to Brandt. No; I'm saying there's nothing doing."

Palmer and Blair were still arguing the matter when Moreland rode past with three other men. They were all well mounted and each was leading an extra saddle horse. Following them came two professional packers with a string of pack mules. Palmer began to curse.

"Stampeding already," he said. "Blair, be on your way. Leave Cooper's claim alone. Try to stake out a claim adjoining his. You won't have time to move his stakes to other ground."

Ten minutes later, without water or provisions, leading an extra horse, Blair rode swiftly away. The ride he made that night has become one of the traditions of the desert. It was just before five in the afternoon when he left the little town in the foothills. At midnight he stopped at a water hole more than eighty miles away. He tarried there just long enough to rub down and care for the horse he had been riding. Then he saddled the other horse and was on his way. An hour after sunrise he was at work staking out a claim adjoining Cooper's discovery. Before he had posted his last notice, Moreland rode in with his friends. Later in the day other men began to arrive—the vanguard of the stampeders.

When Blair rode out of the town, Cooper was watching from the steps of the hotel. Already a rumor of the discovery was sifting through the town, and groups of interested spectators had begun to gather on street corners and in doorways. Eledice joined Cooper there on the hotel steps.

"Brandt, have you found it?" she asked eagerly. He knew she was thinking of the hidden vein and he shook his head, at the same time taking a specimen of the galena from one of his pockets. She wouldn't accept the bit of ore. Instead, she put her hands on his arms and looked questioningly into his eyes. Time after time he had come in off the desert after making a new discovery, and each time he had sold his claim, squandered the money over the gambling tables, and then had gone back into the desert again. She knew the hidden vein he sought was the El Dorado of his dreams and that the search for it had become an obsession, as if the fulfillment of all his hopes depended upon its discovery. She feared that he was following a will-o'-the-wisp, searching for something that didn't exist. Thus had other fabled lost ledges become traditions of the West.

"Won't you keep this new thing and work it yourself?" she pleaded. "Or else cash in on it and quit the desert forever?"

He sighed a little and looked away from her. How often they had gone over this matter before; and how often she had seen that gray, bleak look come into his eyes as she urged him. For a moment longer they stood there together, her hands still on his arms, her eyes wistful. Then when he did not answer she turned slowly and went back up the steps.

Cooper waited until Moreland rode past with his friends, then went to the land commissioner's office and recorded his location; later procured supplies for the return trip across the desert. Before dawn the next morning he was traveling again.

A few weeks later he leased his ground to a mining man named Jim Boland. When Moreland heard the news he remonstrated.

"Boland and Palmer will play into each other's hands," he warned. "If you are not here to watch them, they will find a way to gyp you out of your property."

"Oh, I believe Jim is all right," Cooper said mildly. "He's a good miner. I think he'll handle this to suit me."

"But why are you leasing the ground?" Moreland persisted. "You could sell easily enough."

"It's just a case of kissing the hired girl to spite father," he explained. "In this instance Boland is the hired girl and Palmer is playing the part of father. I don't like Palmer. He horned in on this after I had advised him not to. That was the first time I ever saw him. He was afoot then, and running away from something. When I see him for the last time I hope he'll be afoot again—and running away from something else. That's why I'm giving Boland

(Continued on Page 108)

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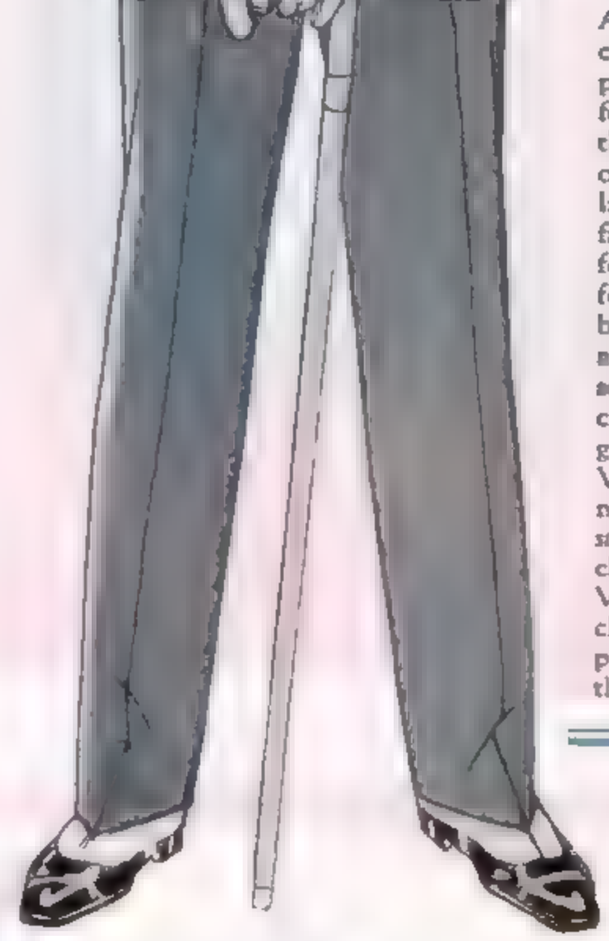

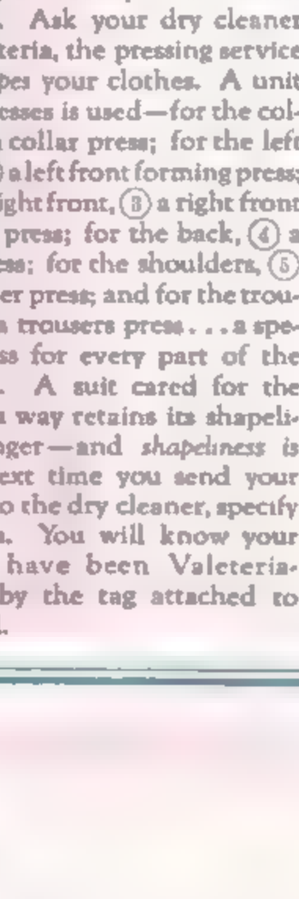

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A suit or coat worthy of fine dry cleaning is worthy of the finest pressing. Ask your dry cleaner for Valeteria, the pressing service that *shapes* your clothes. A unit of six presses is used—for the collar, (1) a collar press; for the left front, (2) a left front forming press; for the right front, (3) a right front forming press; for the back, (4) a back press; for the shoulders, (5) a shoulder press; and for the trousers, (6) a trousers press . . . a specific press for every part of the garment. A suit cared for the Valeteria way retains its shapeliness longer—and *shapeliness is style*. Next time you send your clothes to the dry cleaner, specify Valeteria. You will know your clothes have been Valeteria-pressed by the tag attached to the lapel.

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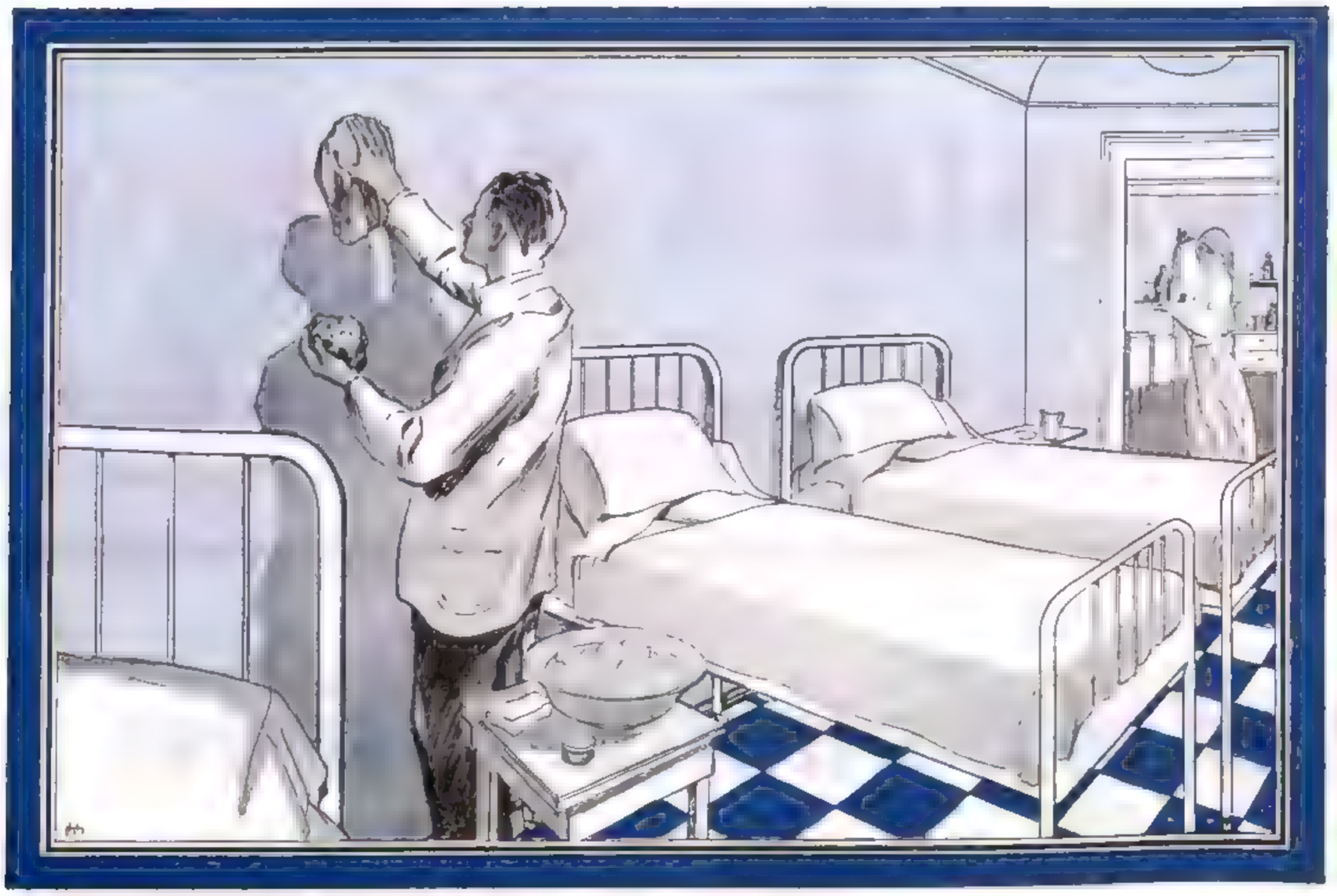

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Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restitution.

(Continued from Page 104)

the lease—so that eventually I'll be able to square accounts with Palmer."

Moreland shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Maybe you can see what you'll make by such a play," he said, "but I'm darned if I can."

A few days later Cooper drifted into the desert again. From time to time he turned up at various outlying camps for supplies; but two years elapsed before he went back to the scene of his galena discovery. He left the place when it was a straggling camp of tents clustering about a few open pits. When he returned it had become a city of wide streets and pretentious buildings, a city of opulence, of unrestrained speculation and sudden fortunes. Gallows frames rearing their gaunt timbers above a score of shafts gave evidence of the mining operations that were being carried on.

There can be no smoothly flowing narrative of sequent events in the story of that city. Its history is a record of unexpected ore discoveries, of opposing interests, of conflicting purposes. The men who made its history were adventurers, strong willed and reckless. Even today in memory their personalities stand out from the mass impression of the city, as the larger trees along a mountain ridge against the softening light of an evening sky stand each in sharply defined silhouette against the blending background of lesser trees. They came, those adventurers, from other mining camps and other countries, from the cities, the farms and the seven seas. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief! The promise of adventure was the lure that drew them, the quest for ore but the excuse. And Palmer dominated the camp.

A man of vision and action was Palmer. Out of the maze of conflicting interests and purposes he had been able to effect a consolidation of all the producing properties except Cooper's. From deep in the bed of the cañon on the opposite side of the butte he was driving a long tunnel for the purpose of mining the veins at a depth greater than had been reached by any of the shafts in the camp. In fact, the shaft on the ground Blair had staked out was down five hundred feet, and that was one hundred feet deeper than any of the other shafts. The tunnel was being driven to tap the veins at a depth of nearly one thousand feet.

This tunnel, an expensive undertaking in itself, was but one of Palmer's many projects. He was planning to build a big concentrating mill at the nearest adequate water supply, which was some thirty miles away, and he was endeavoring to finance the construction of a railroad to connect the two places. All his promoting and speculating and actual financing had been pyramided on the returns from ore Blair had produced for him. Blair's shaft had been sunk close to one of the side lines of Cooper's ground. Many a ton of rich galena had been hoisted out of that shaft.

Cooper was familiar with much of the gossip of the place even before he returned. He knew Moreland had built a hotel there and that Eledice had gone in to manage it. He knew, too, that she and Palmer were supposed to be engaged. But not even this gossip had hastened his return. He had waited until a few days before Boland's lease expired.

It was late when he entered the dining room of the hotel on the day of his return. The room was almost deserted; but Eledice and her father were dining together, as was their custom, and Palmer and Boland and Blair sat with them, chatting intimately. He frowned when he saw Palmer; but a moment later, when Eledice rose and called a glad welcome, his face lighted with one of his rare smiles—sunlight across granite and deep water. She crossed the room to greet him and then made a place for him beside her at the table.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Yes," Palmer added with smooth heartiness, "we all want to know where you've been. I've been trying for months to get in touch with you."

"Palmer wants to include your ground in his consolidation," Boland explained. "And I've been wanting to see you in order to get a renewal of my lease. Which one of us wins?"

Blair stepped into the background, leaving the matter to be settled by the others.

"I'll be toddling along," he said. "You fellows can fight it out." He nodded and passed behind Palmer and Boland.

He was a handsome fellow, that Blair, with square, clean features and dark, expressive eyes. Eledice noticed that his eyes were gleaming with repressed amusement, as if he were chuckling to himself over some colossal joke. Then she saw a fleeting glance pass between him and Cooper and wondered vaguely what secret jest they were sharing.

Palmer began speaking again, smoothly, persuasively, explaining his reasons for wanting to buy Cooper's property.

"I'm telling you all of this now," he said, "because there will be others after you as soon as they learn you are in camp. Everyone knows you have the best property here. And I'll meet any price within reason to add it to our Consolidated holdings."

"If I sell to you, where will Boland get off at?" Cooper asked. "He's been making good money for me. Been making good money for himself too. Haven't you, Jim?"

The question, casual, innocent, seemed characteristic of Cooper—always thinking of others before thinking of his own interests. But, nevertheless, he had asked it with the deliberate purpose of getting a rise out of Boland.

"Yes, I've been making it, but I haven't been getting it," Boland grumbled. "When that lawyer of yours made out the lease he slipped in a clause to the effect that all returns above actual operating costs were to be held in escrow until the expiration of the lease." This had been a sore point with Boland. For two years he had been trying to get in touch with Cooper so that he could have the clause stricken from the lease. He believed the lawyer had been overeager to protect Cooper's interests. "I didn't read the paper or he wouldn't have been able to put anything over on me like that," he added with a mirthless laugh.

"Well, well," Cooper said in a sympathetic tone. "So you haven't got a thing out of the lease yourself! How much longer does it run?"

"Less than two weeks."

Cooper nodded.

"Well, I'll look the camp over and then decide what to do. Let you both know soon enough."

With a gesture of his brown work-roughened hand he dismissed them and turned to Eledice. Even before Palmer and Boland were out of the room, the girl voiced the thought that was always uppermost in her mind:

"Brandt, are you going to cash in now and quit the desert?"

"Not yet," he told her gently. "Not yet for a little while. Perhaps after one or two more trips. Look!" he continued, opening the little chamois bag.

"Oh, I never want to see that again!" she exclaimed. For months she had been putting Palmer off, waiting—waiting to give Brandt another chance to choose between her and the desert. Now it seemed to her that he was forcing her to make a decision she did not want to make.

"Look!" he repeated, taking a piece of rock out of the little bag. The fragment was approximately the shape and size of half a plum. The flat, freshly broken surface was concealed in the palm of his hand. The part that he showed was a glossy blackish-brown color. Moreland was more interested than Eledice.

"Turn it over and let's see what it is," he suggested. "All rocks look alike when covered with that desert varnish."

"A form of pyrolusite—manganese dioxide," Brandt said, using the technical name given to a substance which in many parts of the desert covers exposed surfaces. "Desert varnish. In the stretch of country where I found this fragment every rock for miles is coated with the stuff. But look!" he added, showing the freshly broken surface.

Moreland and Eledice, familiar with all the varying ores of gold, gazed with fascinated wonder. The fragment was a mass of quartz crystals held together with a network of threads and filaments of pure gold.

"Oh, beautiful!" Eledice whispered. "Jewelry—picture rock," she added, using the terms miners give to such specimens.

"Real high grade!" Moreland said. "Brandt, I could die happy if I could get in on a find like that."

Brandt scarcely heard him. He was watching the girl's eager eyes; and he knew she was thinking only of the beauty of the quartz and gold, not of the potential wealth it represented.

"Maybe I've been following a will-o'-the-wisp," he told her. "But I believe not—I believe not. Out there, clinging to the slope of one of the less exposed ridges in that desolation of painted rocks, is a patch of heavy red soil where I find the grains of gold that I carry in the little chamois bag. Somewhere, cutting through that ridge, the hidden vein must be. How long have I been searching for it? A long time, Eledice; almost constantly for the past two years. One day, just a few weeks ago, I was resting down in the narrow cañon at the foot of the slope. Just from force of habit I broke a piece of rock that was lying at my feet. I guess I told you—every rock for miles is coated with that dark glossy desert varnish. A man must break or chip the exposed surfaces to tell what the formation is. So I broke the piece that was lying at my feet. . . . The vein must be very close, because there has been no weathering, no erosion, no agency that could have carried it far from its source. I'll be finding the vein soon. I wonder if it will bring us happiness."

They had forgotten that her father was sitting there with them. For a time they were both silent, Brandt waiting for her answer, Eledice wondering if he would ever find the hidden vein, wondering if he would even then be willing to quit the desert. Somehow she feared the desert. And Palmer had told her he would build a home down in a sheltered city near the California coast. At last she made her decision.

"I hope it will bring you happiness, Brandt," she said. Then she rose and left him.

Brandt looked questioningly at Moreland.

"Palmer?" he asked laconically.

Moreland nodded.

"You've been away for two years, Brandt. And Palmer has a way with him. He has his good points, qualities a woman would be bound to admire."

"Yes," Brandt admitted. "But she's a little bit of high grade. He isn't."

"I know that," Moreland agreed. "But what can we do about it?"

"Why, I'm going to smear Kerry Palmer," Brandt said prosaically. "Maybe it would be the sporting thing to stand aside and let him take her. But I'm just a roughneck prospector. What do I know about being sporting? Besides, I saw her first and —— Oh, dog-gone it, you understand. If Palmer were a white man ——"

Moreland shook his head.

"No, Brandt, it just isn't done that way," he said. "The harder you fight Palmer, the less she'll think of you."

"I'm not going to fight him," Brandt said mildly. "No, I wouldn't think of being so rude. All I'm going to do is to kick the props out from under him and see how hard he will fall. By the way, have you any of his Consolidated stock?"

"Of course I have," Moreland said. "Everybody in camp has."

"Well, you and your friends want to unload during the next ten days before Boland's lease expires because after that there won't be any Consolidated."

"Brandt, you are crazy," Moreland said bluntly. "That Consolidated stock will be paying dividends for twenty years."

"That is," Brandt corrected, "if the long tunnel Palmer is driving under the butte from the other side opens up ore bodies at that depth."

"No reason there shouldn't be ore at that depth," Moreland argued.

"Only the fact that there isn't." There was a suggestion of laughter in the statement.

"How do you know?" Moreland demanded. "The tunnel won't tap the first vein for a week or ten days. How can anyone know what there is at that depth?"

"I'm telling you," Brandt said. "And if you are wise you'll unload now while the unloading is good."

For a long moment Moreland sat studying Brandt's face; suddenly he kicked back his chair and got up.

"I don't know how much you know; but I'm betting you are right, in spite of the fact that most of the engineers in camp say ore will be found in the tunnel. Now I'm going to round up some of my friends and let them unload with me."

During the next few days Brandt loafed around the camp, apparently taking no interest in affairs, from day to day stalling Palmer regarding the selling of his property. He did not even seem interested enough to go underground to see how much mining Boland had done during his absence. This fact worried both Boland and Palmer. Another thing that began to worry Palmer was the fact that Moreland and Moreland's friends had begun to unload their holdings. There came a day when every broker and speculator in camp heard a rumor that the long tunnel had already intersected the veins far under the butte and that the veins were barren. The camp went mad that day in trying to unload Consolidated. Palmer left his office and went to the local exchange in an effort to check the downward movement of the stock.

Then Brandt went into action. He also went to the exchange. He wanted an audience for what he had to say. He stepped over the low railing that separated the spectators from the members of the exchange and called to Palmer.

"Do you want to deal for my property today?" The clamor in the room died to a murmur as Palmer answered.

"You bet I do! Are you ready to sell?"

"Make a bid," Brandt said. "I want to see how good you think your hand is."

"I don't get you," Palmer retorted, suddenly alert, suspicious. "Come on up to my office and we'll discuss the matter."

"No, we can come to terms right here," Brandt answered. "There are only two tricks to be taken. I'm going to take one of them and your long tunnel takes the other."

"Talk sense!" Palmer exclaimed, beginning to lose his temper. "What's the matter with you? Drunk?"

"Not drunk," Brandt said. "I'm just trying to find out if you still want to buy my property."

Palmer's face flushed. He sensed that Cooper was beginning to play with him again; began to wonder how much the man knew; wondered what his object was in starting this thing in public.

"Of course I still want to buy your ground," he said. "But this is no place to talk business. Come up to my office."

"No need to go to your office," Cooper repeated. "We can close this right here. I just want to be sure you'll be able to pay me. I happen to know," he went on, not giving Palmer a chance to speak, "that you've pyramided all your manipulating in this camp on the returns from the ore Blair has taken out of his shaft—your consolidation of the rest of the properties, your long tunnel, your concentrating mill, your railroad—an inverted pyramid, a structure of cards created out of the returns from the ore Blair has mined."

"Now wait and let me finish," he commanded as Palmer tried to interrupt. "Blair sank that shaft close to one of my side lines. Then he cross-cut over to my ore body and gutted everything he could

(Continued on Page 111)

There's an Eversharp for you
in any style and size you want.
This one, the popular standard
gift and business model, with
[illegible] lead up its sleeve,
gold filled at $5

Great inventions rise from little thoughts.

That idea of yours now slumbering in your mind—touch it to life!

Give it the power of definite form, the force of visible design.

PUT IT ON PAPER!

* * *

Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking that first friend of an active brain,

EVERSHARP

the name is on the pencil

Put it on paper

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(Continued from Page 109)

take out below Boland's workings. You and Blair and Boland have been in cahoots on this. That's where you got your money to operate on."

Palmer got control of his temper by an effort of will; tried to brazen the thing out, to shift responsibility.

"Yes, we know Blair gutted your property," he admitted. "We found out what he had been doing after we effected our consolidation. His records show every pound of ore he mined, and we are ready to pay you for what he took, just to keep the reputation of our company good."

"Of course you'll pay," Brandt said. "I have lawyers in court right now tying up every cent you have and every cent the Consolidated has. Of course you'll pay for the ore you stole. And Boland"—Brandt grinned a little—"poor old stupid Boland, he never did realize he was just working for me for wages. My lawyer took care of that when he made out the lease.

"Now then," he went on, "how can you pay me for my property when all your funds and all the funds of the Consolidated have been tied up?"

Palmer's anger cooled. This was the thing he had wanted to conceal. He had intended, if he could keep it under cover a few days longer, to sell out and go over to the California coast and build a home there. No more fake promotions, no more shady operations.

"I'll tell you how we planned to pay you," he said, his voice scarcely more than a whisper. "When the long tunnel opens up the ore bodies at that depth, the increase in the value of Consolidated stock will enable me to take care of everything."

"I knew that was the way you had been figuring," Brandt told him. "But as I told you a moment ago, there are just two tricks in this deal, and with your funds tied up you lose the first, and the tunnel takes the second. Because the tunnel has already intersected the three principal veins and they are all barren. And now how much is your Consolidated stock worth?"

"You lie!" Palmer roared. "The tunnel won't reach the first of the veins for several days."

Cooper smiled in sheer amusement. Palmer had seen that smile before; realized Cooper was not lying or bluffing.

"No, you don't lie," he retracted quickly, striving to get control of his faculties. "You wouldn't lie. Everybody knows that about you. Somebody has given you the wrong dope about the tunnel. Who told you that?"

Again Cooper smiled, provoking Palmer almost beyond endurance.

"Who else but the man who has been driving the tunnel?" he said. "Who else but my good friend Blair? He's been working with me on this. We thought it best not to let you know about the veins in the tunnel until we knew that all three were barren."

For a moment Palmer stood staring incredulously. He had believed Blair was his willing tool. Now a number of little details, each inconsequential in itself, came to his mind supporting Cooper's statement. He could see it all then—how the cards had been stacked against him from the beginning; knew that he was again in the situation in which he was when he first encountered Cooper. As if sensing Palmer's thought, Cooper spoke again.

"Yes," he said; "when I first saw you, you were afoot and running away from something. Now you're afoot again, and ——"

Palmer lost all semblance of self-control. For a moment he stood with his head lowered, his big, powerful hands beating against his thighs. He was like a huge bull preparing to charge. And he was cursing vilely. In an evil moment he spoke of Eledice. Without warning, Cooper struck him, and Palmer, for all his great bulk and strength, staggered half across the room under the driving impact of the blow.

Deep below the levels of his consciousness Palmer had feared Cooper from the first, and now a fear-created inhibition kept him from meeting the prospector in physical combat. But his temper was still beyond control and he reached awkwardly for a revolver he had been carrying of late. Cooper made no move; stood poised, waiting. Then his hand twitched at his side and the roar of his .45 blended with the report of Palmer's smaller gun.

Cooper fired but once, then waited again; marveled that Palmer could have missed at such close range. Palmer was reeling stupidly in a circle, swaying uncertainly. Abruptly Cooper turned and forced his way through the crowd that jammed the room between him and the door. On the way out he passed Moreland.

"Get me some burros and supplies and take them out to the trail," he said in an undertone.

"Don't try to get away," Moreland pleaded. "Everyone saw him draw first. Face it out, Brandt. No jury would ever convict you."

"I know that," Brandt said. "I'm not worrying about what a jury would do. It's that vein out there I'm worrying about. Suppose some other prospector should stumble onto that first. You get the burros for me. The lawyers will take care of this shooting business."

From the scene of the shooting he went directly to see Eledice. There was no middle ground in his philosophy of love. Either one loved or one did not love. And if one loved, that love couldn't be divided. If Eledice loved at all, she loved him or she loved Palmer. She could not love both. If she loved him, he believed this thing he must tell would hurt her but would not change or alter her love. He knew if she loved Palmer he would regret terribly the thing he had done.

"I'm in a bit of trouble," he told her as soon as they were alone together. "I'm leaving camp in a few minutes."

"Surely nothing serious," she said.

"That depends upon how much you care for me."

"Of course I care for you, Brandt," she told him; but there was a note of uncertainty, of hesitancy in her voice.

"How much?" he asked. "Do you care enough to marry me—to go with me now?"

"I care for you, Brandt—I care —— Oh, don't make me decide now!"

"Do you care more for Palmer?" he persisted.

A little cry broke from her lips.

"I don't know! I don't know!" Then she caught his hands in hers. "I do know, Brandt. I could love you—if you would only stay near me, if you would only promise never to go out into the desert again."

"Girl, I love you. But I can't promise that—yet. I must make one or two more trips."

Slowly she withdrew her hands and shook her head.

"No, Brandt, you don't love me," she said.

He moved his hands in a little gesture of resignation.

"I'm sorry, dear. I must go now. This thing you'll hear soon—remember, my hand was forced; I didn't plan it."

The days became weeks and the weeks were added into months. Every waking moment he worked among those ridges of painted rocks, chipping away the coat of blackish-brown varnish, examining the composition of each rock. Patiently, as a woman stitches a quilt, across and back, across and back, so with pick and hammer he worked his slow way up and down the ridges and cañons in that desolation of wind-swept hills where he knew the hidden vein must be. In his mind he had long since charted each of the different formations. On the outer edges were flows and dikes of basalt. Within the basalt zone was a flow of rhyolite. And in the heart of the rhyolite was a solitary ridge of granite—the crest of some old mountain that had been inundated and surrounded by the more recent outpouring of rhyolite. Day by day and week by week his search had narrowed until he knew the source of the gold must be some narrow fissure in the granite.

One evening he rested for a moment at the edge of the narrow cañon in which he had found the fragment of quartz and gold. It was a small cañon, so narrow he could have tossed a stone from one rim to the other. As he sat there, weary, more lonely than usual, almost discouraged, he saw the thing he had been seeking, marveled that he could have passed so close and so frequently without having noticed before the depression in the painted granite wall on the opposite side—a depression, no wider than the palm of a man's hand, that could be traced up into the soil on the slope above. That depression, he knew without even a suspicion of doubt, was the quartz-filled fissure he had been seeking. Slowly, without eagerness, like a man who comes to the end of a long journey too weary for the enjoyment he had planned, he crossed the cañon and began digging into the narrow fissure. Then he knelt for a time, almost without interest, studying the gold-shot quartz his pick had disclosed.

The next morning he erected monuments of rock to mark the boundaries of his discovery. During the heat of the afternoon he rested. When night came he started across the desert toward the little town that nestled in the foothills. During the following days he rested, traveling at night to avoid the heat. On the last day of his journey he camped within sight of the foothills. He had no thought of the heat or the discomforts of his camp. Nor did he hurry that night. Why should he hurry? Who would care whether he ever reached the town or not?

The night was still young when one of the plodding burros stopped and pointed with its long ears toward a figure that moved like a purposeless phantom in the clear moonlight. Cooper also stopped, and as he watched, the figure swayed and wavered and disappeared; rose again and moved drunkenly for a time; then wavered and disappeared. Cooper knew this was no dust-created phantom of the desert. He knew that some thirst-crazed wanderer was out there in dreadful need of assistance. He turned the burros and went swiftly to share the treasure of his water sacks. He came to where the man lay prone in the sand. Then he stopped and stared incredulously for a moment.

"So you did not die when I shot you," he said finally.

Palmer had not died. For weeks he had hovered on the border line. Then gradually his strength had begun to return. There followed a period during which he fought in the courts to retain something out of the wreckage of his promotions. At last, without friends or money, he quit the camp as he had entered it—on foot, with nothing but his water sack and traveling bag. But his strength had not been equal to such a trip. Now every fiber of his body was crying for water and he struggled to his knees and reached pathetically for the sack Cooper carried. He was too far gone even to recognize his rescuer.

Cooper poured water into his parched and bleeding mouth and continued his ministrations until Palmer relaxed and lay in a dull stupor in the sand. Then he withdrew a little distance and stood looking toward the foothills. He was thinking of Eledice.

He felt sure that by this time she would have returned to the little town at the edge of the desert. He believed that Palmer and Eledice belonged one to the other. And he knew that only skilled medical attention could save Palmer now.

Cooper knelt down and began to draw meaningless patterns in the sand. He was thinking that with Palmer out of the way he might yet win the woman he desired. But if she loved Palmer —— He rose and went and stripped the packs from two of the burros. The third one was carrying his water supply. He picked Palmer up bodily and placed him on one of the patient little

(Continued on Page 113)

Its beauty will last forever

FROM the heart of the eternal hills, near Barre, Vermont, comes the granite from which Guardian Memorials are made. It is a handsome gray in color, either light or dark, of an almost diamond hardness; even in texture, finely grained; pleasing in appearance whether given a hammered or polished finish. When made in an appropriate design and set against a background of nature's loveliness, it gives to all who see it an impression of beauty, of dignity, of peace and untroubled rest.

Permanent as well as Beautiful

WHEN one thinks of a Memorial, Permanence and Beauty are the two qualities which chiefly come to mind. And if one seeks proof of the permanence of granite, one has only to recall the fact that it is granite which has preserved for us for thousands of years the inscriptions of Egyptian Kings. Barre Granite has a reputation for being able to weather widely varied climatic conditions, and to keep its surface clean and free from blemish.

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WE WILL gladly send you, without expense or obligation, a copy of our book, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever," that will give you complete information concerning Guardian Memorials, together with names of Guardian Memorial Dealers near you. A post card will bring it free.

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Mark every grave

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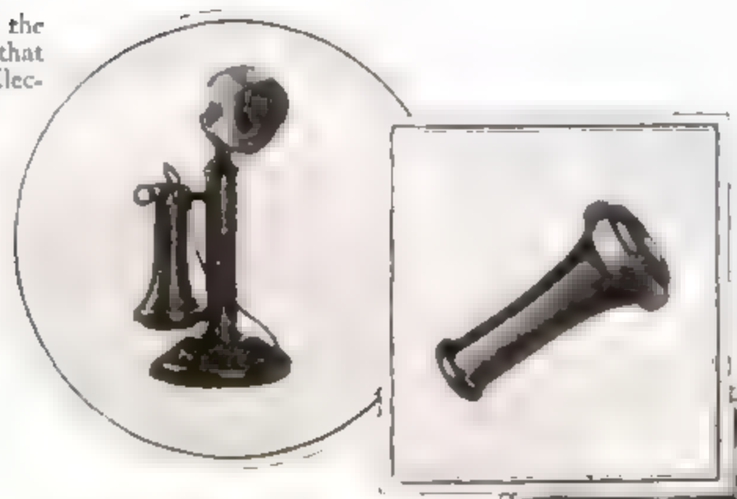
"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"

— *and your telephone*

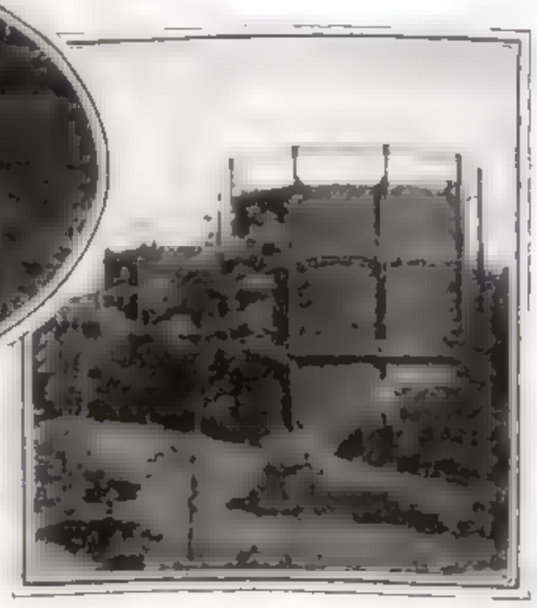
This is the telephone that Western Electric built.



This is the shell that inclosed the receiver on the telephone that Western Electric built.

This is the mould that made the shell

This is the lead that formed the mould. . . .



This is the plant that made the gas that heated the lead that formed the mould that made the shell that inclosed the receiver on the telephone that Western Electric built.

YOU recall the chain of events in the House that Jack Built—one thing leading to another? When it comes to the Telephone that Western Electric Built you find the same sort of chain.

At Western Electric skilled artisans carry the work of making the Bell telephone on through all its stages. Industries within an industry have been developed here—not only a factory for producing the many types of telephone equipment, but also a tool factory, a rubber mill, a cable shop, a wire-drawing plant and many others.

For all the world it is like a fairy tale come true. But on how vast a scale—the fact greater than the fancy!

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 111)

animals. Supporting the man's huge swaying body the best he could, he started forward. Mile after mile they traveled until the burro stumbled and collapsed. He had known the little animal could not last long with such a burden. He cared for it the best he could. Then he lifted Palmer and put him on the second burro.

Again they went slowly forward, mile after weary mile. There were intervals when Palmer seemed to be trying to throw off the lethargy that held him. After these efforts he would sink back into a stupor again. Finally the burro that was carrying him stumbled and fell and refused to rise again. Cooper looked toward the foothills, estimated the distance, and then unpacked the third burro. They plodded on again, leaving the water behind them. When this last little animal could go no farther, Cooper took Palmer on his shoulders and went steadily forward.

The town was not far away now, not more than six or seven miles. When he had gone part of the distance he stopped, thinking to rest for a time; but Palmer's breathing had become fainter, so he went on, fearing to wait. The sun rose and the air became oppressive with the morning heat. Still he went steadily, doggedly forward.

A boy who was playing near the edge of the town saw him and came running to meet him.

"Go and get a doctor," Cooper said. "I'll be following at your heels."

His body was infinitely weary, but mentally he was alert; found a grim sort of humor in the spectacle he made. He saw a woman standing in the door of a cabin, staring curiously; wondered if he should ask her to prepare a bed for Palmer; decided it would be better to take him directly to the hospital.

Eledice, busy with the routine tasks at the hotel, became conscious of a commotion in the street. A boy went running past, calling something to a passer-by. Then the boy returned, still running. A doctor followed. He was bareheaded and wore his white office coat. She went to a window and looked down into the street. She saw a man standing bowed with the weight of another man upon his shoulders. She recognized them and stood for a moment with her hand against her breast as if to still the beating of her heart; then turned and hurried toward them. The doctor and other men who had gathered lowered Palmer to the ground, and stood aside as they saw her coming. The doctor nodded reassuringly.

"A shot of dope to start his heart working, and a little rest and care will be all he'll need," he told her.

Eledice nodded gratefully; but her hands were on Cooper's arms. She had scarcely glanced at Palmer.

"How far have you carried him?" she asked.

"Not very far," Brandt told her. "Not more than six or seven miles." He moved his great shoulders as if he could still feel Palmer's weight. "But I'm glad it wasn't any farther," he added.

"You must lie down and rest," she said. "I've never seen you before when you looked so tired."

They went to the hotel together and she walked close beside him, still keeping one hand on his arm. She would have had him sit down at once in one of the deep, comfortable chairs in the lobby, but he preferred to go to the window to watch as they carried Palmer away. He saw that Palmer already was responding to the stimulant the doctor had given him.

"I am tired," he said, after the ambulance had gone. "And I need a shave," he added, rubbing his hand over his chin.

Eledice laughed joyously.

"I was so glad to see you I hadn't noticed that," she told him. She put her cheek against his, pressing against the week-old stubble of his beard. As if unaware that there were other people about, he put his arm around her and held her close. After a moment she spoke again.

"Will you be going back into the desert right away? Or will you stay here with me for a little while?" There was no reproach in her voice; only joy that he was with her again. Then her voice became a caressing whisper. "And after we are married, you'll never stay away very long, will you, dear?"

"I'll never stay away very long after this," he promised. "But what about Palmer?"

"I hated you for a while," she confessed. Then she made a little dismissing gesture with one hand, and her voice was free from care as she continued. "Maybe I would still be hating you if I hadn't undertaken to nurse him back to health. If a woman wants really to get acquainted with a man she should try nursing him for a while."

Then Brandt took a handful of ore from one of his pockets and put the broken pieces on the window sill.

"Oh, Brandt!" she cried. "You've found it!"

He nodded and made a little heap of the golden fragments and put them in her hands; then folded her hands in his.

"A little bit of high grade," he told her tenderly; and she knew he wasn't even thinking about the ore.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Chantey of the Doomed Ship

THERE was a ship that put to sea—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
Not quite so trim as she might be!
And it's time for us to leave her.

Oh, just before that ship did go—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
The rats left, sliding in a row.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Oh, when the rats, they leave a ship—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
It's time her men gave her the slip.
And it's time for us to leave her.

But these lads signed on anyhow—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
Though she was leaky as a scow.
And it's time for us to leave her.

The captain was a Bluenosed thief—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
With twenty ships he'd come to grief.
And it's time for us to leave her.

The noose was dangling for the mate—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
They were bound to sink, as sure as fate.
And it's time for us to leave her.

That bald-head devil of a cook—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
He slung their grub by hook or crook.
And it's time for us to leave her.

But—time for them to leave her—well—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
They brought that ship from hell to hell.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Death's flag went up to her masthead—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
Some thought they were as good as dead.
And it's time for us to leave her.

"Good-by!" they cried. "'Good-by,' my eye"—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
"We'll pull her through," was their reply.
And it's time for us to leave her.

And, though they had to man the pumps—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
And cuss themselves for blooming chumps.
And it's time for us to leave her.

In spite of storm, and fate, and tide—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
They sailed that ship with sailors' pride.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Though sails were rotten, grub fell short—
Leave her, bullies, leave her!—
They brought that old tub safe to port,
And then, by cripes, they left her!

—*Harry Kemp.*

A Song of London

WHEN I lived in London town, a long time ago,
Hansoms lined beside the curbs in shining row on row,
Like varnished cockney caravans all headed for romance;
And this one took you to a play, and that one to a dance.
But who would ride in hansoms now would search the town in vain;
I'd only sulk in taxis there if I went back again.

When I lived in London town, a long time ago,
I knew a little, dusty shop whose door was wide and low;
And there I found a poet's songs the world had long forgot,
And there I bought ten "gallant tales"—a penny for the lot!
But oh, my little shop was old in good King Edward's reign;
I doubt if I could find its sign if I went back again.

When I lived in London town, a long time ago,
I knew a certain shabby room, all coals and candle glow;
And two rode in the hansom there when they were gay and young,
And two there read beside the hearth the songs their poet sung;
And two there drew the curtains close against the fog and rain. . . .
I think I'll go to Paris when I sail away again!

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

We Call This Life

WE CALL this life, that is life's preparation,
We call this life, a little time of tears;
But think you God for this designed creation,
A few short years?
If this is all, then why these worlds around us,
And unseen skies, and undiscovered stars?
I wonder, though one little world we found us,
Why God made Mars?

A million spheres, and ours one tiny planet,
Eternity, and earth a little span ——
I cannot think for this that God began it,
That God made man.
I eat, I drink, a little gold I win me,
One world enough for my necessities,
But something else, some other thing within me,
Does none of these.

My soul has little use for earthly treasure,
Comes not to table, wears no silk nor wool,
With all our playthings, finds its only pleasure
The beautiful.
So many things my soul has naught to do with,
To which the man of flesh so fondly clings;
Shall that soul die when these things I am through with,
The fleshly things?

God made for man an earthly habitation,
The body soil in which the soul may grow.
This little life is but the preparation
The soul must know.
And then some day man's errors overcome him
The body fails, the soul alone is wise;
And then the God that takes one small world from him
Gives him the skies.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

OTHER blades are sharp. Other blades can be made to last a long time. But men who have tried 'em all, swear that none are so *exquisitely* keen as these long Durham-Duplex Blades. Or hold their keenness for *so many* shaves!

Two packages*, now, in the new Durham-Duplex Sets.

*Durham-Duplex Blades are scientifically wrapped in hermetically sealed packages. Each blade is protected against contact with waxed paper wrapper by patented tabs.

NEW DURHAM-DUPLEX SETS

Including two 50¢ packages of 5 Durham-Duplex Blades—$1.50

Interchangeable Blades—50¢ for package of 5

JOIN THE DIOGENES CLUB

Formed by Diogenes for men who want Honest Shaves. At your dealer's or send a quarter and get your credentials—a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor and one blade.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co. Jersey City, N. J.
I enclose 25¢ for razor and blade SEP 2
Signed .....
Address .....
1 prefer Long Handled type "Safety" type

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Blades Men Swear By-not At

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.
Factories, Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France
Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries

For your Atwater Kent Radio—a cabinet and a horn fully worthy of it.

Read what Mr. Kent says:

"THE Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(*Signed*) A. ATWATER KENT

Model 1600-R-2

You can purchase Pooley Radio Cabinets without Sets

If you already have an Atwater Kent Radio Set you can get for it a Pooley Radio Cabinet with Pooley built-in floating horn. Ask your dealer. Installation is easy

EXQUISITE in design, charming in tone—a possession you'll want your friends to see and to hear—your Pooley Radio Cabinet. It is a beautiful, resourceful, musical instrument, a thoroughbred piece of furniture.

It has an exceptional horn—the built-in Pooley floating horn, made expressly for the Atwater Kent Receiver. In combination with the celebrated Atwater Kent reproducing unit which gives it voice, *the Pooley horn produces a volume, clarity and truth of tone surpassing anything radio science has yet developed.*

Only in a Pooley Cabinet can you get the Pooley horn. Only in a Pooley Cabinet can you get Atwater Kent Radio which is factory-installed, wired and tested by experts, under the supervision of radio and acoustical engineers.

And isn't it important to you, in buying cabinet radio, to get a cabinet which the maker of the receiver unqualifiedly approves—with a horn which does justice to his set?

In justice to yourself—hear the Pooley horn. And then examine the cabinet. The name "Pooley" stands for craftsmanship, design and tone to captivate the discriminating eye and ear.

Beware of imitations
Look for the name "Pooley" on the arm rest

There are three ways you can identify a Pooley Radio Cabinet

1 By the name "Pooley" on the arm rest
2 By the tone qualities of its built-in floating horn
3 By its beauty and craftsmanship

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1658 Indiana Ave. Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Model 1600-R-2, *shown above*, is one of the seven beautiful Pooley Radio Cabinets, ranging in price from $75 to $295. All models have the built-in Pooley floating horn and can be purchased either with or without the Atwater Kent Receiving Set factory-installed. See them at your dealer's today. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

THE GIRL WHO FORGOT

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yes, yes, Wilkens," said the marquis. "Telephone for Doctor Brailes at once. And if Roper is still there, I would like to speak to him. You may—ah—ah—you may tell him to come in here."

II

ROPER had gone before the marquis' message could be delivered to him: but Barker, the second man, had heard his story, and now came into the drawing-room to tell them what he knew. He was a tall, youngish man, this Barker, who had only recently come to the Towers, being, indeed, if anything, rather too active to suit Wilkens, not only doing his own work but continually trying to do those higher duties which no one but a butler can properly perform.

"Beg your pardon, M'Lord," he said, "the gardener's gone. But seeing I 'eard 'is story and quizzed 'im a bit, if there's anything I can tell you ——"

"Can you tell us about the girl?" asked the marquis.

"Yes, M'Lord. Roper says they were tidying up the lower road—himself and Frapwell and Chubb—as they always do on a Thursday ——"

"Yes, yes, but the girl!" interrupted the marquis testily. "Where did they find her?"

"Down among the Little Porpoise Rocks, My Lord. Or at least she was there before they 'auled her out. And 'ow Roper 'appened to find her, 'e says 'e was raking along ——"

"Was she unconscious?"

"Yes, M'Lord. And dead, too, they were all quite certain, what with the way she lay there, thrown about like, and the bruise on her forehead, as big as a magnum bonum plum. But when he lifted her, Roper said he could feel there was still a spark of life left in her. So while the other two started chafing her hands, he came running up here for a blanket and a drop of spirits, and to have a message sent to the village so the doctor would be here by the time they had brought her up to the 'ouse."

"Have they any idea how she got there?" asked the colonel.

"No, sir. But from the looks of her she must have been there quite some time."

"A trespasser, probably," shrugged the marquis. "No man's property belongs to him any more."

"Or it might be some little fool who has come to the end of her rainbow," said the colonel pensively.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I 'ardly think so," said Barker, coughing a little behind his hand. "Roper seemed to think she wasn't any more than twelve or thirteen." And as though to make a clean breast of everything, he coughed behind his hand and added, in a desperately respectful voice, "From the 'urried remarks that Roper made, My Lord, it seems she 'ad a very little on."

At that moment the gardener's cart was seen ascending from the Channel Road; and although, of course, it was coincidence and had nothing to do with the second man's last remark, both the colonel and the curate arose.

Augie spoke then, drawling a little, with his eyes shut.

"Has it occurred to any of you," he asked, "that she may be one of these—aw—aw—Channel swimmers, landing here a bit out of puff?"

All the men gave him the "Silly fool!" look then—all, that is, except the second man; and Barker, of course, remained respectful.

"She's much too young for that, Marster Augustus," said he. "She looks as though she might belong to a good family. 'The child of some aristocrat, I wouldn't wonder,' Roper said, 'who might have fell off a private yacht and 'asn't been missed yet.'"

The gardener's cart was plainly visible by that time, a small blanket-covered mound lying on top of the leaves. Augie lazily arose and began sauntering toward the door.

"Augustus, you will stay where you are!" said the marquis sharply; and then to Barker: "I wish you would send the housekeeper here—at once!"

She soon appeared—a capable old lady with a firm chin and a glance that could see a ceiling cobweb fifty yards away. But there was more than penetration in her eyes. There was generally a hint of sadness, and sometimes a look of waiting—that watchful waiting immortalized by Mr. Woodrow Wilson and previously condensed in a proverb which is probably nearly as old as the human race.

"Mrs. Wilkens," said the marquis.

"Yes, M'Lord," she said, with an almost imperceptible dip.

"A girl—a child—has been found half drowned upon the beach. The gardeners are bringing her in their cart, and the doctor has been sent for. I—ah—I wish you would meet the cart at the door, please, and have the child carried up to one of the east bedrooms."

"Yes, M'Lord."

At that moment the cart passed under the archway, and Mrs. Wilkens went to meet it, the curate following shortly after to see if there was anything he could do.

"I'll go and make sure the doctor's coming," said the Honorable Augie, sauntering toward the door again.

"Did you notice how pale Augustus turned?" whispered the colonel as soon as the marquis' nephew had disappeared. "I happened to be looking at him when Barker mentioned the wound on the girl's forehead."

"Not much stuff in him, I'm afraid," ponderously admitted the marquis. "Still, I believe that Nellie will make a man of him."

"Yes," creaked the colonel, leaning back in his chair, "but what if he doesn't take her on?"

The marquis seldom did it, but that time he brought his fist down on the table with a certain grim thump which left nothing to be desired.

"He'd better take her on, sir!" he answered. Having thus finished Augustus, he added, though still breathing somewhat loudly from the encounter, "And now suppose that we finish our game. Is it your move, colonel, or mine?"

III

THE butler and the second man were in the pantry, getting the silver ready, for girls are found and girls are lost, but dinners go on forever.

"I wonder if she's come to yet," said Barker, who could talk of nothing else.

"I understand she's mending," said Wilkens.

"Awkward of the doctor being away like that and nobody else to get," said Barker briskly. "I thought Master Gussie would have the phone apart!"

This being in the nature of a reflection on the family, Wilkens ignored it.

"In a way, you know," continued Barker, "we needed this. What I mean is, this old place wants a bit of excitement."

"This old place has had excitement enough in its day," said Wilkens, coldly defending it. "Or have you never heard of the Barstow case?"

"Yes, but I mean ——"

"Or King Edward's visit here when he was a young man?"

"Yes, but I mean ——"

"Or perhaps you never heard of Lady Barkhurst?" continued the butler with heavy irony. "Or the reptiles in the marchioness' bedroom, or the chimes of St. Pancras playing A Jolly Good Fellow, or the cannon from Mogbridge Park that was brought up here one morning and shot off at the bottom of the stairs in order to wake

(Continued on Page 117)

Spring begins with the Easter Shoe~

SPRING used to begin with the Easter Hat ... Now it's the Easter Shoe. Hats are trim and tight and plain—little straw frames for little bobbed heads. But shoes are as lovely as the flowers that used to bloom on the hats—light as the feathers that used to nod from the hats ... And the woman whose feet aren't ready for the Easter Parade had better stay home!

All over the country they're streaming into shops for shoes. Some of the wise have little samples in their hands. "This is my new blue suit."... "This is the grey I've chosen"... "Have you a beige that goes with this?"... Some of the wisest choose their shoes first. Then build up, step by joyful step, through fourteen inches of shining stocking to the hem of a lively skirt—a bag to match the shoes—a hat to match the bag—gloves to match the stockings ... Ah, what a sophisticated rainbow is the smart woman of today with her tones and her *nuances* and her chic!...

Here's Colour Wisdom

HERE'S the shoe-colour-mode in a nutshell. Cut it out, madam. Cut it out, sir, and hand it to the lady whose mistakes you have to pay for—as her triumphs, too, are yours ... Vici kid is the leather in every case. And every colour represents Vici kid at its best for one particular taste and occasion—and all particular purses.

Vici Parchemin—That delicate old-ivory with which 1926 has replaced last year's white—so much more lovely.

Vici Cream—A deep creamy blond—the most versatile beige in the mode. Vici Sudan is a darker town version.

Vici Apricot—A delicious pinky beige that reflects the mode's whole feeling for rose.

Vici Crystal Grey—A marvel, an achievement! A clear, true beautiful grey that goes with all the new blues, the new greys and the other "cold" colours newly risen to favor.

Vici Bois de Rose—Colour-magic that has taken two continents by storm.

Vici Gypsy Brown—A rich, warm medium brown—a wonderful utility colour for town. Vici Cochin, an even darker sports variant.

Vici Black—In two versions, mat and glacé. Ever so smart when trimmed with a colour to match one's accessories.

The Vici Lucky Horseshoe—Look for the little Lucky Horseshoe Trademark in your Easter Shoes. If it's there—the style's right—so's the colour, the wear and the price.

Remember, madam—you're only as smart as your feet ... How smart are they? ... Remember, sir—a man is judged by his wife's clothes ... Tell her to send for the Vici Folder, "The Chart of the Colour Mode." It's worth its weight in dressmakers' bills.

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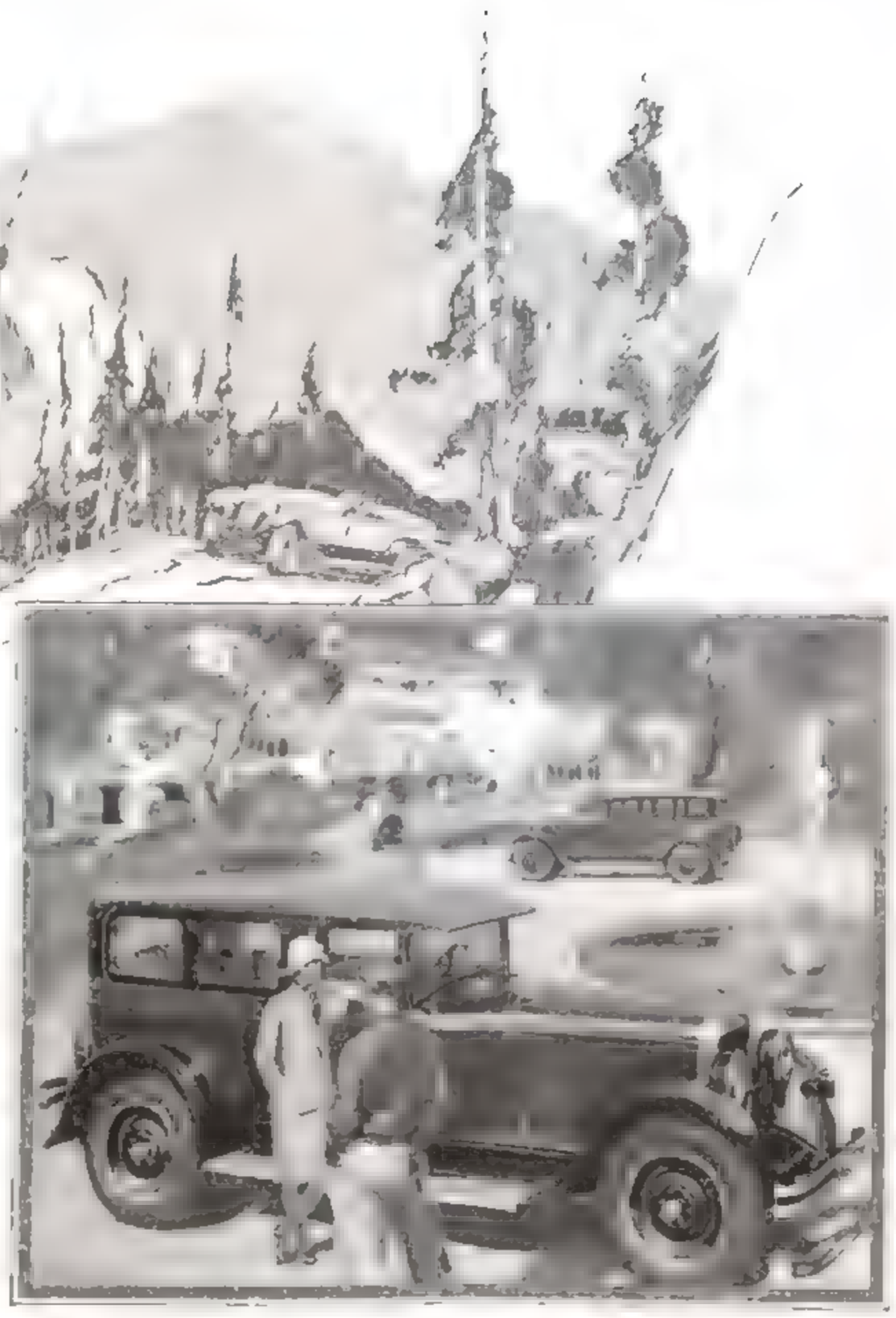

Far from smooth boulevards, on ice covered mountain passes and sand-swept desert trails—miles from a service station . . . that's where you get the real measure of a motor car!

And that's where the Gardner Eight-in-line has proved to all America that it has the right kind of stuff in every inch of it! That's why each passing month sees it *rising higher and higher in public esteem!*

Climbs Ute Pass in High Gear

On March 9, 1925, a stock Gardner Eight-in-line battled its way thirteen times up and down tortuous Ute Pass in the foothills of the Rockies, covering 397 rutted, snow-swept mountain miles at an average speed of $19^{11}/_{19}$ miles an hour. It used only one pint of oil. It averaged $14^{1}/_{7}$ miles to each gallon of gasoline. It took the worst the Pass had to offer, and whipped it to a standstill—in high!

Makes Slowest High-Gear Run on Record

Just three days later, a second stock Gardner Eight-in-line enclosed car thrilled the West with another great performance feat—the slowest 24-hour, high-gear run on record!

Nineteen consecutive times it fought its way up and down forbidding Lookout Mountain, near Denver, at an average speed of but 7½ miles an hour. Without once exceeding a speed of 10 miles an hour on the upward climb. Not a single drop of water or oil was added on the entire 224-mile trip. 18½ gallons of gasoline fueled the run.

And before people had stopped talking about this achievement, the story of another Gardner performance epic came over the wires!

The 2107 Mile U.S. Mail Run

In the blistering heat of the Southwest, a third stock Gardner Eight-in-line carried the U. S. Mails 2,107 miles over the worst roads in Arizona, California, Old and New Mexico in 59 hours 27 minutes, averaging better than 15½ miles to each gallon of gasoline, more than 887 miles to each quart of oil, and completing the entire run without a single mechanical adjustment.

Wins Yosemite Economy Run

And right on the heels of this came news of Gardner's great victory in the ninth annual Yosemite-Camp Curry Economy Run. A stock Gardner Eight-in-line breezed home an easy winner in the eight-cylinder class. It averaged 17.78 miles to each gallon of gasoline. It used only ¼ pint of oil for the 360-mile pull. It was the only car *in any class* to cover the entire course on its original water supply.

Establishes Record for Mt. Wilson Climb

Then, on November 13th, with Norman Etges at the wheel, a Gardner Eight-in-line sped on to a new stock car record for the famous Mt. Wilson climb. Gardner's time for this 9½-mile dash was 25 minutes and 2 seconds. This was the second annual Los Angeles Evening Express run—a strictly stock car event—the first to be held under American Automobile Association sanction.

Wins Pomona Bulletin Challenge Trophy

Another long-standing record fell on December 8, 1925, when a stock Gardner Eight-in-line Touring sped up Camp Baldy Road to Icehouse Canyon in high gear, clipping more than a minute from the former record for this famous California grade. There is a rise of one mile in the elevation between the start and the finish of this 8-mile course—yet the Gardner covered the distance in the remarkable time of 13 minutes, $31^{1}/_{10}$ seconds.

Shatters Los Angeles to Phoenix Record

The very next day a stock Gardner Eight-in-line Sport Sedan, driven by Bobbie Darrell, set a new speed mark for the dash from Los Angeles, Cal., to Phoenix, Ariz. It swept over the full 490 miles in the amazing time of 10 hours and 20 minutes—a full 51 minutes faster than the best previous record.

Public Esteem Mounting Higher and Higher

Such impressive performance explains why the past year has seen the Gardner Eight-in-line *rise higher and higher in public esteem.* Never before, say Gardner owners, has there been a car with such smooth, quiet power. Never before a car so free from all vibration. Never before a car that handles so easily, controls so surely and glides so smoothly over the road that you think you are actually coasting on air.

Of course, you'll want to see the Gardner Eight-in-line before you buy any car. You'll want to see its colorful beauty . . . the added comforts and conveniences . . . the refinements and features for 1926.

And when you do, you'll want it as you've never before wanted any car. You'll realize the utter futility of trying to get sufficiently greater value in any higher-priced car to justify the higher price. And how useless it is to hope for Gardner performance, Gardner staunchness and Gardner dependability from cars of lesser price.

You'll enjoy reading "Thrilling Deeds," the interesting booklet which tells the whole story of these record runs . . Write for it.

GARDNER
SIX & EIGHT-IN-LINE

THE GARDNER MOTOR COMPANY, INC. • ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 114)

the Hearl of 'Ereford, who was a very sound sleeper."

"Yes, yes; I know," said Barker. "Ever since I've been in service, I've 'eard about the Old Nooker. But what I mean is, nothing ever happens 'ere now."

"You wait," said Wilkens mysteriously.

"Wait? 'Ow do you mean—wait?"

"You wait till Marster Augustus comes in for the place, if he ever does."

"Always strikes me as a bit of a dud, that one."

"Hah!" said Wilkens. "But then, of course, you never saw his great-grandfather."

"You mean the Old Nooker?"

"As like as two peas in a pod, they are," said Wilkens, solemnly nodding. "Even to the way they stand and the turn of the eye. And say what you like about the old one, 'e was no fool. As much as 'e lost, and as many suits as 'e was in, he left the estate better off than he found it—added over a thousand acres and restored the east wing."

Barker polished the silver for the next few seconds in silence.

"'E certainly pulls the marquis' leg with some of his tales about America," he continued then. "I lived over there a year myself, and I can 'ardly keep a straight face at times when 'e gets started. . . . But look 'ere," he interrupted himself, "if he's so much like the old one, why is it 'e doesn't let out and show 'is paces now and then?"

"Ah, he has to be careful yet!" said Wilkens.

"Careful? Why?"

"Because his uncle's so strict. One false step from Marster Augustus and 'e'd lost all the marquis' money; and the way the estate's settled, I think the old boy could sell the Towers here, too, and do what he pleased with the cash."

The second man nodded, polishing away and keeping a sharp eye on the bells.

"I'll go, if you like, when they ring upstairs," he said.

"No, I'll go," said Wilkens.

"I wonder if she's come to yet."

Wilkens made no answer, but continued putting fruit in a silver basket.

"I didn't know Mrs. Wilkens was so strong," said Barker. "The way she carried that girl upstairs!"

"Yes," said the butler. "We had a daughter of our own once, but we lost her when she was about twelve—just about the size of this one, I should say."

"Lost her?" asked Barker.

"Aye, when Marster Gussie was a lad. Lost her of typhoid, and the marquis had her go to a nursing home. Mrs. Wilkens always said she'd have pulled the child through if she'd nursed it herself, and she's never quite forgive the marquis for not letting her stay here."

At that, one of the bells above the sink started ringing.

"Seventeen!" said Barker excitedly. "That's the room!"

Wilkens started for the door.

"I'll go, if you like," said Barker.

"No, I'll go."

"What do you say if we both go?"

Wilkens turned and gave him a look—just one look and yet it would have quelled a dozen; but although he left the pantry with a dignified tread, as a butler should, he was nearly trotting when he reached the stairs.

IV

THE girl lay in the bed—a slight, elfish little thing, somewhat high in the forehead, perhaps, and keen in the chin, like those adorable young ones which Tenniel used to draw whenever the moon was full. And like Tenniel's children, this one's hair was around her shoulders, making a frame for her pale little face on the pillow—a frame of golden silk.

She had evidently just recovered consciousness and was staring around with puzzled eyes. The bruise above her temple was like blue marble, and from the sharp smell in the room, Wilkens guessed that his wife had been bathing it with vinegar.

"I want you to build a fire, Wilkens," said the marquis, "and get the room thoroughly warm."

When Wilkens returned with the wood basket the marquis was sitting by the side of the bed, and the girl had turned her face and was looking at him with serious attention.

"Now, my child," he was saying, "if you can only tell us your name, so we can let your family know. They will be dreadfully worried, you know, at thinking they have lost their little daughter." But the girl only shook her head. "You can't tell us your name?"

She made a strong effort, and finally said, "No." Adding after a tremulous silence, "I—I forget."

"She hasn't pulled herself together yet," said Mrs. Wilkens almost brusquely.

"But it's important that her people should know," said the marquis, who was never so stubborn as when crossed. "The child is evidently of good family—very fine features—and I would never forgive myself for leaving her parents in suspense any longer than is absolutely necessary." He turned to the bed again.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I am the Marquis of Meldon"—as if that made any difference—"and I want to tell your father where you are. Think now, and if you can't remember your name, perhaps you can remember where you live. Is it London? Kent? Sussex? Or wait a bit—let us try a few names. Is your name Amy?—er—er—Annie?—er—er—Alice?"

The girl gave a dry little sob.

"I—I forget," she said again, and turned her head away.

"At least she seems to be growing more active," said the marquis, "and no doubt in a little while she will be giving us a very good account of herself." Addressing the housekeeper more directly then, he added, "Can you find her—ah—ah—some clothes?"

The marquis, speaking always with that superpreciousness with which he addressed the sex, that superpreciousness with which he possibly tried to ward off paternal influences—the marquis, when he said "clothes" meant "nightclothes," but surely the housekeeper couldn't be expected to know that.

"Yes," she said, bending over the bed, "I think I can."

At that the marquis went downstairs, leaving word that he was to be notified as soon as the girl showed signs of returning memory. Both the colonel and the curate were staying for dinner, and the ladies had just joined the gentlemen and were being told about the little visitor upstairs, when Wilkens announced that dinner was ready.

"Oh, but I want to see the child!" said Lady Mowbray. "Really, Frank, I think you should have let me know at once!"

"Not at all," said the marquis sharply, always getting that way when any question of deportment was raised. "What could you have done that I didn't do? To say nothing of Mrs. Wilkens."

"I'd like to see her though."

"So should I," said the Honorable Nellie. "The poor kid! Perhaps she's remembered who she is by now."

"Suppose we all go up," suggested Augustus rather eagerly.

He was probably about to be squelched for this, when a step was heard in the hall, and the next moment Mrs. Wilkens walked into the drawing-room, leading the girl who had just been the subject of their conversation. She was dressed as though for a party, in that simplicity which is the charm of youth—slippers, socks and a flaring little dress of starched mull.

"I couldn't keep her upstairs any longer, M'Lord," said Mrs. Wilkens. "So here she is."

She stood there, looking at them, a breathless little figure of wide-eyed inquiry; and although perhaps there was a touch of blankness in her smile as she looked them over, that was nothing to the blankness in the Honorable Augie's expression as he stood there staring back at her—staring as though he felt the world was shaking and Reason beginning to totter on her throne.

The girl still couldn't remember. She could speak, in a halting, appealing little treble, and otherwise her mind seemed to be clear; but as for her name or any of her history, the blow on the head which she had received down among the Little Porpoise Rocks seemed to have driven all recollections from her mind.

The curate persisting in his questions, the girl began to cry, and you ought to have seen the marquis then, the way he bristled at the curate.

"Come, come!" he said. "Leave the child alone! After all, it's nothing extraordinary. It isn't the first case of amnesia, and it won't be the last. There, there, don't cry, my dear; now you're down, you shall come and have dinner with us. I'm the Marquis of Meldon; can you remember that?"

"Yes," hesitated the girl.

"Who am I then?"

"The Marquis—of Meldon."

"There, you see!" exclaimed the marquis, looking around as though he had scored an important point. "The child will be all right soon. Put another chair at the table, Wilkens—put another chair next to mine."

Lady Mowbray and the Honorable Nellie exchanged glances while the new chair was being placed. Neither knew quite what she meant, but they exchanged the glance for all that. While they were seating themselves at the table, Augie had one of his bright ideas.

"Seems a bit queer, you know," he said, "always referring to her as 'the child.' Why not give her a name—aw—aw—like they do in orphan homes: something, you know, connected with what little we know of her history?"

They wrestled with that a few moments.

"Oceanica?" suggested the curate.

The girl looked as though she were about to cry again.

"Be careful!" exclaimed the marquis. "A stupid name, it seems to me!"

He spoke so loudly that Lady Mowbray caught it, and again she and the Honorable Nellie exchanged that look.

"How—aw—aw—how about Little Porpoise?" drawled Augie. "Porpy, you know, for short."

"Ass!" the marquis' glance would have said if glances could only speak.

"Or how about Sibyl?" suggested the Honorable Nellie.

There was a touch of mystery in Sibyl which seemed to appeal to the marquis.

"Would you like that for your new name, until you can remember your old one?" he asked, turning to the girl by his side.

"Yes ——" she hesitated again.

So they called her Sibyl; and it wasn't long before it was apparent that she had not only become a favorite of the marquis but that the colonel and the curate were interested in the child as well.

At dessert the marquis peeled a peach for her; and when dinner was over, the colonel said, "Now, my dear, I wonder if you can tell me my name."

She hesitated for a moment, but she finally brought it out in her eager little treble. "The colonel?"

The colonel puffed himself out like a grandfather frog and gave her half a crown. Whereupon, not to be outdone, the curate tried to tell her the nature of sin in words of one syllable—"Our sins are the wrong things we do—our sins are the wrong things we do ——"

Sibyl didn't seem to think so much of that. She retreated to the side of the marquis' chair, and the old boy looked proudly around as though saying, "You notice how she comes to me?" Lady Mowbray didn't seem to think so much of that either.

"Half-past eight," she said, glancing at the clock. "Time little girls were in bed."

Whether or not this touched some hidden spring in Sibyl's memory, she turned to the marquis and innocently lifted her cheek.

"Good night," she said.

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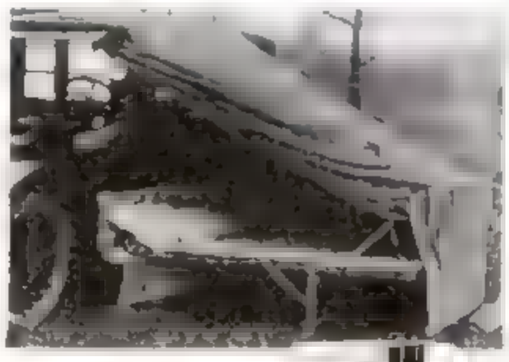

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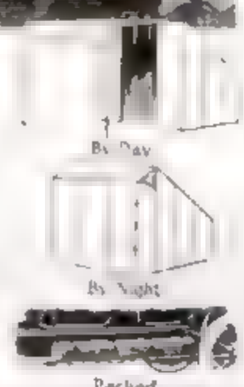

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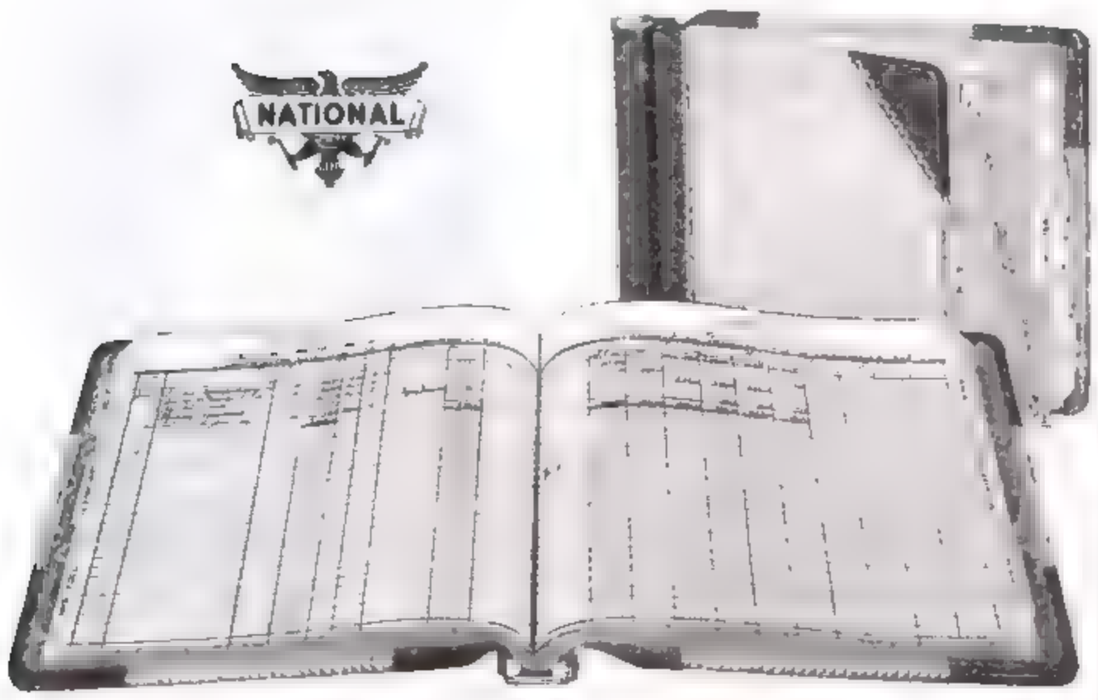

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The marquis turned very red, but he kissed her, and rang for the housekeeper. Sibyl made the rounds then, and they all lightly touched her cheek—all, that is, except the Honorable Augie, and when she said good night to him, she said "You're funny," and wouldn't lift her face.

"What did she say?" asked the marquis, leaning forward.

Nobody spoke.

"I say, what did she say?" repeated the marquis in the voice of authority.

"She said I was funny," said the Honorable Augustus, turning a bit red.

You ought to have heard the marquis laugh; but he stopped short when Sibyl walked over to Wilkens and would have kissed him too.

"No, no, my dear," said the marquis sharply. "Wilkens is the butler; you mustn't kiss him."

"Don't—don't butlers ever get kissed?" asked Sibyl, looking puzzled.

Evidently Lady Mowbray got that, too, with the help of the pantomime.

"Certainly not!" she exclaimed in a voice almost as sharp as her brother's.

Mrs. Wilkens appeared then and took Sibyl upstairs; and as soon as she was gone, Augie said something about its being very warm, and went out on the terrace. And, indeed, his whole face—but especially his ears—was rather red. They could see him through the French windows, cooling himself on the balustrade and looking out at the distant lights on the Channel.

"I never saw Augustus quite so taken back," exulted the marquis. "'You're—you're funny!' Ha-ha-ha! He'll never hear the last of that from me!"

"But don't you think it was very rude of the child?" asked the Honorable Nellie.

"Innocent, my dear. Innocent, that's all," said the marquis indulgently.

"What do you make of her accent?" asked the colonel.

"Hardly English, I should say," said the marquis; "but pleasant, for all that. A well-bred child—a very well-bred child—and what a difference it makes to the room, now she's gone!"

"American, My Lord, do you think?" asked the curate.

"Hardly that, either, in my opinion. Didn't you notice, for instance, that she pronounced 'shahn't,' as it should be pronounced, instead of calling it 'shern't,' as so many Americans do?"

Augie had come in by then, looking a bit cooler.

"How's the weather?" asked the colonel, winking at the marquis.

"Oh! Ah! Rather warm," said Augie. "But if I'm any judge—aw—it's going to be a blessed lot warmer before it's through."

V

YOU can imagine how eagerly they all looked through the papers the next morning, from the marquis in his study to the kitchen girl in the scullery; but no matter how many times they turned the pages, nobody found a line about a missing girl, or frantic parents, or strange disappearance, or suspected kidnaping or anything like that. Sibyl played out on the lawn all morning, in a quiet little cotton dress which the housekeeper had found for her; and not thinking much of this dress, the marquis watched her for a while and then motored over to Kenworth, returning just before lunch with a number of parcels in the back of his car.

"I have bought a few clothes for Sibyl," he said, turning these over to the housekeeper. "This morning I thought she looked rather shabby. Please see that she is properly dressed."

"Yes, M'Lord," said Mrs. Wilkens with her almost imperceptible dip. "I'm glad you got her some, for she's been wearing my girl's—the one I lost in the nursing home. You got her size, I hope."

"I think so," shortly nodded the marquis. "For a girl of twelve, I told them."

Sibyl appeared that afternoon in white silk socks, striped with blue, white shoes to match, and a pretty little French model of a girl's dress, this time looking more like a Du Maurier than a Tenniel.

"What a pretty dress!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray when she saw it.

"Yes," said the marquis, strutting a little. "One I bought this morning in Kenworth."

It was some time before Lady Mowbray got this, the Honorable Nellie finally making her understand.

"M'm," said Lady Mowbray then, pursing her lips a little. "Strange how times change—times and fashions. I never had dresses like that when I was a girl."

The Honorable Augie said nothing. He had been playing the piano much that day; playing it at times in a mood that Schubert might have envied—in a mood, indeed, which might have been Schubert's when he wrote the Serenade. If they had tried to understand Augie better at the Towers they would probably have long ago discovered that when the ordinary methods of expression were denied him, or when he found them to be inadequate, he generally went to the keyboard for comfort, and seldom went in vain.

The colonel and the curate called again that afternoon, both bearing gifts for Sibyl—the colonel a doll house and the curate a tea set with a rose on every piece. At teatime Wilkens gravely filled the little teapot and Sibyl served tea.

"But what are you going to do with her?" asked the colonel, when she had gone out on the lawn with Augie to feed cake to the peacocks.

"What, indeed!" said the marquis, frowning a little. "Time, I should say, will bring its own solution. Then, Doctor Brailes will be back in a few days, and he may be able to help us too."

"Funny there was nothing in the papers this morning," said the curate.

"Wasn't it?" said the colonel.

So evidently, you see, they had both been looking.

"I've been thinking," said the curate, "in—er—in order to keep the record straight, I think the affair should be reported to the authorities. Then—er—no claims can be made upon you later."

"Claims, sir? What do you mean, sir?" demanded the marquis, bristling.

"If I may very respectfully include myself among your friends, sir," said the curate, "a most humble, and yet a most sincere one—as a friend, I mean nothing. But knowing to what depths political partisanship may fall, your enemies, sir, may look upon it in a different light. I know, myself, that I should regret exceedingly to see your respected name mentioned in a ribald opposition press as—well, let us say as the noble kidnaper."

The marquis' face turned red and he stared at the curate as a teacher at school sometimes stares at a pupil when the teacher isn't quite sure whether the naughty boy is kidding him while keeping an innocent face.

"Something in that, you know," said the colonel, solemnly nodding. "I meant to have spoken to you myself."

"Of course the report need not be made too formally," said the curate. "But if you were to telephone now to the police—say, in the presence of the colonel and myself—that you have such-and-such a child here, brought to the house by your gardeners in such-and-such a manner, suffering with aphasia, description so-and-so, height so much, weight so much, eyes such-and-such a color, and so on, and so forth—you know ——"

It wasn't long before they adjourned to the study together, the one who didn't want to be known as the noble kidnaper in the lead; and when they returned they all looked a bit relieved.

"Glad that's done," said the colonel, nodding approval. "There's bound to be a general election this fall, and the Labor-Liberal papers would like nothing better than to shy a few coconuts at you."

They went out then, and it wasn't long before they were all playing with Sibyl and

(Continued on Page 121)

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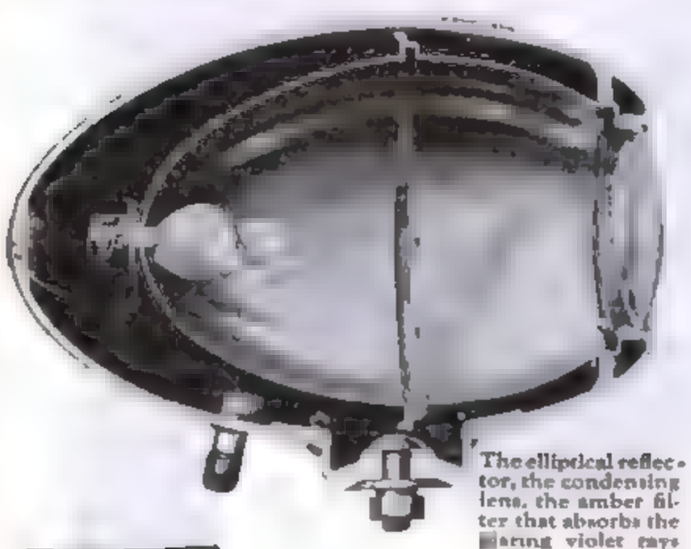
The photos reproduced here, showing E & J Type 20 illumination, were taken on October 15, 1925, at Seattle, Wash., in a fog so heavy that many motorists, whose cars were equipped with ordinary headlamps, were forced to abandon their machines. Note in No. 1, the seeming absence of light *above* the lamps. The light, in actual practice, is there; but it is amber color and does not photograph. Furthermore, it does not glare and is not reflected by the tiny water globules which constitute fog. In No. 2, taken nearly full on, it is *obvious* that there is no glare and no reflection of light to interfere with the vision of the car driver.



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(Continued from Page 118)

having the happiest time. In fact, the child was out in the air so much that day that when Mrs. Wilkens appeared in the drawing-room at half-past eight to take her to bed, instead of kissing them each good night, Sibyl was so sleepy that she just blew them all one general kiss and disappeared.

No one sat up very late that night, the whole front of the house being in darkness by eleven. The hall clock downstairs had just chimed half-past when a loud shriek sounded along the upper hallway, and Lady Mowbray, throwing her door open, saw Barker, the second man, with two pairs of boots in each hand and his mouth wide open, and she shrieked again.

"Whatever's the matter, My Lady?" he asked.

"Oh!" she cried, half hysterical. "Someone has been in my room!"

"I'll take my oath it wasn't me, My Lady," said Barker, looking nearly as upset as herself. "I've just come up with the boots, and so cook and the kitchen girl will tell you."

"No! No!" she said, as the marquis and the Honorable Nellie appeared in their respective doorways, followed soon by Augie in his. "It was dressed in white, and at first I thought I was dreaming of a ghost. But when it had gone I turned on the light and I saw my dresser drawer was open, and my bracelet has gone—my beautiful bracelet, Nellie, my dear, that I just had set in platinum. Oh, oh, oh!"

It was long after one before the house was quiet again, and then only after the whole Towers had been searched, without any trace being found of either thief or bracelet.

"It's a queer affair to me," said Wilkens, departing at last into the servants' wing with the second man.

"Ah," said Barker earnestly, breathing hard and dropping his voice to a whisper, "and a rum un to me, too, Mr. Wilkens. Of course it might have been imagination. I've been thinking a lot of what you told me about Marster Gussie and the Old Nooker."

"Yes?" said Wilkens, beginning to breathe hard himself with renewed excitement.

"But just as I topped the head of the stairs with them boots in my 'and ——"

"Yes, yes?"

"I'd 'a' swore I saw a ghost disappearing in Marster Gussie's room!"

VI

ON ONE point next morning the marquis was firm. For that matter he was firm on many points, but it might be said perhaps that he was firmest on this—he would tolerate no publicity.

"It is now thirty years," he said with a trace of bitterness, "since Meldon Towers figured in the police news; and I do not propose that it shall start again now, in my time."

It required the combined efforts of Augie and the Honorable Nellie to relay this to Lady Mowbray, but she finally got it.

"That's all right for you, Francis," she protested then. "But what about my bracelet? If the police don't know, how can they get it back?"

"How many bracelets do the police ever get back?" he shouted—not in anger, you understand—the marquis was far above anger—and besides, it wouldn't have done for him to set a bad example to Sibyl, who was eating a dish of gooseberries and cream by his side and making faces to Augie because the gooseberries were sour. No, it wasn't in temper that the marquis shouted, but only that his sister might hear.

"I don't know," she said. "But I don't see how they could ever get any back if the losses weren't reported to them."

"As long as I am the head of this house, the police are never going to be brought into the Towers again!" persisted the marquis.

"Then couldn't you see them outside on the grass?" persisted Lady Mowbray.

The marquis all but strangled on a bit of toast, and turned quite purple when Augie tried to pat his back.

"Or will you buy me another bracelet?" she continued. "And then I don't care what you do."

Evidently the marquis didn't think so much of that.

"How much was it worth?" he asked; and though he grumbled somewhat at the question, Lady Mowbray caught his meaning admirably.

"Forty-eight hundred pounds," she told him. "The stones were worth forty-five hundred, and the goldsmiths and silversmiths charged me three hundred pounds for making it over in platinum."

"What?" shouted the marquis. "You think I am made of money?"

At that, unperceived by his uncle, the Honorable Augie gave his aunt an encouraging look—a look which might be construed as meaning, "Stick it, old dear!" And Lady Mowbray grimly nodded, as though to answer, "Trust me!" The marquis caught this look and swung sharply around to his nephew with a beetling brow which seemed to say, "Is there treason here?" But Augie was apparently engaged in no deeper conspiracy than wiping a splash of cream from Sibyl's chin.

"Either a new bracelet," said Lady Mowbray, speaking distinctly and turning slightly pale, "or the police."

"There will be no new bracelet," said the marquis in a voice that matched her own, "and no police."

At this impasse, Augie tried to put his oar in.

"Oh—ah—I say ——" he began.

"Be quiet, sir!" exclaimed the marquis.

"Yes, sir."

"What were you going to say, Augie?" asked Lady Mowbray.

"I was—aw—aw—going to suggest a private inquiry firm—a detective, as they call them in the States. Very private. Rather! What I mean is, very discreet. Eye like a hawk, you know, and never speaks except to say, 'You're jolly well wanted.' Offer him a reward, say—so much if you get the bracelet; nothing if you don't." And condensing this into seven words for Lady Mowbray's benefit, he said very distinctly into her ear, "A detective—a private detective, you know."

It wasn't done all in a minute; but they finally compromised on Augie's suggestion, and the marquis telephoned his London solicitors to send him down a good man by the first train, Barker hearing the conversation in the breakfast room, and Wilkens listening to the marquis at the phone. So you can imagine the breathless little chat which those two had in the pantry when the breakfast silver was being put away.

"I suppose all the servants will be questioned," said Barker, squirming a little with pure happiness.

"It's more than likely," said Wilkens, turning back a reminiscent eye. "When the Old Nooker was alive, I know that I was examined more than once—and cross-examined."

"Do you suppose I ought to tell 'em what I thought I saw—a ghost 'opping the double-quick into Marster Gussie's room?"

"Don't be a fool," said Wilkens. "They'll only say you'd been drinking."

The impressionable Barker colored.

"Had you been drinking?" continued the butler sternly.

"Not much. Cook 'ad a bottle of sherry which she thought too good for sauces ——"

"That's nice testimony, isn't it?" scoffed Wilkens. "The first thing you know, you'll get everybody in the hall involved, and you know 'ow strict the marquis is."

"Oh, I'll say nothing," promised Barker hastily.

The butler gave him a long, slow look.

"I always thought you were a likely lad," he said, "and now, for that, I'm going to show you something."

From a bottom drawer of the plate cupboard he drew an old photograph—one of those groups of a bygone age where everybody had to stand motionless for at least ten seconds, staring at the lens with watering eyes and thinking how easy it would be for anybody to sneak up from behind and kick the photographer while he had his head and shoulders underneath like that. It was the picture of a distinguished group, not only nobility, but even r'y'lty being present. And well near the center of the front row stood a tall, thin, serious-looking nobleman, his mouth somewhat larger and his teeth more prominent than mouths and teeth are generally supposed to be—a tall thin nobleman with a commanding beak on him and flanked on either side by the two most attractive-looking ladies in the group.

"Now who do you suppose that is?" asked Wilkens, pointing.

"Marster Gussie?" said Barker, after a moment's scrutiny.

"No, my lad," said Wilkens, evidently highly gratified. "That's Marster Augustus' great-grandfather—the very Old Nooker himself!"

Barker looked again—looked and whistled.

"Seems to me," he said at last, "I landed 'ere just about right. The last place I had was dull as ditch water—two old maids and a fat fox terrier—and I never work what you'd call my best unless there's a bit of excitement in it too."

VII

WILKENS and Barker were serving tea in the drawing-room that afternoon when the detective arrived. He had a waxed mustache and a formidable chest and looked as though he had disbelieved many an ingenious story in his time. His card was engraved in fat black letters Captain Hugh Pierce, Private Inquiry Agent, and in the lower left-hand corner, Late Metropolitan—London—Police, Scotland Yard Division.

Augie and the Honorable Nellie were at the piano, Nellie having been trying to learn the hard part of Narcissus which Augie had been trying to teach her; and Sibyl had been playing with her doll house, climbing under the piano now and then and pretending she was a bear, and worrying Augie's legs, and springing up between him and his pupil. The Honorable Nellie had called her a forward child and had threatened to slap her once—all this in an undertone—and Sibyl had promptly burst into tears which had to be explained to the marquis.

The colonel was there, too, having driven over from Idlecote Grange for his afternoon chess with the marquis; and the curate also had called, partly to pay his respects to Lady Mowbray and partly to see if anything new had been heard about Sibyl. You can picture how intently the colonel and the curate had listened to the story of Lady Mowbray's loss. In a broad, general way, the curate ascribed these things to a lack of religious training, while the marquis and the colonel blamed them upon the socialistic tendencies of the times. In short, they were all enjoying themselves—all, that is, except Lady Mowbray, who, it might be said, was paying for the party, when Captain Pierce arrived, with the tea, and presented his card to the marquis.

"Ah, yes," said the marquis in his ponderous, dignified manner. "We have—ah—a problem here, captain—or may I say a puzzle?—which you may or may not be able to solve. But may I say before you start that there is to be absolutely no publicity to this affair; that whatever you find or do not find is to remain strictly confidential between us, and that the name of Meldon is not to be mentioned even in the vaguest, most general way?"

Lady Mowbray didn't catch any of this.

"Is this the detective?" she asked.

"One moment, my dear," said the marquis, impressively raising his hand. "You agree to what I have just told you, captain?"

"Yes, My Lord," said the captain in a voice which seemed to come from the depth

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of his bellows. "It's to be kept quiet, I understand."

The Honorable Augie arose, his hands in his pockets, and stared out of the window while Lady Mowbray told the story of her loss, Captain Pierce seating himself at a table and making notes. Then first the scene and next the witnesses were examined—Barker sweating a little when it came to his turn—and finally all the servants were called in, and were first stared at till they shuffled and then questioned one by one as to where they were—and how they could prove it—when the deed was done. They were dismissed then, and Wilkens and Barker resumed their interrupted task of serving tea, Wilkens carrying the cups as Lady Mowbray filled them and Barker following with the two inviolable plates, one piled with thin bread and butter with cress and the other with cake.

"Well, what do you think?" asked the marquis, after Captain Pierce had reached the stage where, no matter how deeply he reached, he couldn't bring up a question which he hadn't asked before.

"There's no two thoughts about it, sir," said the captain in his deep voice. "It's an inside job."

At that Augie laughed; and chancing to stand with their backs to the company, Barker made such duck's eyes at Wilkens it's a wonder it didn't thunder.

"You'll be—aw—aw—suspecting Sibyl next," said Augie.

Captain Pierce first stared at the Honorable Augustus and then looked at Sibyl. In alarm, Sibyl backed against the marquis' chair, and then she ran and got her doll house and took that over to the marquis, too, and backed against his chair again as though for protection.

"Sibyl?" repeated the detective, probably more to make a fool of Augie than anything else. "Why should I suspect the child?"

Lady Mowbray, who had been anxiously awaiting the verdict, now perceived the direction of the captain's glance.

"Oh, I don't think it was she," she hastily remarked. And then, as though catching herself—"Still, when you come to think of it —— What I mean is —— The way she got here ——"

The marquis and the colonel and the curate forthwith began looking down their noses, and seeing that they were on the defensive, Captain Pierce began staring at them, perhaps to see if he could make them shuffle.

"Of course," he said in a bit of a huff, "if I'm not to be trusted with all the facts of the case ——" And he half arose.

"No, no," said the marquis testily. "There's nothing to conceal. The child happened to come to us in rather unusual circumstances, that's all." And he told how she had been rescued from the sea—rescued, but with a complete loss of memory.

Captain Pierce began to tap the table with his finger ends, and once he gave Augustus a look which seemed to say, "You're not such a fool as I thought."

"Well, sir?" demanded the marquis at last.

"An inside job," slowly repeated the captain, "and with the exception of the man Barker, this child is the only member of your household who hasn't been with you for at least five years."

"To say nothing of her amnesia," said the Honorable Nellie, as though whispering to Lady Mowbray.

"Exactly!" nodded the captain, his eyes beginning to shine. "To say nothing of this strange alleged attack of amnesia!"

"Tut-tut!" exclaimed the marquis, not far from snorting. "Did you—or didn't you—hear my sister say it was a tall white figure?"

"Yes: but who unlocked the door for that tall white figure? Or who turned the handle, say, of one of these French windows which open on your lawn?"

"Nonsense!"

And yet in a way, you know, it wasn't nonsense.

"I have brought my camera with me in order to take any necessary views," said the captain, speaking in such a manner that his spiked mustache seemed to bristle at the ends, and always keeping his eyes upon Sibyl. "Is there any objection to my taking the child's photograph?"

If he had thought that she would object to this, he was mistaken, Sibyl going out on the lawn and standing in the sunshine in front of his camera with the prettiest air of grace imaginable.

"But is he going to find my bracelet? Does he know who's got my bracelet?" Lady Mowbray began to ask.

"I shall be back again tomorrow," the captain tried to tell her.

"You'll have it back tomorrow? How wonderful!"

"No, no; I'll be back again tomorrow. I have a few inquiries to make in the city tonight," he continued, speaking more easily to the marquis, "and a few servants to look up, including the man Barker, who has only been here a few weeks."

The marquis led him toward the piano—away from the others in the room, as he thought.

"I need not remind you again," he said, "that there is to be no publicity."

"I quite understand, My Lord. But about this child, I think you are on dangerous ground there. You have reported the facts to the authorities?"

"Yes."

"And have watched the papers closely?"

"Of course."

"Which, of course, lends weight to my theory. An attractive child like this, you know—she isn't lost from any reputable family without a frightful hubbub being raised about it. You've no idea, sir, how the parents of lost children carry on—even the very lowest classes!"

The marquis made the gesture of a Greek scholar who has just inadvertently listened to a vulgarism of speech.

"It is my theory," he somewhat coldly responded, "that she fell off a yacht, or possibly a liner, and was simply and quietly given up for drowned. A few lines in a local paper, perhaps, is all that such an incident would receive."

"If I was you, then, I'd advertise her."

"Advertise her?" said the marquis, almost bristling. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean I'd put a guarded advertisement in the paper, giving her age and description, say, with birthmarks, if any, and stating that she was picked up, suffering with amnesia, on the south coast. You don't have to say exactly where, you know, and that would save you from annoyance. Sign the advertisement 'X Y Z, care of this paper.' And there you are, sir, and I'm sure you'd feel much easier in your mind."

"M-m—yes; I might do that," said the marquis thoughtfully, leading the spiked-mustached one toward the door.

A few moments later the Honorable Augustus arose from the piano bench, where once again he had been bidden by the music on the rack; but just before he arose his hands seemed to wander off of their own accord into those descending chords of the Tannhäuser Overture, those descending chords which fall so low that the spirit of the hearer grows troubled and he wishes he had led a better life.

"Augie!" said the Honorable Nellie, shivering a little. "Please!"

"Oh! Ah! Rather!" said Augie, pulling himself together. "Was I playing that? Well, no matter—aw—I'll play you something more cheerful soon, I hope. But I must trot upstairs now and write some letters. Ta-ta, everybody. See you all again, I hope, when the bell rings."

It wasn't till six o'clock that Augie's letters were finished, and he was just addressing an envelope, "Mr. Reginald Linnett, Editorial Office, Evening Chat, London," when the dressing gong rang at the head of the stairs.

"Ah, yes," murmured Augie, putting a stamp on his letter. "I'll have to dodge out and mail this myself, though. It would take some explaining later if the old boy saw it now."

He was still pressing his thumb on the stamp when he noticed that his door was silently opening, and he had hardly time to turn the letter over when Sibyl slipped inside his room and closed the door behind her.

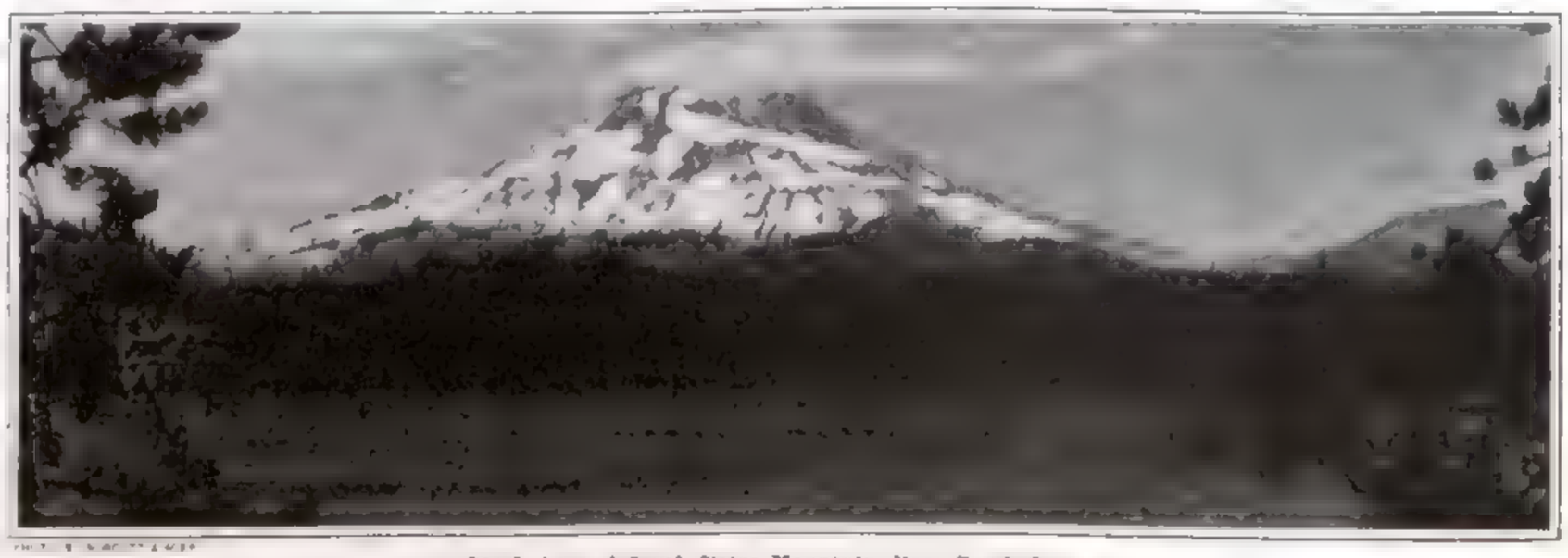
"Oh, I say, you know!" protested Augie, hurriedly rising and speaking in guarded tones. "This won't do, you know. It's things like this, you know ——"

But he stopped, checked by the woe-begone look in her face; and the next moment the Honorable Augustus had his arms around her and she was crying as though her little heart would break.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Correction

IN THE third installment of his reminiscences, just concluded in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST under the title Forty Years of Melody, Mr. Charles K. Harris said that Miss Helene Mora, one of the artists who featured his ballad, After the Ball, had recently been married to Mr. James Hyde. Mr. Harris wishes to correct this error. Miss Mora was a member of Mr. Hyde's company, but Mr. Hyde's wife was Miss Louise Ziifle.



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THE LOVE OF A MORON

(Continued from Page 21)

of the sixth at Belmont yesterday. But now and then, the walls being thin and our hearing excellent, we got snatches of what was going on. Once it was in the morning.

"Didn't you leave the water running in the tub?" we heard June call.

"No, I didn't," Marty shouted back. "You did."

"I did not!"

"You were in the tub last."

"I wasn't!"

"Oh, I suppose you're going to say Shaw was ——"

Then the door slammed.

And it was just the day before the big ruckus that, finally, I went to Marty to see if a few words of fatherly advice wouldn't help to keep the thing from developing into bloodshed.

"So far as I have been able to judge," I said, "literature doesn't seem to lead anywhere but to the divorce court. Can't you and June find some genius to think alike about? What's the matter with Shelley?"

"Nothing, so far as I know," he replied; "but that's not the idea, Mapes. The idea is that it looks very nastily as though I'd married a girl that's basically unsound. If she's read Shaw and got that idea she has out of him, then to me it indicates a faulty intelligence. If she can get that idea out of reading Shaw, she's liable to get almost any kind of idea out of almost anything. I mean it indicates to me she's irrational."

"It couldn't mean that she's maybe homicidal?" I asked.

"I wouldn't put homicide beyond anybody that thinks about Shaw the way she does. But," he added when I didn't—couldn't!—say anything, "I got a hunch—a hunch that, if it works out the way I think, will clear up this horrible situation. It will exonerate June completely and this cloud over our happiness will be blown away. Don't ask me what it is," he said quickly, "but just pray for my success."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I'm just leaving for the game now."

The Gulls won, six to three. Gartsmeyer pitched and allowed four hits, three of them homers. The umpires were Sneed and Dugan.

So, taking one thing with another, I was feeling primed for a pleasant evening when I walked up the steps around seven o'clock. I'd forgotten every literary person I'd ever heard of, and glad of it, and all I asked was a little round of nice conversation about the way the price of eggs was going up, what Mrs. Arbuthnot had to say today about the Bulgarian situation, and, maybe, for a nightcap, a few rounds of argument about Walter Johnson and Amos Rusie with the missus. In brief, a perfect evening.

"Well," the missus said as I came in, "we've certainly got a pretty mess now!"

"Oh, Lord!" I said. "Who's aspersed Shaw now?"

"It's not Shaw, it's June. June's ——"

"Mapes! Mrs. Mapes!"

And there was Marty, bursting into the front door all out of breath. I must have just missed him at the corner.

"Mapes!" he cried, beaming, laughing all over himself. "My hunch was right! Oh, what a relief! She didn't read Shaw and get that idea for herself. She got it from somebody else—and I've found the man!"

"Marty," the missus said gently, "can you stand a blow—will you steel yourself?"

"Oh, I had a hunch, Mrs. Mapes! I just knew that June, my little June, couldn't have got that idea from Shaw! She just couldn't have! She's too fine a girl, Mrs. Mapes. It was somebody else gave it to her—and I've found him!"

"Marty," said the missus, "control yourself. June's left—gone home to her mother."

"Oh, I knew she was too good for that! So do you know what I did, Mapes? I scouted around to see who might possibly have misled her. Some scoundrel, some unspeakable cad, I was sure, had done it—and today I went to the public library, and there he was! The librarian himself! Can you imagine it, Mapes? The librarian himself!"

"She told me to tell you," the missus said, "not to try in any way to persuade her to come back, for she made up her mind."

"Well," Marty went on, "the way I found out was I went up to the librarian—I'd had him under suspicion ever since I decided that June never had read a word of Shaw in her life—and I said to him, 'For a systematic study of Shaw, which of his plays would you suggest as a beginner?' That's all I said, see? And do you know what he replied? Can you guess?"

"He hadn't ever heard of Shaw," I hazarded.

"Worse! He said, 'Young man, don't waste your time like that. Shaw is a fad—a passing fad—and five years after he's dead nobody'll remember who he was.' The very words, Mrs. Mapes! June's very words!"

"She's gone home—to mother," the missus said again.

"And, oh, to think I should have misjudged her so! How I wronged her! And now I must tell her. Where is she? Is she upstairs?"

"If memory does not err, and I don't think it does," said the missus, "I think I told you she's gone home—for good—home to mother."

For a minute he just stood looking at her through his thick glasses, dazed, not even understanding what he heard.

"Home!" he said. "Gone home!"

"Home," I helped—"h-o-m-e. She's gone home—h-o ——"

"Gone home!" He was almost crying. He grabbed his hands together and begged, begged, begged with his eyes. "No, no! You're joking, Mrs. Mapes! You're teasing me—you are—please, please say you are!"

"Gone home," the missus repeated, "over a vegetarian."

"I suppose," I said, "it would be sensible if she'd gone home over Amos Rusie."

Then, all of a sudden, Marty looked old, old—all of thirty-five. He took off his spectacles and began wiping them with his handkerchief. Tired, he fumbled toward a chair—he couldn't see very well without his glasses—and sat down.

"What did she say?" he asked.

"Well," said the missus, "she came downstairs about noon looking pretty determined. You-all must have had words this morning."

"Around two thousand five hundred," Marty said wearily.

"She said she couldn't stand it any longer. She said she didn't mind what you thought of any writer that ever lived, and she never tried to change your opinion. Think and let think was her motto, she said. But this, she said, had gone further. Whatever was right about Shaw, you'd cast reflections on her ability to think and called her a moron."

"Oh, what a fool I was!"

"Yes, sir, she said you'd called her a moron, and she didn't think you loved her any more, because you couldn't love a moron."

"Yes?"

"Then she beat it."

Marty put his glasses back on and got up. He looked around uncertainly and then found his hat and started up the stairs slowly. I called him.

"Marty," I said, "take this bit of advice from a friend: Give up literature, my boy; give it up entirely. You can see what it's brought you. And I don't doubt but what it'll never bring you anything but trouble. It's a poisonous thing to monkey with—give it up."

"Marty," said the missus, "do you know what I'd do?"

"What?" He paused on the stairs.

"I'd slough the librarian," said the missus.

Then he went on up.

III

NOW if there's anybody present that's got a wife that thinks Walter Johnson is a better pitcher than Amos Rusie was, without ever having even seen Amos Rusie's grandchildren, why, then I probably don't have to go very much further with this account. But for the benefit of those fortunates who have wives willing to take the word of somebody that knows what he's talking about—namely, their husband—I will say that the idea my missus was taken with is just about the kind of idea you might expect a wife like my missus to be taken with. It came on her suddenly, like measles, and not a bit better than measles, either.

"Webster," she said two evenings later, "June called me on the phone today."

"Yes? And what did she want?" I asked. "A little literary chitchat?"

"No, she wanted me to tell Marty to be sure and count the laundry when it came, as the man is always leaving out a shirt or collar, and tell him not to forget his insurance is due on the sixth, and please remind him of it, he's so absent-minded; and ask him please not to go to that same barber for another haircut, because the last time it was cut entirely too high and ——"

"Did she ask you to blow his nose for him?"

"So," said the missus, "I understood—and sent him on over to see her."

"Well!" I gasped. "Just Cupid's little messenger, that's all, aren't you?"

"I'll fix this," she said.

And an hour later Marty came back—well fixed, indeed. He looked like Napoleon back from Moscow. He'd tried—tried the very best he knew how; but, after all, he was literary, and I don't reckon I have to tell you what that means!

"All she said," he explained, "was, 'Marty, it wasn't altogether Shaw,' and all I said was, 'You can bet your last dollar it wasn't Shaw. You can't say one word against Shaw!'"

"I see," said the missus; "just a sap, that's all."

Marty sighed. All the fight was out of him, and all hope too, apparently.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I might as well kill myself."

It was then, I suppose, that she got the idea—the kind of idea she would get.

"As I see it then," she said, "the only thing you can do is get at her through Mr. Brathwaite."

"Mr. who?"

"Mr. Brathwaite, the librarian. Do you suppose, Marty, that you could approach him nicely and quietly and, like a friend, show him, very gently, the error of his ways? Not argue or anything, you know, but just point out to him, in a well-bred manner, how mistaken he is about what's-his-name. You see, if you could get the idea across, he'd say something to June and ——"

Marty was suddenly excited. "I see!" he said. "I see! That's great! I could—I know I could! If he'd give me, say, ten minutes, I could prove to him completely and utterly what a genuine genius Shaw is. Why, all I'd have to do would be show him the Don Juan act out of Man and Superman ——"

"Then, dearie," said the missus, "go right on to your room and sort of arrange things in your mind so as to get them over quick, because we can't take up too much of his time."

"I'll go too," I said.

"No," said the missus. "The presence of a man who can't appreciate Walter Johnson properly might be unharmonious."

Marty was on the stairs, red-hot with excitement. "Give me a half hour," he said, "just a half hour, and I'll be ready." He took the rest of the steps two at a leap.

"If I know anything at all about Brathwaite," said the missus, "and I think I do, this ought to be the berries."

Then she went off to the phone.

Promptly at eight Marty came down, hat and coat on, five volumes under his left arm.

"I've got everything marked," he beamed. "I got dates and everything. In ten minutes I can marshal an array of facts that will ——"

"Let's go," said the missus.

Well, I missed it, and what I know is only what the missus told me. When they got to the library, though, Mr. Brathwaite was practically deserted, as should be, according to my understanding. It was getting along toward closing time and the best hour of the day for a nice little compact lesson in Shaw.

The missus knew Brathwaite, though how I can't say, because to my personal knowledge she hadn't read a book since Oliver Twist was hot off the griddle.

"Mr. Brathwaite," she said, "this is Mr. Howe, who is anxious for a little talk with you."

"How do you do, Mrs. Mapes? And you, Mr. Howe? I'm more than delighted to make your acquaintance."

Marty peered at him through his glasses and made Mr. Brathwaite out to be a pompous little man, always the gentleman among the ladies, but not liking to be among men much because—well, ladies are so much finer grained, if you see what he meant.

"Mr. Brathwaite," said Marty, laying his Shaw volumes down on the desk, "I want to talk to you about an author whom I do not believe you sufficiently appreciate. This man ——"

"I don't buy books," interrupted Mr. Brathwaite. "You'll have to see the trustees about that."

"No, no, Mr. Brathwaite. To come straight to the point, I am referring to Shaw—George Bernard Shaw. I understand ——"

"I am ——" began Mr. Brathwaite.

"Just a second! From what I've heard, I am sure that you cannot have approached Shaw properly. You may have been prejudiced at the time."

"Young man, save your breath," stated Mr. Brathwaite. "I probably am as familiar with Shaw as you."

"He won't eat meat," the missus volunteered, "no matter how well cooked. He's a vegetarian."

"He's a socialist," Mr. Brathwaite declared. "Yes, sir, a socialist—and I have that on the very highest authority. Deny that, Mr. Howe, if you can!"

"You wouldn't have to vote for him ——"

"I hear ——" the missus began.

"I beg your pardon," said Marty.

"Oh, nothing," said the missus.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Mapes; what is it you were going to say?"

"Why, I was only going to say that, as I understand it, a vegetarian eats nothing but vegetables—not even eggs."

"That's perfectly true," said Mr. Brathwaite; "and a socialist besides."

"Excuse me," said Marty, getting a little red-headed, "but I was speaking of Shaw only as a writer and a thinker."

"He's no thinker," said Mr. Brathwaite. "At least I never thought so."

"I used to think," said the missus, "that a vegetarian was a horse doctor. What a sucker I was!"

"The trouble with you, young man," Mr. Brathwaite went on, "is that you are too gullible. You are one of the numerous youngsters of this generation who have fallen for that mountebank."

"Mountebank!"

(Continued on Page 129)

Pride in the home appointments

IN the well-ordered home, some of the appointments, though apparently of trifling importance, unerringly reveal refinement and good taste.

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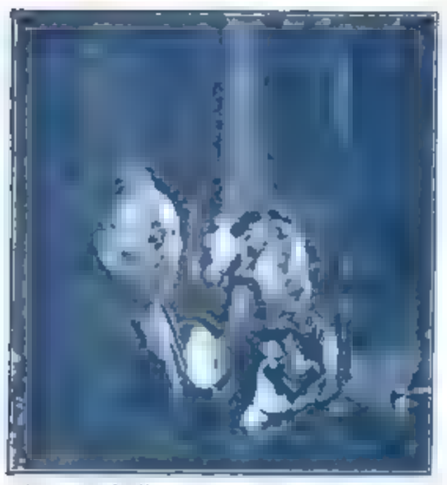
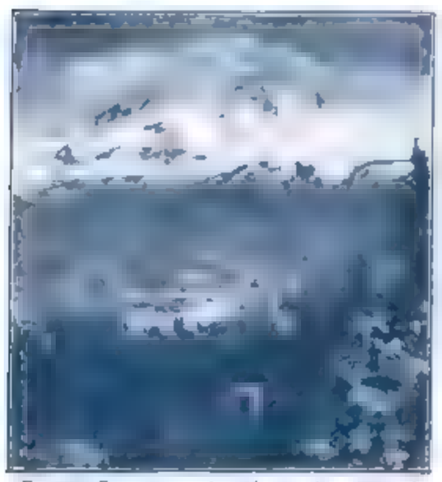


Who's IN There? One of San Francisco's picturesque Chinese babies investigates the mystery of the telephone



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100 years

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(Continued from Page 124)

"Yes, mountebank!"

"Mountebank!"

"Yes, mountebank!"

"Mountebank!"

"Absolutely! What is he compared to those giants who have stood the test of time—Trollope, De Morgan, Thackeray, Dickens?"

"That for Trollope!" shouted Marty, snapping his fingers under Mr. Brathwaite's nose. "That for De Morgan, and that for Thackeray, and that ——"

"Marty! Marty!" cried the missus. "Not Dickens, dearie, not Dickens!"

"Did you snap your fingers at De Morgan?" fumed Mr. Brathwaite. "Tell me, did you?"

"I did!" Marty shouted again. "And I snap them again and again and ——"

Blop!

Right on Marty's cheek, a nice open-hander!

Blop! Blop!

Two of them. Marty's first was a little wild. It caught Mr. Brathwaite's overlarge collar and turned it completely around, so that he had a nice polka-dotted bow in the back. His second brought blood from Mr. Brathwaite's nose. Likewise it brought Mr. Brathwaite hopping around his desk.

"You'd malign De Morgan, would you? You young whippersnapper!" he panted. "And you strike me!"

And with that he clawed at Marty's face, a swipe so fierce that it drew four red lines and smashed his spectacles to the floor For a second Marty didn't seem to notice. He struck out once, twice, and missed both times. Then he realized. He couldn't see!

Fuming and crying and swearing, he started to grope, and the infuriated Mr. Brathwaite was on him, a mad, unbalanced little whirlwind. He fought like a woman, but a hysterical woman. Marty was lost, helpless, squinting his eyes, wiping blood from the scratches, trying now to catch the hazy figure before him and now to grope for his spectacles on the floor.

"Malign De Morgan, will you?"

Mr. Brathwaite was a wildcat, and if he noticed that Marty was helpless without his glasses, he certainly didn't appear to. He cuffed him, slapped him, clawed at him, struck him, again and again and again.

And then, as Marty began to stagger a little groggily, June walked in the door, stood paralyzed at the sight, and then, with a cry of fright and rage, dived straight into the *mêlée*.

The missus smiled.

"You brute! You cowardly, unspeakable brute! He's helpless, and you strike him! You brute!"

And with that she smacked Mr. Brathwaite squarely in the right eye. It wasn't a hard smack—it couldn't have been, from June—but it was straight, and Mr. Braithwaite's eye was no tougher than anybody else's. When her tight little fist came away it left Mr. Brathwaite shy one glimmer and all fight. He clutched both hands to his face and, moaning, began backing away.

For another second June stood glaring at him, blazing, as if she couldn't make up her mind whether to pulverize him then and there or wait a minute or two.

"Utter animal!"

Then, quickly, she was at Marty's side, her arms around him, wiping at the blood on his face with her handkerchief, making little cooing noises. "Oh, o-o-o-h! The blood, the blood! Oh, dear Marty, it's June, darling, it's June—your June, dear Marty!" Marty's arms caught her to him.

"June! June!"

"Yes, dear, it's June. That cad, that coward, that beast, was hitting you—and you without your glasses! Oh, Marty!"

"Oh, June, I'll kill him for what ——"

"No, no! Don't be excited, dear. Everything's all right now. June knows, dear, June knows he's a sap, a—a moron."

"To think, the way he talked!"

"He's wrong, of course. You know, dear, and—and I know that Shaw's the berries, so ——"

"Then you've read him?"

"Well, no; but I'm going to, dear, just as soon as we get home." She handed him his hat. "And here are your glasses." She turned to the missus.

"I'm awfully sorry I wasn't able to get here when you asked me to," she said, "but my trolley was slow."

"You got here," said the missus, "at the right time."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"Gosh, but you're ignorant," said the Red Queen contemptuously. "That chair is genuine prewar. Pre-Revolutionary War, I mean. Just look at those wormholes."

"They're grand," said Alice. "I suppose I'm a bit funny about chairs. I like the kind you can sit on."

"I know," said the Red Queen. "People do cling to those old-fashioned ideas. Now here's a table that is real Early American. A museum piece, I call it."

"What does that mean?"

"Why, if you were to put that table in a glass case in a museum," said the Red Queen with pride in her voice, "it would last practically indefinitely. Those early Americans certainly knew how to build furniture."

"Well, haven't you anything in this place that anyone can use?" Alice asked.

"I sell antiques, not furniture," said the Red Queen. "See this Booz Bottle——"

"We always throw ours away," said Alice.

"But this is genuine."

"You can't tell nowadays. The bottles all look genuine."

"I'm asking seventy-five dollars for it."

"Empty?" exclaimed Alice, and she laughed mirthfully.

"You have no soul for art," said the Red Queen. "Fortunately my clients don't feel the way you do about it."

"You mean customers, don't you?" said Alice.

"I'm an interior decorator, I'd have you know," said the Red Queen rather stiffly. "We have clients, not customers. Interior decorating is the one profession that every woman thinks she can practice without any previous training. And it's such a classy, genteel occupation."

"It sounds quite pleasant," said Alice.

"My dear," said the Red Queen in a burst of confidence, "it's a cinch. The first thing you have to do when you visit your client's home is to look around rather superciliously and say, 'Of course all that junk will have to go,' referring to whatever they may happen to have."

"It sounds a bit hard," said Alice.

"It's the only way if you're at all conscientious," replied the Red Queen. "It gives you fuller scope for your talents. Then your client will say, 'We were thinking of doing this room in green.'"

"I see," said Alice. "Then you get a lot of green trimmings."

"Certainly not," said the Red Queen. "You look around, horrified, and then exclaim, 'Green! How ghastly!' Then you say that there is only one color for that room and that's mauve. And your client and her husband, of course, hate mauve, so that's settled and everyone is happy."

"Suppose they want mauve?"

"Then you look at them sadly and say 'Mauve! How horrible! There's only one color for this room and that's green.'"

"Then you're ready for the furniture, I suppose," said Alice.

"Exactly. Your client, if he's the unimaginative, unaesthetic idiot that most clients are, will be apt to say, 'We thought that there ought to be a few comfortable easy-chairs in this room, and some attractive reading lamps, some bookshelves and possibly a couple of pictures on the wall.'"

"It sounds quite cozy," said Alice.

"Perhaps it does," said the Red Queen, "but if you have any pride in your profession you'll squelch any such silly idea. You'll close one eye and think deeply for a few minutes. 'Ah, I have it,' you'll exclaim. 'Late Tudor. Not very Late Tudor but sort of middling late. That's the only thing possible for a room of this type.'"

"I suppose," said Alice, "that the Late Tudors had very uncomfortable furniture."

"They surely did," said the Red Queen. "But that's the beauty of the decorating business. If you furnish a place with genuine antiques no one ever dares to use them, so they can't possibly find out how uncomfortable they are."

"How about the lamps?"

"The Late Tudors never used lamps. They used candles."

"That's pretty hard on the clients who want to stay home in the evening and read."

"What do they want to read for?" said the Red Queen. "They can sit on the floor and look at the antiques."

—*Newman Levy.*

Public Aid for Niagara Falls

UPON the patch of earth that clings
Near the very brink of doom,
Where the frenzied water flings
Downward to a misty gloom,

Where the earth in terror quakes
And the water leaps in foam;
Plunging, frantic, from the Lakes
Hurrying seaward, hurrying
home,

Where Man's little voice is vain,
And his heart chills in his breast
At the dreadful yell of pain
Of the waters seeking rest;

There I stood, and humbly scanned
The miracle that sense appalls,
And I watched the tourists stand
Spitting in Niagara Falls.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Back to Pan

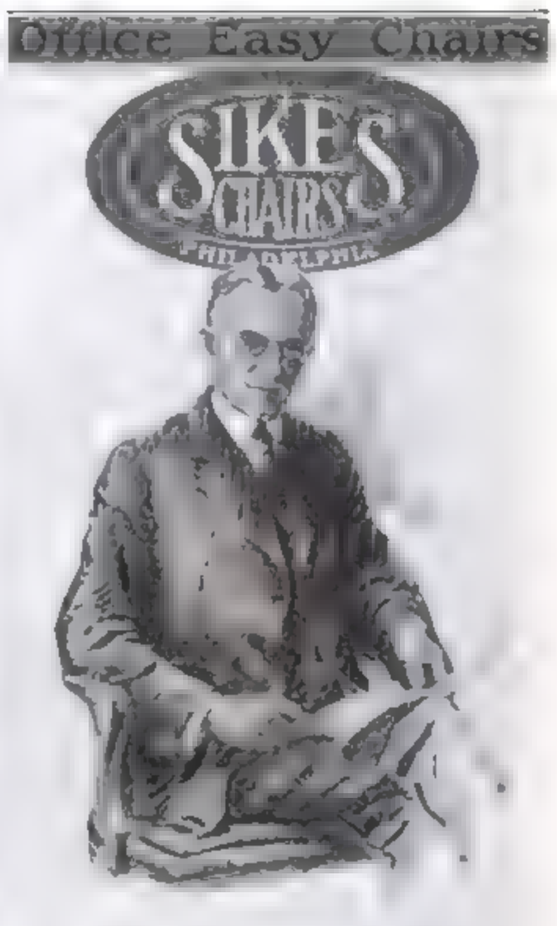
THE poet that lately
Was flamingly free
In singing sedately
Do-re and la-si.
Aye, back to the fetters
His betters in letters
Have sung in so greatly
He comes from his spree.

To dactyl and trochee
And iamb he comes,
No longer so joky
At tum-ti-tee-tum's,
And further than timing
He's riming—aye, chiming
His verses with poky
Soniferous plums.

To Pan, the old shepherd,
He comes from the cold,
The poet whose step erred
Away from the fold,
Once more to take pleasure
In measure, the treasure
That lately he'd jeopard
Because it is old.

And much it rejoices
My heart and my ear
That once more his voice is
So tunefully clear.
For rime and for meter
As sweeter and neater
Than aught else, my choice is.
What say you? (Hear, hear!)

—*Gorton Carruth.*



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E P L Co

NO KIN

(Continued from Page 7)

Mrs. Childress emitted a strangled sound halfway between a scream and a wail.

"You can say that about your own daughter—about my baby?"

"Oh, talk sense!"

"You always were hard on her."

"Sure—brutal."

"Only for me ——"

"She runs this house and everybody in it, and she'll run Tom the same way. She's spoiled rotten—that's the plain truth of it. And you're responsible."

"I'd like to hear you say that to her face!"

"Don't you go and tell her!"

"I will too."

"All I said was that maybe Tom had some plans too," pleaded the coward.

"But you said he could find a dozen girls who would make him as good a wife as she would, right in this town."

"What if I did? You said she could take her pick of a dozen better men any day. Tell her that too. It's a fifty-fifty proposition."

"Don't talk to me!"

"A fifty-fifty proposition is what Estelle wants, isn't it?"

"Of course."

A minute of calm, disturbed only by Mrs. Childress' bitter glances.

"I wonder," murmured Mr. Childress.

"What's that you said?"

"Nothing."

"You did too. You said something mean, I know. Why can't you speak out like a man, instead of muttering to yourself all the time?"

"Well, I'm late. See you about six o'clock. Sure, I'll send the car back—you and Estelle will have it on time all right. He ought to be back with it by half-past nine. Can you send him for me at half-past five? No? Then I'll bum a ride home. Goo'-by."

"The way you start off," said Mrs. Childress, "is everything."

Estelle knew that without being told, so her mother did not need to look her in the eye so significantly. Yet she repeated the warning at least half a dozen times, and they were almost her last words before the young couple departed on their wedding trip. The good lady's intentions were sound, but she overrated what experience could teach the younger generation.

The first few months flew by like a blissful dream. Tom waited on his bride adoringly and devoted more thought to inventing things to do for Estelle than he did to his business, selling insurance. She was perfect and could do no wrong, nor make a mistake. Estelle accepted this attitude as fair and tyrannized over him with the prettiest ways imaginable.

Of course everybody fussed over the young couple, entertaining them to a round of dinners and teas and buffet suppers. All the women agreed that Tom Mattox was a perfect husband and the grandest man! Look at the way he waited on his wife! Could anything be sweeter? His own sex were inclined to be good-natured about Tom at first, ready to overlook much because of his feverish condition, but after a while sentiment changed.

"Say, I'm sick of hearing that bird's name," complained Mike Freeman, who had forgotten his wife's birthday some nine years earlier.

"Me and you both," snorted Doc Upshur.

Tom's acquaintances were polite enough when he ran into them, but they no longer welcomed him jovially and they grew strangely cautious when it came to telling him anything they had heard. He seldom went to the club now, although he had lunched at the same table there every day for ten years previous to his marriage, and the golf course knew him no more. One afternoon when he did try a round, at Estelle's suggestion—but he was not to bet any balls, and be sure to get home before six o'clock without fail—a silence fell on a laughing group he joined in the locker room. The merry tongues and silvery laughter were stilled.

Anybody could see he no longer belonged to the herd—the fellow was a blight, an enemy to his kind.

However, he remained insensible to this loss. Estelle and his home were the whole world to him, and he fled to them the minute he could escape from the office.

"Ain't it beautiful?" remarked their cook to her own husband, who happened to be out of a job, as usual, and was loafing in the Mattox kitchen. "They've never had so much as a cross word. I been listening careful."

"Huh! You mean he ain't. I been listening too."

"Just because Miss Estelle done made you clean up the garage! Well, you eat enough. Looks like you'd be willing to earn ——"

"Shucks, they only been married three months, girl!"

"Three months? You talk like that's nothing. What'd you do inside of three months? Hey?" shrilled Australia. "Done beat me up—that's what you done, and you can't deny it."

Doc merely shrugged. "Us both was married befo'," he pointed out.

"You're mean," Australia retorted—"that's your trouble. You're just mean—a reg'lar li'l' feist. Now you drag it out of my kitchen before you start something—hear me? You're just fixing to raise a ruckus—I can tell."

While they debated these matters in the kitchen, all was peace and loving harmony in the breakfast room. Estelle presided at the coffee percolator in a fascinating negligee of pink chiffon and lace and broke her rule of no solid food at breakfast by taking one dainty bite of Tom's scrambled eggs. He watched her with the eyes of a worshiper at a shrine. Did heaven itself boast anything as beautiful?

He never gave the slightest thought to their domestic arrangements except on the financial side. Estelle planned everything, and planned so well that he was overwhelmed with wonder. All Tom had to do was obey orders, and he did it cheerfully. The zeal he showed in helping round the house and fixing up the yard became the taunt of every married woman in Sunset Addition. Mike Freeman, who despised working in the garden, took to eying him like a snake whenever they met.

They employed a cook and a washerwoman, and a young colored girl came once a week to help give the house a thorough cleaning. Tom tended to the furnace and took care of the yard. He also washed the car, because, as Estelle pointed out, it was silly to waste that money when he could so easily do it Sunday mornings before they went to church. He was beginning to practice economies he had never before attempted too. The most praiseworthy was when he cut out cigars. He had smoked for fifteen years, and often he grew dejected and wretched, but he never wavered and never questioned Estelle's wisdom in deciding on the step.

They had very little time to themselves during this period of their lives. Estelle was engaged in entertaining her relatives and those friends who had entertained for them, so their every evening was taken up. Tom was immensely proud of his wife's ability as a hostess and frequently encouraged her in hospitality when she was inclined to question whether it was worth while.

"I think I'll ask Charlie Tucker out to dinner," he remarked one evening.

"Charlie Tucker? What on earth do you want him for?"

"Why, he is one of my oldest friends. Charlie and I used to be like brothers, you might say."

"I never could make out what you could see in that man. All he does is sit round the club and play cards."

"Why, Charlie's the salt of the earth!"

"He's been running round with the debutantes every year ever since I was a baby, and he must be forty if he's a day—the ol' bald-headed rascal."

"Well, he's a bachelor. And he can't help it if his hair comes out. It's been that way since he was in the twenties—runs in the family, Charlie says."

"Well, you can take him to the club if you want to ask him."

"But I've already asked him—or practically asked him."

"When? What night?"

"I didn't name any night—said I'd let him know."

Estelle's lips met in a firm line.

"We can't have him this week or next," she said. "We've got engagements nearly every night, and Australia is entitled to some nights to herself. She's missed two prayer meetings this month already."

"She seems to have time to cook for your friends," he shot back.

It was the first clash, and Estelle could hardly believe her ears. She threw a startled glance at Tom; his eyes were hard, but she did not weaken. Instead, she drew a deep breath and stiffened in her chair.

"My friends?" she repeated. "How can you say such a thing? They're yours too."

"They are now—perhaps. But they never were until we married."

In spite of herself, Estelle looked as though about to cry. And Tom capitulated. In bitter remorse, he apologized and confessed he was a selfish hound, and he hadn't meant to hurt her, and would she forgive him? To blazes with Charlie Tucker and everybody else! The only one who mattered in this world was Estelle. It ended in a warm reconciliation of embraces and tears—but Tom took Tucker to the country club for lunch instead of having him to his own house.

However, she overcame her prejudice against bachelors who rushed each season's debutantes, for shortly after this episode they had Jim Spivy to Sunday dinner. Tom welcomed him genially, and the meal passed off very well, with Estelle sparkling at her best. Jim was a former admirer—a rejected and deeply hurt suitor, according to Estelle. Watching the ease with which he comported himself, Tom marveled at the way Jim bore up.

Not long after this, Estelle detected a change in her husband. Now and again he appeared thoughtful, even moody. Sometimes he was evasive and spoke brusquely.

"Why," she exclaimed one day, sniffing several times, "I do believe I smell smoke!"

"Very likely. I was at the club for lunch, and everybody was smoking."

"Tom Mattox," she said, going up close to him, "breathe!"

"I am breathing," he replied, purple in the face from the effort of holding it.

"Breathe! Breathe!" cried Estelle, shaking him by the lapels.

He had to let go, and Estelle fairly reeled.

"You've been smoking!"

"I have," he confessed brazenly, pulling out a cigar and snipping the end; "I've been smoking nearly a week."

"And you've had a drink too."

"I have," he admitted, "three. Got anything to say?"

It was a silly question, but the fellow was probably in his cups. Estelle had plenty to say and said it none too wisely. Where had he gone to, to smoke all those cigars? And why had he deceived her and lied to her? And she could never trust him again, and to think that everything had to come to this! And who gave him the liquor? She finished by throwing herself on the chaise longue and breaking into passionate weeping.

And of course Tom —— Not by a jugful, men! Less than a month before, he would

(Continued on Page 133)

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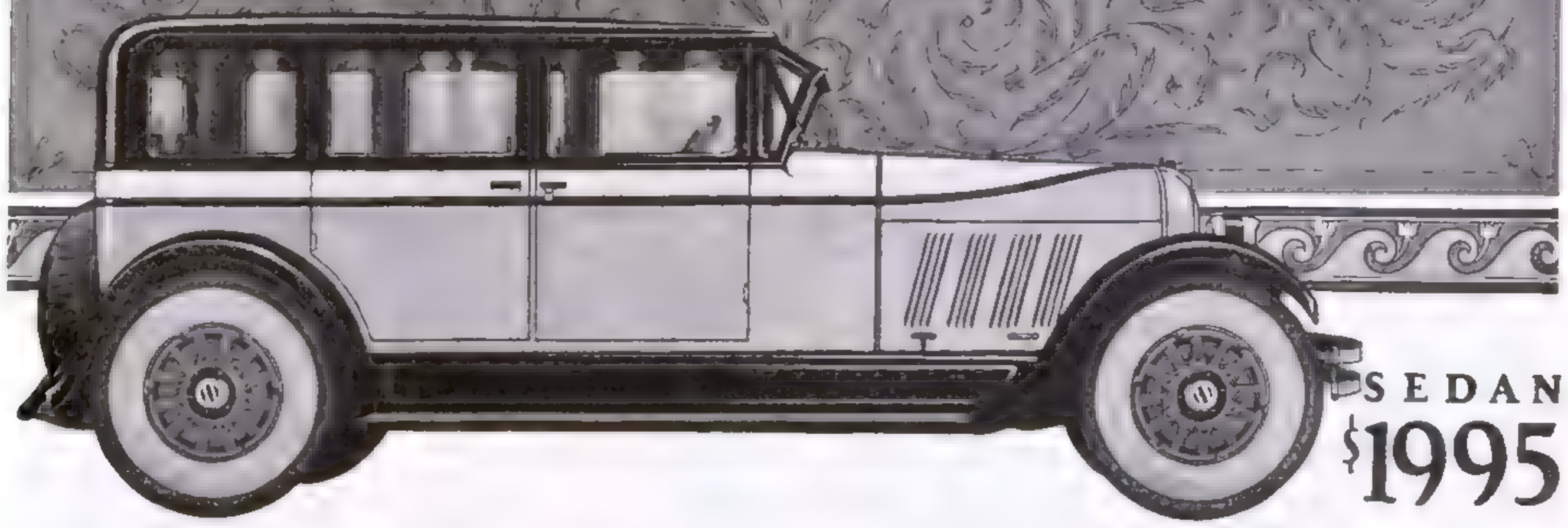

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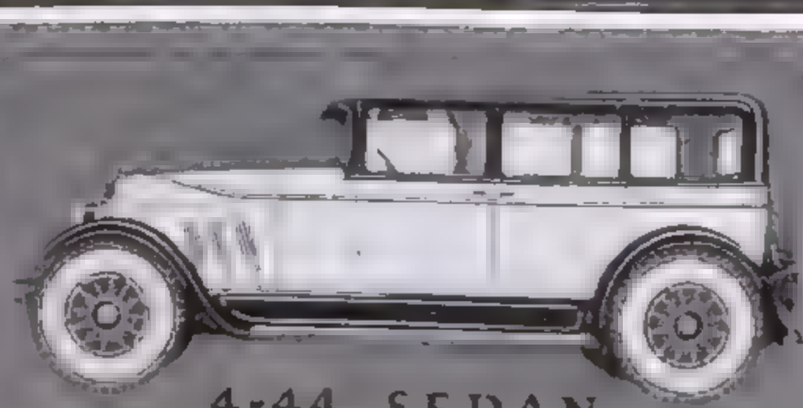

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(Continued from Page 131)

have felt like a cur and crawled like one, but now the hardened scoundrel gazed at his bride with an expression wickedly close to a sneer and strolled nonchalantly from the room, blowing a smoke ring.

She listened to him whistling in the study; she bore down on the loud pedal of her sobs and moaned pitifully; then she listened again. The brute was now talking over the telephone and guffawing in the coarse way men do when they're fixing to get together. Talking to that Charlie Tucker very likely! Estelle dried her tears and rose. The time had come. They had reached the crossroads. Unless she won in this crisis it would be impossible to live with him.

She went upstairs and got out her traveling bag. All was now quiet in the study. What was he doing? Estelle took a few things out of a drawer and packed the bag. Then she telephoned for a taxi. She spoke in loud clear tones. Almost immediately Tom appeared at the door of the room.

"What're you doing?"

"That's my business."

"Where're you going?"

"Home."

"I thought this was your home."

"It used to be." Gulp.

He glanced from her to the traveling bag and she saw his face go white. For a minute it looked as though he were about to weaken, but suddenly his expression changed and he said almost contemptuously, "So you would do even that just to get your way, huh?" and turned his back on her. Worse still, he insisted on carrying the bag downstairs and escorting her to the car, and bent forward in a matter-of-fact way as though to kiss her. When she drew back, he bade her a cheery good-by and waved his hand as the taxi turned the corner.

That night half a dozen cars stood in front of the Mattox home until all hours, and every room blazed with lights. Gusts of revelry assailed the neighbors' ears, followed by intervals of silence. Tom was giving a bridge party to some of his former friends and they did not break up until after two o'clock. This performance created a distinctly favorable impression in circles taking the thoughtful view.

"Maybe I wronged him," admitted Mike Freeman. "He seems human, after all."

As for Estelle, she found solace and strength where it ought to reside. Her mother warmly espoused her stand. Now was the day and now the hour. If she didn't stand up for her rights in this emergency, she might just as well give up for keeps. True, Mrs. Childress could not quite understand how she had ever permitted matters to reach such a dangerous pass, and questioned her daughter closely on her technic. Surely she must have been too indulgent and spoiled Tom, that he should go and break out that way and smoke and take a drink. But Estelle's narrative reassured her.

"I reckon it had to be, and he's one of the pig-headed kind," concluded Mrs. Childress with a sigh. "Nobody can tell me a man isn't spoiled if he waits till after twenty-five before he marries. I always knew he wasn't good enough for my baby."

But here she ran on a rock.

"He's the finest man that ever breathed!" cried Estelle, sitting up and tossing back her hair. "Don't you dare say anything against him!"

Mrs. Childress soothed her and put her to bed much as she had done when Estelle was a child. Mr. Childress was away, arguing a lawsuit, so there was unanimity of opinion in the household. It would be just like him to stick up for Tom, reflected Mrs. Childress. Men always stuck together no matter how heinous the offense. But if he tried any funny business now, at the very moment that his daughter's happiness was at stake—well, she would give him a piece of her mind he would never forget.

Next morning Estelle began to have doubts of the step she had taken. She recalled the glint in Tom's eye and the easy confidence of his manner when he helped her into the taxi. Supposing he did not come round to make up, supposing he let her stay there merciful heavens!

Luck favored her, as it always did. Early in the afternoon, when she was beginning to weaken and debate ways of return which would at least save her face, the telephone rang. It was Becky Erwin, her roommate at school.

"Well, you are a fine one!" she exclaimed.

"Lan's sakes! Where are you talking from?"

"Your house."

"I'll be right over," said Estelle hurriedly, and hung up.

"Now what'll I do?" she demanded of her mother.

"What is Becky doing there?"

"I asked her to stay with me, and forgot all about it yesterday when we had that fuss. She's on her way to New York and will only be here overnight."

"You'll have to go back," replied Mrs. Childress, and there was a hint of relief in her tone. "Pretend to Tom like nothing's happened, and tell Becky I was sick and you came over to look after me because paps was away."

She did, and got away with it. Tom played up to the explanation as though nothing were amiss, and when Becky departed the following day, Estelle remained. She and Tom conversed with the politeness of casual acquaintances, however, and it was plain that the business was not yet settled.

"They done had a fuss," Australia told Doc.

"Well, why not?" said Doc.

"I bet he's been cuttin' up."

"Mr. Tom, he's sure a fine man."

"I reckon you aim to stick up for him, huh? And you not knowin' one thing what was the trouble! Just like a man!"

"Well, it's like she's been runnin' it over on him."

"What makes you go and say a thing like that? Because you're mean, that's why."

"I bet she did," retorted Doc doggedly, and the fight was on. Australia could swallow insults to herself, but never an aspersion against her sex.

It progressed swiftly to the point where the cook ordered her husband out of the kitchen and informed him he could go rustle his supper somewhere else—she had something better to do than feed a no-account like him. Doc replied that the town was just plumb full of good cooks; then he lit a cigarette, flipped the match away and left her to ponder darkly on his meaning.

"What's Australia in such a hurry about?" inquired Tom with cold politeness when they were summoned to the meal half an hour ahead of time.

"She says she has to go to meetin' early." Estelle spoke with a frigid courtesy that matched his own.

"It strikes me she's getting mighty devout."

"Well, you know what they're like. If I say anything, she'll pick up and leave, and she really is a fine cook."

He had nothing more to say, and Australia hurried them through dinner, whisking away their plates the instant they paused for breath. In fact, Tom could feel her glaring at him from the door while he ate, ready to pounce when his fork left his mouth.

Ten minutes after they rose from table, Australia was on her way to Elmcliff, and the dishes reposed in the sink. Plenty of other good cooks, hey? She knew what the ornery hound meant—he was sittin' in that woman's kitchen right now, she'd bet!

Doc was on a second helping of liver when Australia strode in on them. She did not knock or announce her coming. They heard the screen door bang, and there she was, towering like a black goddess and breathing in snorts. The chocolate-colored girl at the other side of the table emitted a feeble yip and tried to run, but Australia was too quick for her. As she sprang, she let out the screech of a mountain lioness in

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The CENTURY passing under the new Castleton Bridge

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Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

rage. It roused the entire block, but it was pianissimo compared to the chocolate girl's efforts when Australia locked a grip in her hair.

One thing must be said for Doc—he knew when he had enough. At the very outset he decided he didn't want any more liver and he started to leave, but somehow Australia managed to block the exit and transfer the fingers of one hand from her enemy to her spouse, and she held both. The owner of the house rushed out to the kitchen, followed by his wife and son. Then came the Law and a crowd of all kinds of people, and the ding-a-ling wagon drove up, scattering children and dogs.

Right here an astounding thing occurred. Instead of arresting the two who had created the disturbance, the Law took Doc away on a ride to the hoosegow. That shows what justice is like in this country!

"And you go on home quiet now or I'll take you along, too," the Law admonished Australia.

Her battered rival had collapsed on a chair, with her head down on her arms on the table, and she was sobbing bitterly. Australia wanted to get her arrested, too, but her employer intervened and she realized that, in the face of his account of the fracas, it would not be done. Besides, she didn't want the chocolate girl traveling in the ding-a-ling with Doc, so she retreated with the honors of war. She also retreated with a lovely black eye, but did not realize it at the moment.

"Oh, 'Stralia, what on earth have you been doing? Mercy, what an eye! How did you get it?" exclaimed Estelle next morning.

"He done give it to me."

"What for?"

"I dunno," said Australia. "But he'll never lay his hand on me ag'in; no, ma'am. I done learned that nigger."

"What've you done?"

"He's in jail, that's what I done. And he can rot there for all of me."

"You did perfectly right, 'Stralia," Estelle assured her firmly. "Now whatever you do, don't give in."

"No'm."

During the next three days Australia went to her mistress frequently for moral support. But on the fourth day she went to Tom, because she needed something more substantial.

"Forty dollars? What for?"

"To git him out," said Australia.

Mattox laughed.

"All right. I'll let you have it this time, 'Stralia. But remember what I say—you two cut out this rough stuff."

"Yassuh. And will you give him a talkin' to, Mr. Mattox?"

"I'll think it over."

All he could elicit from Doc was that he was harmlessly engaged in eating a piece of liver when Australia up and begun clawing him, and then the Law come and there was trouble, and the Law hit him with a club, and Australia scratched the Law, so they arrested him for it. Also, he sure didn't like it in jail and wanted never to go back. Mattox heard him and Australia laughing together in the kitchen that night as though no cloud had ever darkened their sky, and when he passed through for a look, on pretense of seeing to the pup's supper, he found her fussing over Doc as though he were a returned bridegroom or something.

"Don't he look fine, Mr. Mattox?" she exclaimed. "I do believe it done him good. It give him time to git some of that choc beer out'n his system."

Not long after this reunion, Doc showed up with a gleaming smile. Australia had given him a gold crown for a birthday present, although every tooth in his head was sound. And harmony reigned in the servants' house above the garage.

Meanwhile Tom's own domestic affairs were rocking along as aimlessly as a boat without a rudder. Neither he nor Estelle ever referred to their disagreement, and there was no friction; but the issue remained unsettled and they were unwholesomely polite to each other. It was as though two strangers sojourned under the same roof.

The strain of this state of affairs soon told on his temper. One evening he said to her, with a deceptively casual manner, "What do you think of asking Bertine and her husband to dinner some night?"

"Well, I should say not!"

"She used to be a friend of ours."

"Friend of yours, you mean."

"All right, if you want to put it that way. Then ask her as my friend."

"I simply can't stand her and never could. What on earth put that idea into your head?"

"Well, I thought ——"

"Yes, of course—you just wanted to start something."

"Why should that start something?"

"Let's not talk about it. I won't have her and that settles it!" cried Estelle, with the violent impatience the least opposition always aroused in her.

"Does it?" he replied in a cooing voice. "Well, well!"

They ate a while in silence, Estelle's wrath betraying itself in the savage, jerky plying of her fork.

"What are your objections to Bertine?" he inquired.

"I won't discuss it."

"Yes, you will. I'm entitled to know them."

Estelle was as devoid of perception as most selfish people, but even she could read the danger signals, so she answered civilly enough, "I can't stand her. She's so conceited. And I never did trust that woman. You know how they talked ——"

"Do you think that's sufficient reason?"

"It is for me. I don't intend to entertain people I don't like."

"We've entertained people I don't like."

"Who?" she demanded quickly, sensing a crack at some of her relatives.

"Jim Spivy."

"Jim Spivy? Why, he is asked everywhere!"

"So is Bertine."

"That's different."

"Only to you," he said evenly. Then, measuring his words carefully, "You say they talked about Bertine because she flirts a little—you know as well as I do she is harmless. But your friend Spivy—when it comes to reputation and morals, there isn't a poor creature of the streets who ——"

But Estelle would not hear him out. She rose from the table and with a high, wounded dignity which had once awed him went into the living room. He had lost his awe, however, and having finished his meal, he joined her there, lit a cigar in leisurely fashion and resumed the discussion.

"Yes, as I was saying, I think we ought to have Bertine and her husband."

"That woman will never enter my house!" declared Estelle.

"Your house?"

"Yes, my house! I guess papa gave it to me, didn't he?"

"He did. But it's mine now."

"How?" she flared.

"Well, I bought it from him."

"How could you do that?"

"You buy things with money usually. He didn't want to sell at first, but I finally got it."

She was pale now.

"I don't believe a word of it."

"It's true all the same. Once before you accented your ownership of this house, you may remember, so I had to do it."

Her chin began to wabble. What a brute he was!

"I should advise you to lay off that line in the future," he continued. "Supposing I should remind you it was my money every time you wanted to give a dinner or spend anything."

"Yours? Why, it's mine too! I'm entitled to half." She was genuinely amazed, and wondered why he gazed at her so queerly. She added with haste, "Isn't it?"

"Of course." He nodded, his manner grown curiously gentle. And then and

(Continued on Page 137)

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Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 134)

there he gave up the attempt. What was the use?

After this clash they got along much better. It cleared the air. Tom seemed to realize the futility of giving battle for his absurd bachelor ideas, and it was really remarkable how soon their differences were forgotten. If they had left a wound, it was not visible. They were as genuinely affectionate as could be expected. Love does not die from words or clouts. Its demise is a slower process of starvation.

Of course it was a victory for Estelle. Thereafter she arranged their domestic schedule and all their social engagements without a question from him, and he trailed along with a docility which a half contemptuous air could not camouflage. Now and again he openly grumbled, but business was picking up and he applied himself with increased ardor to his work. Estelle seemed happy again and he concluded that the encounters had left no real sting. But how could that be, unless she were as hard as granite? For that matter, nobody could have detected any blight on his spirits either. To his acquaintances he seemed normally contented, so it is probable that both were adjusting themselves to double harness with fair success. At any rate everybody regarded the Mattoxes as a fine young couple, remarkably suited to each other. Tom was making money fast and Estelle occupied a position in the social life of the city far superior to many more fortunately placed young matrons.

Any subject likely to provoke controversy was tacitly avoided. Tom even learned when to withhold expression of opinion, as any contrary opinion voiced by those closely related to her seemed to enrage Estelle. On her part, she was careful not to press her advantage too far; now and again she even made a pretense of consulting him on things she had already decided.

However, these concessions were only temporary. She gradually became her natural self once more and bossed him with a high hand. As the points of disagreement were trivial, he yielded in silence that they might have peace, but it was a smoldering and sullen silence. Estelle did not perceive his mood; she was getting her own way and that was sufficient. And the more he yielded, the more she crowded him. The pretty imperious ways he had so much admired in her as a girl became the brusque and petulant humors of a spoiled child, and he began to treat her like one. At the same time he displayed the same fear of her outbursts as her doting parents did.

One night he returned to a dinnerless home, to be told that the cook had taken a day off.

"What's the matter?"

"She wanted to go, so I had to let her. She and Doc have had another fight."

"What's the trouble this time?"

"Oh, something about his wages. Australia says she aims to make him give back the gold tooth too. She's fixing to get the Law after him."

"Why don't you fire her and get another? We've stood enough from that couple."

"What? And break in a new one? Not much! It's all very well for you to talk, but you don't have any of the worry or work to do."

"No. I have a snap."

"Well, you do. If you had to go through what I do every day, you couldn't stand it."

"I've got quite an office force," he murmured. "There're twenty of them."

"Shucks, they don't make the worry a house does. Men have it easy. And a woman's work is never done."

"So I've heard, it seems to me. That's what you all say. But let's get down to cases. Just what trials and hardships did you go through today, for instance?"

"Well, for one thing, the groceries were late, and Australia said she wanted the afternoon off, and I had to phone the country club we would be out there, and —— What're you trying to do? Cross-examine me, or trying to be funny?"

"Go on. What else?"

"Oh, I don't want to talk about it," she answered, with the twist of her body that always presaged a flare-up.

He smiled at her, but it was forced and dry.

"When I was laid up with the grippe in the spring I had a chance to see the endless round of drudgery you women are always talking about. Have you forgotten that?"

"And what did you observe, sweetness?"

"Well, you breakfasted in bed about nine o'clock. Then you ordered the meals for the day and gossiped over the telephone an hour and a half with various friends who were also slaving their young lives away. About noon you went to the Junior League for lunch and played bridge all afternoon with the Cheery Wives. There was a dinner dance that night, but you could not go because I was ill—so you read a novel until midnight."

"Well, what about it? What else could I do?"

"That's not the point."

"Yes, it is. You're insinuating I might have done something else—read to you, or something, I suppose. Why didn't you ask me if you wanted me to do it?"

"I didn't want you to. I only mention this as part of the schedule that is crushing your youth."

"Rats! It's all very well to talk about it that way. Anything can be made to sound easy. For instance, all you do is drive downtown and fix up your golf game, then talk to a few clerks, and then go to the club for lunch, play a rubber of bridge and rush out to the country club."

"Talk sense!" he retorted, red in the face.

"Isn't that your schedule?"

"No."

"Then what is? Don't you go to the club for lunch? Don't you play a rubber of bridge—sometimes two or three? And don't you play golf every day?"

"No, not every day."

"Except when it rains too hard."

"But you don't tell what I do in between."

"And neither do you tell what I do in between," returned Estelle triumphantly.

He dropped the subject right there. They went to the country club for dinner, and on the way home he remarked, "I've got to be away next week."

"Away next week?" she exclaimed, sitting up straight.

"Yes. That convention in Los Angeles."

"What about it?"

"I'm going."

"Indeed you're not!"

"Yes, I am."

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing? You've never gone to one before."

"I couldn't afford it. But this one'll give me a chance to get in touch with a lot of men who would be very helpful to me, and I can't afford to let it slip."

Estelle laughed harshly.

"That's a good one," she said. "Convention, hey? I know what those conventions are. A lot of the men just go to drink everything they can lay their hands on, and have a good time."

He strove to be patient with her ignorance.

"Now, listen, honey," he argued earnestly, "I've just got to go. It isn't pleasure, but business. And when it comes to my business—well, you haven't got anything to say, that's all."

"Ho, indeed! Haven't I? I suppose I'm not interested in how well you do?"

"Only in how much I make, so far as I've been able to discover," he rejoined dryly.

"Anything else mean you can think of to say?"

"Oh, let's not fight," he implored. "I let you make all our social engagements, don't I? You'll have to admit that."

"I don't know a single woman in town who doesn't make them for her husband too."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, everything!"

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"Just because all the women in this town do things a certain way doesn't prove it right, does it?"

"There! Just what I thought! Now I know for sure—you used to pretend like you were for woman's suffrage, but that was all make-believe. You're one of the kind who'd like to keep us down. Yes, you can't stand seeing us get our rights. Oh, you may fool others, but you can't fool me! If you had your way I'd stay meekly at home, waiting for my lord's return, to fetch him his slippers and a match for his cigar. Don't tell me—I know you inside out."

Tom stopped the car.

"Here seems to be a good corner," he remarked.

"What're you talking about? What're you stopping for?"

"Why, don't you want to make a speech?"

"Trying to change the subject! The truth hurts."

He released the brake and threw in the clutch.

"Well, anyhow," he announced, "I'm going. We leave Monday afternoon—private car."

"If you do," she retorted, "you won't find me here when you get back."

"Don't forget that promise now," was his earnest comment.

They drove along in silence. Estelle could endure a strained silence much better than he, because she had gone through years of experience at home, where her father and mother had often been afraid to open their mouths for hours at a stretch, so Tom was the first to break it. He began to mutter. Out of the disjointed fragments she caught, Estelle gathered that he was protesting this was the limit—she was trying to hold him back instead of helping him—and hadn't he given up that golf tournament at Birmingham just for her?—yes, and not so much as a local tournament or a li'l' game of poker Saturday nights—and no friends—and what was there in married life for a man, anyhow, except to tag along after his wife?—yes, but he'd be eternally ——

"That's right, cuss some more, I would! And grind your teeth," she gibed.

Heredity is the greatest factor in human existence. Had there not been a few gentlefolk among Tom's ancestors, he would have hurled the remains out of the car at this juncture and driven blithely about his business. As it was, he narrowly missed head-on collisions with a limousine, two flivvers and a truck, although the road was wide and smooth.

"If you don't watch where you're going —— Mercy's sake, you nearly took his fender off! Let me drive."

"Take your hands away!" he bellowed. "I'll drive, myself."

"What I was going to say was, if you expect to do all the things you did before you were married, why didn't you stay a bachelor?"

"That's what I want to know," he answered with a wild laugh. "Gee!"

Then he added: "You do all the things you used to do before you were married—you haven't given up one."

"I do nothing of the kind."

They did not argue it further, each fearful where the quarrel might land them. But next day, which was Sunday, Estelle took to bed. Yes, she had a wretched headache and chills, and was afraid she was catching the flu. Tom wanted to call in a doctor immediately, but she would not hear of it. Then he insisted on feeling her forehead and taking her temperature. Estelle resented these attentions, but had to submit.

When he had read the thermometer he glanced at her queerly and went into the library and began tossing things about. She could hear him mumbling.

So she thought she would stop him that way, did she? He would show her!

"What?" cried Estelle, sitting up in bed as she saw him packing his bags next morning. "You're really going?"

"I am."

A long, tense silence.

"Then," she said, her lips quivering, "I think we had best get a divorce."

"That suits me," he managed to answer with creditable firmness.

He was cut to the depths of his being, however. To think that Estelle could be so utterly callous that, simply to gain her own way, she should propose a divorce, after all they had meant to each other! It was unbelievable—unforgivable!

He could find nothing more to say, and finished his packing blindly. By that time Mrs. Childress had arrived to see the invalid.

"Why, where're you going?" she asked.

"To Los Angeles."

"And leave this poor child like this?"

"Just that. She's all right."

"Then you're a brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Childress violently, moving swiftly toward the bed to clasp her daughter in her arms. "There, there, darling, don't cry! He isn't worth it. You see, I was right about him all the time."

He had to walk out on her now or he was lost forever. Without another word to the two women, he carried his bags downstairs and drove away in a taxi.

The convention did not pan out precisely as Tom had hoped. In fact, it remained a painful blur in his memory ever afterward. He was half distracted, could not concentrate his attention sufficiently to listen to a conversation, and the revels organized by the reception committee for the visitors struck him as ghastly mummery.

"What's the matter with Mattox, anyhow?" inquired the man he had most desired to impress, of a mutual acquaintance. "He strikes me as being badly worried about something. Is he hard up?"

"Had you noticed it too?"

And then Tom got drunk. Not of set purpose—ordinarily he was abstemious—but he wanted to cheer up enough to take part in the celebration, and the stuff had a delayed fuse, and first thing he knew he was babbling too much and the others were egging him on and applauding. Next day he wondered miserably just how much he had talked. Everybody he met embarrassed him. Had he run into that fellow last night too?

Well, he reflected during the trip homeward, Estelle was right about one thing—the convention had been a fizzle so far as he was concerned. And hadn't it been nothing but a party, after all? Why not be honest with himself?

She was not there when he reached home. Australia told him she had gone to her mother's to stay—yes, the same day he left, and "she done took a sight of things with her too. She done come back for mo' next morning and the next." As she made this report, Australia rolled her eye askance at Mattox. It was plain she suspected something, and her attitude indicated she knew who was to blame.

"I'll take lunch at the club, but I'll be home for dinner, 'Stralia," he said.

At his office he found a message from Mr. Childress asking him to call, and as soon as he had attended to the most pressing of the telegrams and correspondence, Tom went over to the old lawyer's office.

"Well," said his father-in-law, carefully closing the door behind him, "what's the trouble between you and Estelle?"

His manner was kindly, even affectionate, and Tom felt surprise.

"Darned if I know," he confessed, suddenly laughing heartily for the first time in a fortnight.

"That's better," remarked Mr. Childress. "Take a seat. Smoke?"

"Well," he went on, "I gather it's the same old story."

"How—same old story?"

"The never-ending duel of sex. She wants her way and you want yours."

Tom pondered this. "Yes, but she gets hers," he pointed out.

His father-in-law chuckled. Then he grew serious again.

"I know pretty well what has happened without your telling me, Tom," Mr. Childress resumed. "You thought you were marrying a partner, and you were taking on a competitor instead."

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as ——"

"Yes, you would. And there're lots in the same boat. Their hardest fight is right where they expected to find loyal help. They can hold their own against the other fellow downtown, but out in Lovedale they lose out every time."

"I don't mind except where it hurts my business, Mr. Childress," protested his son-in-law. "But I'm not making the progress I ought to, because ——"

"How in Sam Hill can you make any progress when you don't get enough sleep and can't save any money?"

"Hadn't you better close the window too?" Tom inquired, and the lawyer brought up with a laugh.

"I've been working on a couple of divorce suits," he admitted. "Maybe it has soured me."

He swung around in his chair and gazed musingly out of the window.

"When this country was being built up, Tom, the women did fifty-fifty of it, and then some. No country can be built up unless. And let me tell you this, too, young man—no man can go far without his wife's help, unless he completely ignores her. It's one or the other."

"But most of 'em do help," Tom objected. "When a fellow's making barely enough to scrape along, they'll pitch in. Why, one of my clerks ——"

"Certainly. That's nothing new. It's happening all over this land of ours. But how about the prosperous people? How about your friends? And the country's getting more prosperous every day. Well, prosperity is like to ruin us. Look at that!"

Along the opposite side of the street tripped Myrtle May Briscoe. Myrtle May must have assayed about thirty thousand dollars on the hoof. She had on a chinchilla coat, several strata of diamond and emerald bracelets, and a wind-proof make-up. Tucked under her arm was a saucy Pekingese. She was a pretty woman, whom men turned to stare at, but there was a willful, discontented droop to the corners of her mouth.

"There goes Civilization," murmured Mr. Childress. "Gaze on that, will you? The whole world is organized round that."

"I heard," said Tom—"I heard that before old Jim made his pile, Myrtle May used to help him behind the counter."

"So she did. But what'll her daughter do when she marries?"

"Gosh!" muttered Tom.

"It's just the swing of the pendulum, I reckon," replied Mr. Childress. "Forty years ago the world was organized for men only. We had things our own way, and it was mighty hard on the women, I guess. Why, right today you can go a hundred miles from here and the women don't even sit down to table till the men have finished So—well, this back swing is natural enough."

"But where is it going to end up?" demanded Tom.

"Search me. We're getting richer every day, which means they're growing stronger. It doesn't take a seer to visualize a time when the institution of marriage, as we know it, will be abolished."

Tom looked shocked.

"Oh, I don't mean anything like that. It won't be any harem arrangement. It'll be the women themselves who'll demand it."

"Why?"

"Well, the tendency in the birth rate is in favor of their sex wherever great prosperity is enjoyed. So there may come a day when there won't be half enough men to go round, and then the women themselves may abolish monogamy."

"I guess you and I don't need to worry over that right now though," Tom remarked. *(Continued on Page 141)*

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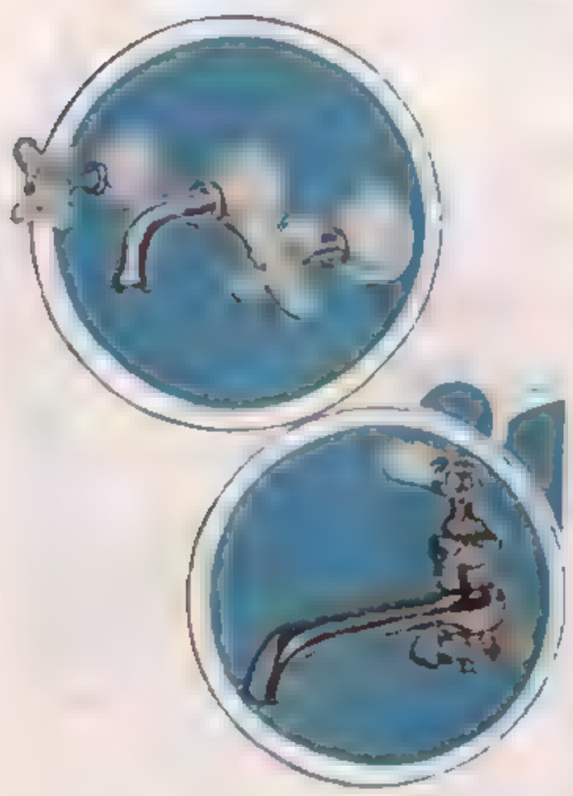

Tonight, as you sit in your easy chair after a good dinner, the faucets in your home will be about the least important thing in your life.

But oh, what a difference a few hours *can* make! Tomorrow morning you may be forced to shave in cold water because the hot water supply was exhausted by a faucet that ran all night—ran because it was one of those nuisances that can't be turned entirely *off*.

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About that time you will have a lot to say about faucets. You will realize, if only for a moment, that faucets *are* Vital Spots. And during the day a number of other people in your home will possibly have a good deal to say about other faucets—in the bathroom—in the kitchen sink—in the laundry tubs.

Then one of two things will happen. You will decide to put those feeble faucets out of their misery—*or*—you will once more find yourself in the warm glow of the easy chair with faucets the least important thing in your life . . . . *until the next day about 7 a. m.!*

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MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

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(Continued from Page 138)

"No, nor our grandchildren—nor our great-great-grandchildren. But it may come some day."

His son-in-law coughed.

"Did Estelle ——" he ventured.

"No, Estelle didn't. I sent for you on my own account."

Mr. Childress fiddled with his glasses as though he did not know how to say what was on his mind.

"It's too bad," he remarked. "I reckon there's something to be said on both sides, but—well, Estelle's spoiled, I guess. She has to have her own way or she'd die. You didn't have to tell me that. I'm her father." He spoke without rancor and ended with a nod of the head. "Yes, her mother always has spoiled her. I reckon I did too." Then, as Tom seemed on the point of doing the right thing by a protest, he smiled and continued, "But let's forget all that and get down to cases. How about it?"

When they parted, it was on the best of terms.

"Tomorrow night, remember," said his father-in-law genially. "You come round to the house and we'll fix up this divorce."

Tom decided he would go to the lake to shoot ducks instead of staying home alone and thereby courting curiosity. He drove down at twilight and found Uncle Jed Bybee occupying the clubhouse all by himself. It was peculiarly fitting that Uncle Jed should be his companion, but peculiarly galling, too, because Uncle Jed was a notorious misogynist, permanently soured on women. One had wrecked his career, with some able assistance on Uncle Jed's part, and at the least encouragement he would broadcast the murkiest kind of cynicism.

"Anybody else coming down?" inquired Bybee.

"Not that I know of."

"There'll be no flight tonight," continued Uncle Jed glumly. "If I'd stayed in town, this norther wouldn't have petered out, and there'd have been eight billion ducks out on that lake. As it is, there're three hell-divers and rough water. Which blind d'you want?"

"Any of 'em will do me. Maybe I won't go out at all—depends on how it looks in the morning."

"H'm!" muttered Uncle Jed.

As the other now withdrew into a corner of the fireplace and started to read, he got out a pack of cards and began to play solitaire. From time to time he gazed surreptitiously over his spectacles at young Mattox.

"There's a cheerful bird," he murmured. "Too nice to mingle! Mike Freeman's right, I can see that."

A long silence followed, broken only by the crackling of the logs. At last Uncle Jed cleared his throat, and in a loud, formal voice observed, "What's troubling me is—have you ever stopped to think how few men nowadays are named Hezekiah?"

Tom grinned and put down the book. Presently he and Uncle Jed were playing dominoes amicably together and Uncle Jed was launched on his favorite topic.

A month previously Tom would have agreed with every word he uttered. Now he was careful not to make any provocative comment; but he marveled, not only at Uncle Jed but at himself. Thinking he had found a kindred spirit in a quarter where he had least expected it, Bybee let himself out a notch and before ten o'clock had unconsciously supplied his companion with a picture of his married life. Home a jail—nagged every time he turned round—no friends of his own—just a meal ticket for a woman whose notion of a wife's mission in life was to defeat the husband in everything, at any cost!

Tom tried to analyze his feelings as he went to bed. Of course the old fellow was hipped on the subject, but he was largely right too—no question about that. He could have applied part of Uncle Jed's tirade to his own case.

But what of it? Did he want to leave Estelle? He could not bear to think of that. Perhaps she might change—but no, she wouldn't. He knew what would happen. Estelle would be very careful and strangely considerate for a while, but the strain would prove too much. Soon she would slip back to her normal attitude, and they would have more rows, growing more vulgar and violent each time; and then—well, they would just have to have them, that's all.

He would rather fight with Estelle every day than live without her.

For some queer reason he still loved her. Love was certainly a queer thing. Take that bruised and battered old rowdy he had just been playing dominoes with—to hear him talk, one would think he loathed all women, especially his ex-wife. But did he? If so, why did he have to talk about her at every opportunity?

"I believe the old sucker still has a sneaking fondness for that woman," he murmured just before he went to sleep. "It's mighty odd. A wife gets to be a habit, I reckon."

Meanwhile Estelle was also giving consideration to their problem. She knew that Tom had returned, but her father did not mention having seen him, and she was too proud to ask any questions or make the least overture, even indirectly.

What ought she to do? Suppose Tom should prove obstinate and let her stay away. Suppose he went ahead with a div—— But no, that could never happen! She grew faint at the mere thought. Yet had she not better allow things to take their course? Were they suited to each other? And could they ever find happiness together?

She decided to go and see Mrs. Lanham—this was on the morning after Tom's interview with her father—there was one woman who seemed to be perfectly mated. Peace and contentment shone from her placid face, surrounding it as with a halo. Perhaps Mrs. Lanham could tell her what to do, could advise her about men. At any rate, she would ask her.

The judge's wife received her with gentle kindness. She wore an old-fashioned black dress with white ruffles at the wrist, and looked as though she had stepped from a mid-Victorian canvas.

"Well, well, I am surprised!" she exclaimed, after Estelle had unbosomed her troubles. "Of all people, I would have supposed —— But they're all alike."

Estelle pricked up her ears.

"All alike?"

"Exactly," answered the old lady, compressing her lips. "They're tyrants by nature. If you don't give in to 'em they won't play. And if you do give in to 'em they make your life miserable. Give a man an inch and he'll take a mile."

Her visitor could only gape. The repressions of forty years blazed from Mrs. Lanham's usually serene eyes and her tone was charged with the bitterness of injury.

"Why, I never dreamed ——" stammered Estelle.

"Of course not. Nobody does. Just because I always give in to him—but there'd be no living with him unless! That doesn't mean I haven't an idea of my own, however. I can think," declared the old lady, tapping the rug with her foot, "I can think!"

"Why, I imagined—everybody thought—why, Miz Lanham, you always seemed to me the ideal couple! I was saying only the other day to mamma that I intended to be a clinging vine if I ever married again, because they were the kind who got along the best."

"And my next husband," cried the old lady with fire in her glance, "is going to wait on me hand and foot."

Estelle returned home in a daze. She said nothing to her mother about this interview, and she was still in a rapt stupor when her father arrived from the office.

"Dinner about ready?" he inquired. "Say, Estelle, you'd best fix up your hair and put some powder on your nose. That husband of yours will be here tonight."

"Here tonight? Tom? What for? Who asked him?"

"I did. We might just as well get this divorce settlement fixed up now as later."

In spite of the fact that she knew intuitively he was joking, his words made her quake. Fearful she should betray her emotion, she turned and went quickly upstairs. And about half an hour after dinner the doorbell rang.

Well, they made it up, of course. Father discreetly withdrew before a word was said, and somehow he contrived to prevent Mrs. Childress from butting in. Neither side to the dispute offered any apologies or explanations, neither made any promises. Each wanted a reconciliation and was prepared to let bygones be bygones and try again. And they clung to each other. They hadn't been so happy since the honeymoon.

Yet both knew in their heart of hearts this state of things could not last. Both knew that dissension would rise again, with bitterness and recrimination perhaps; but each hoped to be more tactful and considerate and lessen the jars, and they were satisfied to try.

How much Estelle meant to him, Tom proved a few days later. He returned home earlier than usual one evening and handed her a small velvet box. His wife opened it in surprise. Inside nestled a diamond-and-platinum bar pin. It was not her birthday, nor their wedding anniversary.

"For me?" she asked in a hushed voice.

"Of course."

"But what for?"

"You don't remember?"

"Remember? Remember what?"

"Why, the anniversary of the day I first met you, honey," he said, and kissed her with solemn tenderness.

Right there she melted and enfolded him with her arms. Not for worlds would she have confessed that she could not remember—yes, of course, this was the date! Hazily she recollected that it was somewhere along in this season—at the Ballards' dance—that was it! But to think he had never forgotten! How had he remembered it?

That's what a lot of people wanted to know. Sunset Addition was clamorous with raging husbands for a week. That no-account cuss again! Why didn't he doll up in a Lord Fauntleroy suit and be done with it? But sneers and innuendoes were in vain; their wives would give them no rest.

Mike Freeman took it most to heart. He was for calling a mass meeting of protest and organizing a League for the Protection of Normal Husbands or something. At last he decided to call on Mattox in person and appeal to his better nature. Enough was enough—there were limits—this business had to end somewhere.

Tom received him cordially and heard him out in silence.

"Now I don't want to butt into your private affairs," Mike ended. "I don't want to mix up in any shootin', or anything like that, but the way you've acted—well, it isn't natural or human, Mattox. 'Tain't right."

"You're crazy," said Tom.

"How—crazy? Answer me straight, like a man—didn't you give your wife a diamond bar pin on the anniversary of the day you met her?"

"I gave my wife a diamond bar pin."

"Say that again," urged Mike.

He wrung Tom's hand fervently when they parted, and every time he met him in public after that he would take off his hat and murmur "Master!" Of course this excited comment.

"What's come over you anyhow? I thought you had it in for Mattox," remarked a friend.

"So I did. But he's one of us, after all. One of us? Say, that bird's in a class by himself. He's deep. I thought I had brains, but, boy, that guy's got genius. Yes, sir!"

"How come? You mean just because he gave his wife a present on the anniversary?"

"Anniversary nothin'! That sucker didn't have any more idea what date he met his wife on than I have. He just took a chance."

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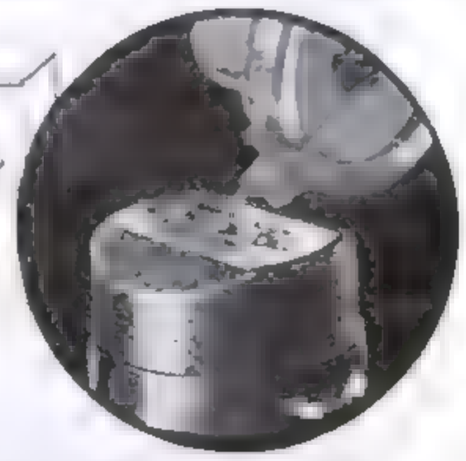

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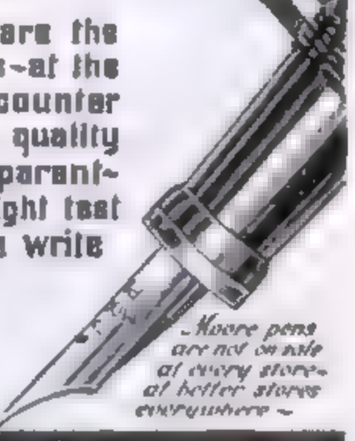

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AMBASSADORS OF TRADE

(Continued from Page 15)

immediate need. This was notably true in Buenos Aires, where $50,000,000 worth of our exports for which acceptance was refused, piled up in the custom house. In England, France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Denmark, the attachés had to deal with complications arising out of the relaxation of wartime trade restrictions.

In 1921 the work of the special traveling commercial investigators was discontinued, because it was found that the useful functions they had performed since 1905 could be effectively carried on by the staffs of the permanent offices abroad, which in many instances contained men who were specialists in particular lines. To illustrate: The commercial attaché at one of the principal European capitals had many years of experience with large American export houses and the foreign-trade bureau of the Merchants Association of New York City. Another Continental attaché had worked four years for the International Harvester Company and had subsequently been in the bond business. A trade commissioner in a great Far Eastern port had had no less than fifteen years' training in general merchandising in the United States and foreign countries before entering the service of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. One of the traveling investigators, who made three important general surveys abroad, was especially equipped by reason of many years of work as mine and hacienda administrator in Mexico and South America. In the preparation of handbooks on Latin America he was able to appraise agricultural and commercial conditions with the eye of an expert, because he himself had in the past been directly concerned in such activities as came under his observation in his capacity of government trade scout. Other attachés have been engineers, which makes them peculiarly valuable in highly specialized investigations.

Johnny on the Spot

There was another reason for the discontinuance of the traveling investigators. It came with Herbert Hoover's advent as Secretary of Commerce, when he introduced the Commodity Divisions, which provide an intensive technical and promotive service for the American exporter in terms of commodities. Since these Commodity Divisions will form the subject of the next and concluding article, there is no need to enter into any detailed explanation of them here, save to say that on their initiative experts are sent from time to time into the foreign field, as emergency dictates, to make special investigations. It may be to ascertain the lumber situation in Scandinavia, hardware possibilities in Spain or the opportunities for mining machinery in Mexico.

Now a word about the status and qualifications of these ambassadors of trade. To begin with, they are the highest ranking officers in the foreign service of the bureau and its only representatives with a diplomatic status. A commercial attaché is usually attached to an embassy, and a trade commissioner to a legation, although they perform similar work. In the larger capitals there are both an attaché and a trade commissioner. Where the work is very heavy, each has various assistants who specialize. In Berlin, for example, there is a specialist whose sole task is to keep in touch with the iron-and-steel industry, a second studies potash and chemicals, while a third deals with labor conditions. So it goes.

The men who hold these posts—you will soon see who some of them are in terms of their work—must combine business experience, whenever possible, with a broad economic outlook, since they must deal with national fiscal policies and on occasion act in a diplomatic capacity. Unlike our consuls, who also collect business information, they represent a great deal of flexibility in action. A consul must remain at his post, whereas a commercial attaché or a trade commissioner can hop into the seat of economic dislocation.

The commercial attaché at Paris, for example, went into the occupied territory of Germany and obtained the release of merchandise purchased by American importers which was urgently needed. The French had placed an embargo on the flow of German goods. Another trade commissioner was able to go to Bohemia and intervene on behalf of some Yankee interests there. A third illustration was the trip of the trade commissioner at Constantinople to Angora almost immediately after Kemal Pasha set up the Turkish capital there. He was not only the first alien to penetrate there but, returning by a different route, brought out a vast amount of information about the needs of the newborn republic. Still another is afforded in the many expeditions into the interior of China by the commercial attaché at Peking to blaze the way for a variety of exports ranging from movies to motors.

This brings us to the regional organization of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which supervises the work of the commercial attachés and trade commissioners. It is therefore the fountainhead of the flood of commercial intelligence, which is as essential to export success as accurate reconnaissance is to the operation of an army in the field.

Clearing Houses of Information

The sources are in three regional, or geographical, divisions to which the ambassadors of trade are attached. One, in charge of Samuel H. Cross, deals with Europe. The second, which covers the Far East, is directed by F. R. Eldredge. The third, embracing all Latin America, is handled by Richard F. O'Toole. Coördinating with these three world branches is the Foreign Service Division, which receives, edits, allocates and distributes the endless flow of data collected and prepared by every field agent. This work is headed by Walter L. Miller.

The geographical divisions are clearing houses for practical economic facts which influence the purchasing power and competitive ability of foreign nations. Thus the European Division has dealt for years with the reparations question in all its aspects, and kept American business informed on the progress of the Dawes Plan. More recently it has covered German projects for the revaluation of old paper-mark obligations. In view of the interest of American investment bankers in European issues, it coöperates with the Finance and Investment Division in furnishing basic data governing capital placements in the various countries. It also makes extensive studies of living costs. If an American export house wants to send a salesman abroad, it can be informed on just what his expenses will be. Manufacturers apprehensive of European competition apply for material on Continental wage scales and labor conditions.

This division analyzes all state budgets and publishes each year an authoritative survey of European government finance. From a purely statistical standpoint, it constantly follows trade figures in order to trace any new trends in commerce likely to influence our exports. As the work of the overseas offices concentrates more and more on trade promotion, and since the European end contains many expert linguists, the division relays to the other branches an increasing amount of press material relating to all commodities. This is particularly true of Central European and Russian data, which require expert interpretation to be of service to business specialists. Some idea of the scope of the European Division is gained when I say that in a normal month it reviews 2500 reports and prepares about

(Continued on Page 144)

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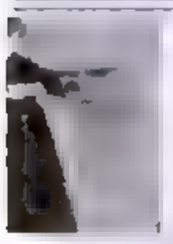

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BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 142)

500 independent letters and memoranda, together with an average of fifty articles for publication in one form or another.

The Far Eastern Division must not only keep abreast of trade developments and openings in China, Japan, Australia, India and the Philippines but must provide accurate political information as well. This applies especially to China, which is periodically in the throes of civil war and where the material hazard of exports sometimes vies with the credit risk. Among other things, the division has produced a Commercial Handbook of China which was prepared by Julean Arnold, commercial attaché at Peking. It has not only served as a model for similar departmental publications but is the accepted standard work on the subject.

Though both the European and the Far Eastern Divisions are immensely important to our export interests, peculiar value attaches to the Latin-American branch. A considerable part of our overseas trade destiny is bound up with our neighbors to the south. Moreover, European interests, notably British, German and Italian, are concentrating on a tremendous drive to supplant us in the markets that we have built up during the past three years. We now lead in every principal South American country except Argentina, and we are running England hard for first place there. The next few years therefore will reveal the real competitive strength of American products in the southern republics.

The Latin-American Division has stood squarely behind the American exporter and aided in his great expansion. In 1913 we sold Latin America automobiles valued at $4,652,000. In 1924 the total motor car sales aggregated $60,000,000. Our sale of motion pictures in that area has risen from $91,000 in 1913 to considerably more than $2,000,000 in 1925, with corresponding increases in the large invisible-trade returns to us in the shape of royalties. Where we sold eight locomotives to Central America and twenty to Brazil during the first nine months of 1924, we sold twenty-one in Central America and sixty-nine to Brazil during the corresponding period of 1925. The advance in sales of these and other commodities indicates that our progress in Latin America is being made more by the creation of new markets than by the diversion of previously existing markets to us at the expense of Europe. It is a concrete evidence of the results of the departmental trade-promotion work.

A Treasure House of Information

All this trade acceleration which adds billions to our exports grows out of the commercial intelligence to which I have referred, which is therefore the basis of a considerable part of our penetrative effort throughout the world. It means that the Commercial Intelligence Division, of which A. S. Hillyer is chief, stands between the prospective or actual exporter and his foreign market. The American exporter is primarily interested in three specific matters in the development of his overseas trade. He wants to know, first, what market or markets he can sell in; second, to whom he can sell at a profit; third, how much he can sell in safety. The Commercial Intelligence Division is equipped to give him this information.

It has compiled a World Trade Directory which can put the business man in immediate possession of credit and other data about prospects, whether they live in Shanghai, Bombay, Melbourne, Tokio, Constantinople or Buenos Aires. The endless rows of card cabinets in the office at Washington are a treasure house of business information. They contain the names of nearly 500,000 hand-picked buyers in every country. When you consider that exactly 128 nations issue and demand commercial information and have economic structures, you form some idea of the magnitude of the task of mobilizing world-trade opportunities.

Complete listings are made of importers and dealers in various commodities in each foreign country. A California exporter of dried fruits, for example, who wants to sell in England, can be furnished with a mimeographed list showing the names, credit ratings, capitalization, past records and general status of every direct importer of dried fruits in every trade center in that country, as well as those who are wholesale and retail distributors. Attached, also, is a record of sales agents, brokers and commission merchants. This complete inventory of trade possibilities not only covers all major lines but extends to such highly specialized products as false teeth and artificial limbs. It would not be possible to supply a roster of shipbuilding plants in Switzerland, for they do not exist, but it is possible to obtain an accurate and up-to-date line on every commercial activity there.

These lists, which are technically referred to as trade lists, are revised constantly. Names of new firms are added each week. It is therefore always up to date. During the past twelve months nearly 1,000,000 lists were supplied to bureau clients in response to their requests.

Opportunity Knocks Often

The trade list is merely one detail of the larger commercial-intelligence service. There is also a service concerning individuals. An automobile exporter in Detroit may desire concrete information about John Doe & Co., in Capetown, who deal in motor cars and accessories, and who desire to become general agents for the Union of South Africa. All he is required to do is to write or wire to the Department of Commerce and he will receive by return mail a filled-out form from the Commercial Intelligence Division telling him every possible fact that he wants to know. It includes such items as the firm's imports, its annual sales, the extent of its personnel, the names of its principal officials, whether it has branch houses or not, its capital, financial references, the banks it uses, how its capital stock is controlled, and even what telegraph code it employs.

Then, too, there is the confidential trade circular; a document containing information of special value to certain American business interests. It is mailed to a selected list from the Export Index with the understanding that it is to be used only for the benefit of American firms and individuals. These circulars are not given general publicity, because they frequently reveal the low-down on shady customers.

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce does not wait to be stirred up from the outside. It initiates trade expansion. This sometimes takes the form of what is called a Trade Opportunity. The way of it is this:

Field men are frequently approached by local merchants desiring to be placed in communication with American firms which can supply them with certain goods. In many cases the agent makes the overtures. If he is convinced that it is a genuine proposition with selling possibilities, it is submitted as a Trade Opportunity on a form provided for that purpose. It includes all possible details concerning the language and currency to be used, kind of price quotations desired—that is, whether f. o. b. or c. i. f.—terms of payment, bank references, quantities, packing, shipping and all other information that may tend to facilitate the transaction of business and obviate delay in placing orders. These opportunities are then sent out broadcast in this country. The department plays no favorites.

The enormous increase in the number of requests for trade data of various kinds shows that the American merchant is taking advantage of what the Department of Commerce is doing. In less than five years the number of daily requests has increased from 700 to more than 7000. During the past fiscal year the foreign service alone rendered assistance to our business interests in considerably more than 2,000,000 cases, or four times as many as were reported three years ago.

The kind of commercial intelligence that I have just described is what might be called direct. Equally valuable is the indirect variety which exists in the thousands of pamphlets and books issued by the bureau. They include exhaustive reports on an endless variety of subjects, ranging from the British Market for Men's Shirts and Collars and the Internal Value of the German Mark to Algerian Markets for American Specialties and Raw Cotton Imports into China. Departmental literature shows the American exporter how to pack his goods and route his salesmen. In fact, no detail that can make for the overseas planting of an American product, from a safety razor to a locomotive, is overlooked.

How is all this information garnered? It is possible only through continuous contacts with the field. In addition to the constant exchange of letters, reports and special cables between the bureau and its representatives throughout the world, every foreign office makes regular cable reports. Each commercial attaché sends a weekly cable containing a bare outline of economic and trade developments in his district during that week. A monthly cable covering the local or national situation in detail, and including the more important trade and vital statistics, is required of all outside offices.

There is also a monthly commodity cable sent in by offices located in strategic centers of trade and production, like São Paulo or Hamburg. These are usually in response to requests from chiefs of the Commodity Divisions, and serve specific needs of American industry. In order that the men everywhere may be kept currently informed on home trade and economic conditions, the bureau cables every foreign office every month a résumé of what has happened economically in the United States.

Scooping the Newspapers

In times of acute national crisis, such as the peak of inflation in Germany, the collapse of the franc in France or a general strike in England, the attachés and commissioners send daily cables. This enables the department to give the American exporters up-to-the-minute information. Sometimes the field men beat the newspapers on what is called spot news. When the potash agreement between Germany and France was signed at Paris, the Department of Commerce knew of it long before the press.

It would take more than a single article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to enumerate even a few of the results of the trade promotion that I have described. As an illustration I will merely cite some examples of what a single foreign office—Berlin—was able to accomplish in less than six months.

Through its efforts a Hamburg firm purchased $120,000 worth of electric chemical equipment from the United States. It was the first plant of its kind in Germany to use our apparatus throughout. Another German company bought millions of dollars' worth of general machinery and equipment. A Ruhr firm placed an order for 10,000 tons of petroleum carbon coke, while a concern in Upper Silesia bought a group of railway wrecking trains. A half dozen orders for soft coal tar pitch, benzol and paraffin wax came from a house that had previously bought outside the United States. Three lumber companies acquired big shipments of American ply wood. Of special interest was the sale of service-station pumps for roadside gasoline filling stations. This is a new business in Germany, although an old one in America, and was the direct result of spade work by the Berlin office. Again you have an instance of pioneering through promotion.

This business of speeding up exports, or rather the vast quantity of information assembled, is not without its element of humor. An American manufacturer was recently surprised at repeated orders for

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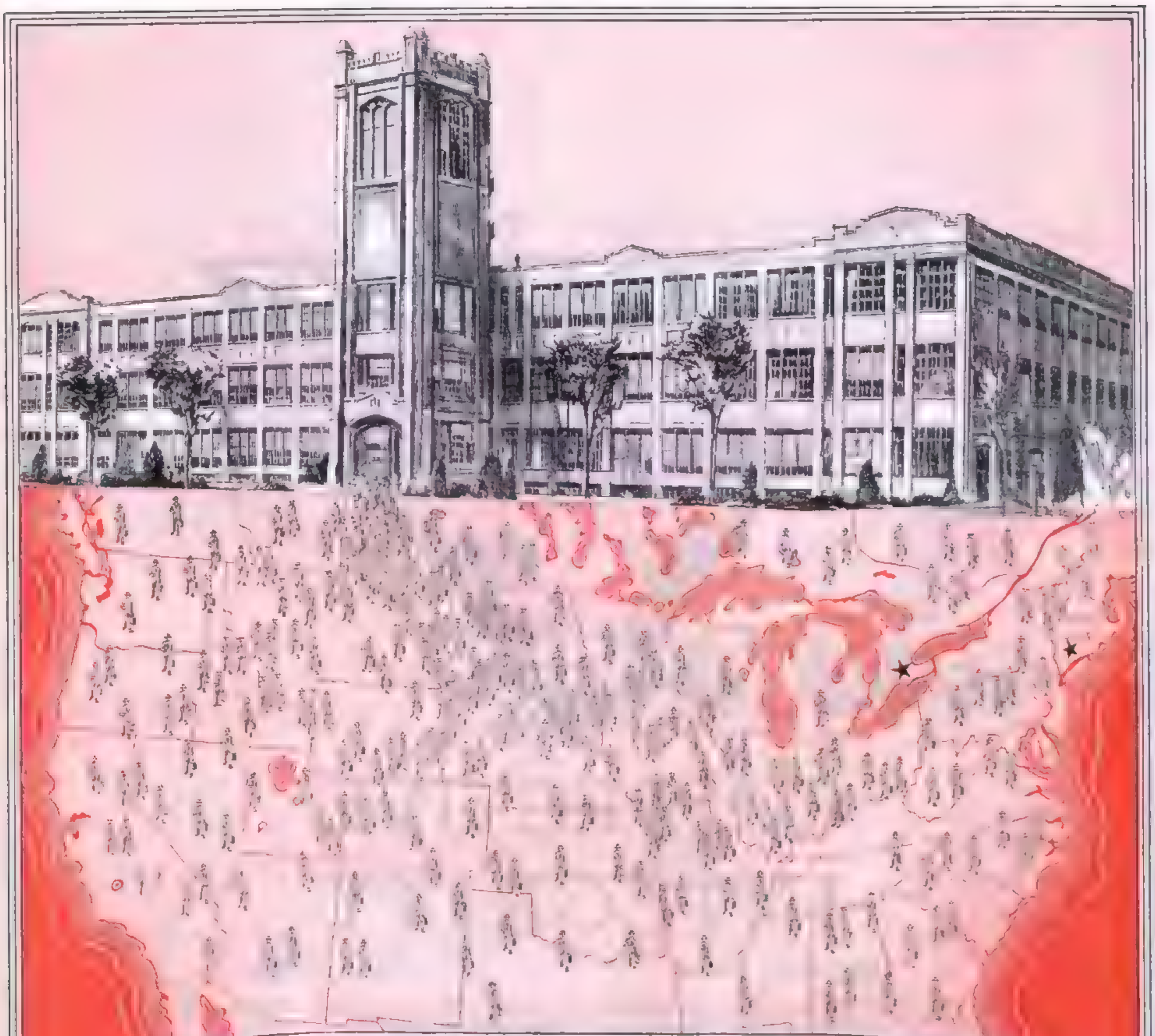


From this Great Plant They Serve 10 Million Homes

The largest factory in the world devoted to making brushes for household and personal use sends to you its chosen representatives. The acceptance of the Fuller idea is so universal that this great manufacturing plant is necessary to supply the demands of ten million homes. It is fitted with every device for producing the kind of cleaning equipment needed in the modern household.

Every energy and talent of this great institution is devoted to the development of modern cleaning tools and methods. Fuller ideas and Fuller Brushes make it easier for you to do your work better; they save you the unpleasant drudgery of housework; they give you more time for other things. Fuller ideas and products are brought to your home and to ten million others by the thousands of Fuller Men.

The Fuller Man whom you know is more than a salesman. He is more than an expert in home cleaning. He is the personal point of contact between you and this largest organization of its kind in the world. He takes to all of North America a welcome service that can be supplied from no other source and in no other way.

If you want to see the Fuller Man before his next regular call, telephone the Fuller Brush office in your city or write direct to the factory. Factories at Hartford, Conn.,★and Hamilton, Ont.★

FULLER BRUSHES

SIMPLIFY THE BUSINESS OF HOMEKEEPING

FROM COAST TO COAST

INDEPENDENT

OIL

Buy at this Sign

The Spread Red Eagle is the national emblem of the Independent Oil Men of America—a non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interests of Independent Oil

COLLECTIVE INTEGRITY

Gasoline

You can be sure of the quality of the gasoline sold under the emblem of the Spread Red Eagle.

Through wide open organized publicity — this emblem becomes a confidence inspiring point of contact, between the public and the Independent Oil Men of America.

Under this emblem you will find true service and courtesy and sincere appreciation of your patronage.

Motor Oils

Motor Oils scientifically refined and fitted to your motor's needs —

Tractor Oils to meet the most exacting requirements — are furnished by Independent Oil Men identified by the Spread Red Eagle.

Back of the specifications of all petroleum products supplied by members of this Association is a staff of America's foremost lubrication engineers.

You have the personal guarantee of your local oil man, plus the guarantee of this great national organization that you are protected by quality products whenever you buy gasoline or lubricating oil at the sign of the Spread Red Eagle.

INDEPENDENT OIL MEN OF AMERICA, 624 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
—a non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interests of Independent Oil

RED HAT PRODUCTS
An Independent brand of MOTOR OILS and uniform specification GASOLINE, endorsed and sold only by Spread Red Eagle Independents.

MOTOR OIL RED HAT GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 144)

men's highly colored garters from China. Correspondence indicated that the louder the colors, the greater the trade. Violent checks and plaids were preferred. The concern's Oriental section could not explain this sudden call for hectic hues. It developed that male students at Canton and elsewhere had adopted the habit of wearing garters on the outside of their trousers.

Other ingenious ways of wearing American articles are sometimes revealed. One of the field agents, returning from Africa not long ago, reported that on the west coast our trousers were used as coats, the legs serving as sleeves. It is by no means an uncommon sight in many sections to behold natives attired in trousers put on hind part before.

This reverse state, as it might be called, also applies to American wheelbarrows in the Orient. A Yankee gang boss, overseeing a construction job at Hankow in China, found that the workmen could not be induced to push a wheelbarrow. He was forced to compromise by placing handles at each end. The men then pulled the barrow instead of pushing it.

The difficulties encountered in introducing modern appliances into certain markets are well illustrated by the Chinese classic which exposes the Oriental state of mind. Two coolies were given a cart and told to move a piano across the street. Much to the surprise of the American who owned the instrument and who gave the order, the coolies placed the piano on the cart in the conventional position, but instead of pulling it across the street, they picked up the cart and the piano and carried the double load up the stairs.

Latest Model in Sack Suits

Even in primitive countries, labels, trade-marks and trade names play important parts in merchandising. In Santo Domingo, for instance, the natives wear fleece-lined underwear in spite of the tropical climate. It is due to the fact that the garments happen to be labeled Health Underwear. When I made my trip through the Belgian Congo in 1920 I suffered constantly from the theft of woolen cholera belts which every white person wears around his abdomen. I invariably saw these stolen belts being worn as decorations outside the loin cloth or trousers of the thieves.

A new industry developed in Haiti in amusing fashion. Various American firms ship flour in sacks to the Black Republic. Some of these empty sacks, which are adorned with gayly stamped trade names, were picked up by natives and used as their only garment. Others became envious, with the result that empty sacks are now sent out and sold as clothes.

In certain countries where the tariff schedule has not been amplified to cover all articles, it often happens that products are placed under unusual classifications and are assessed at prohibitive rates. Bonbons, for example, have been known to be placed under "perfumeries" in a country where candy is not classified. Apparently the customs inspector sniffed the product and made what in America we call a snap decision. Such cases keep the foreign agents of the Department of Commerce busy.

Trade commissioners run across all sorts of unfair competition in foreign markets. The point might be illustrated by citing the practice of a garage owner in the Dutch East Indies. This person, well respected in his community, had in front of his garage a well-known American make of automatic free-air equipment for the use of passing motorists. The gauge on the air hose was so doctored that it registered only half the actual pressure going into the tire. As a result he did a flourishing business in tires and inner tubes.

An Australian protested recently against a shipment of turpentine which arrived in wooden barrels instead of in the accustomed iron drums. The buyer admitted in his claim that the oil was received in perfect condition, but stated that the larger part of his profits on the transaction depended upon the resale of the iron drums, for which he had a steady outlet. The moral of this episode is that the carton or container may be more valuable to the customer than the contents.

Protecting Our Trade-Marks

With the explanation of the working of the foreign-service machine we can take a look at the men who have brought about some of the results. Whether commercial attaché or trade commissioner, the life is crowded. These field agents are not only constantly on the job of digging up trade data and opportunities but, like consuls, are beset with people and inquiries. The tourist exporter makes every conceivable kind of demand. If the attaché has a sense of humor he can get a real kick out of his work, as this incident shows:

Last summer two callers, one an American and the other a Britisher, applied on the same day to the American commercial attaché in London for aid in procuring funds for minor railway extensions. The British promoter wanted $5,000,000 from America, "because bankers in that country were so much more up to date." The American wanted the same sum, but in pounds sterling, "because British bankers show so much more enterprise in such matters." Again, a newly fledged exporter told the same attaché that he had made a special trip to England to study packing methods, because the British shipments were so much less subject to pilferage. The attaché's sole reply consisted in handing the inquirer a British trade journal exhorting manufacturers to adopt American packing methods, as leakage of Yankee goods was so much less frequent than was the case with British shipments.

In appraising the efforts of our trade ambassadors it is well to keep in mind that their fundamental service is to procure sound information for the use of the American exporter. Yankee business will not put up with generalities or glib phrases. It means that the commercial attachés and trade commissioners must get facts or they are supplanted. They must read the local language almost as well as English, for they are called upon to digest an enormous mass of material in the daily newspapers and magazines in order to keep up with events. They must also be able to write rapidly and to the point. For this reason individuals who have had experience in newspaper reporting often do very well in the service.

Accurate reporting demands character analysis as well. It is one thing to use one's eyes and merely see, and quite another to use one's eyes with understanding back of them. Intelligent observation makes prediction possible, and this is what is required of many field agents.

In one episode I can show the type of varied duty which an office like the one at Berlin is called upon to perform. One of the standard products for which American export licenses into Germany were continually sought is a famous make of safety-razor blades. It is not only well known in Germany but extensively imitated as well. The authorities have dealt severely with the practice, but the game is so profitable that new firms are continually trying their hand at it.

It developed that these blades are manufactured on contract and stamped at night with a counterfeit of the widely advertised trade-mark. This work is usually done in cellars which are closely guarded against police surveillance. Even the packing around the blades is counterfeited to the minutest mark. One subordinate in the Berlin bureau has spent a great deal of his time during the past four years running down these nefarious commercializers of a standard product and presenting evidence against them to the German Government. This sleuthing permits the importation of the genuine article.

A conspicuous example of the sort of assistance which representatives of the Department of Commerce can give to American foreign trade during times of economic crisis was the action taken during and following the extraordinary congestion of port facilities in Havana in 1920 and 1921. The intermediary was Chester Lloyd Jones, then acting commercial attaché at Havana, and now attaché at Paris.

The so-called dance of the millions which accompanied the rapid rise of the price of raw sugar to twenty-three cents a pound during the postwar boom resulted in heavy speculative buying of merchandise by those who felt confident that sugar prices would continue at a high level. Large orders were placed in the United States and elsewhere. Due to the fact that manufacturers could fill only a portion of the orders received during the boom, duplicate orders were often placed with a number of houses with the expectation that they would be accepted only in part.

Real Commercial Exploration

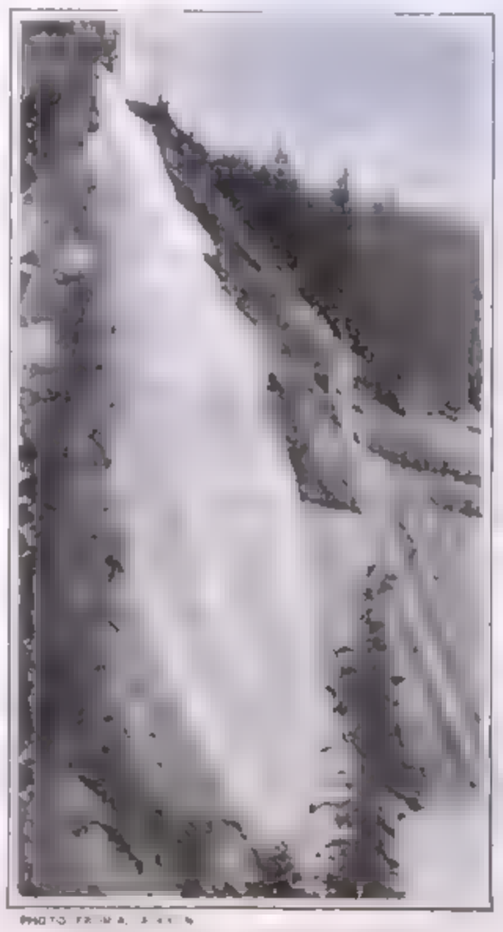
When the crash came, many Cuban houses were overstocked with sugar, and an even larger number had outstanding orders for goods on the way which obviously could not be disposed of on the paralyzed local market. Meanwhile, all the shipments piled up at Havana, until there was such an acute congestion that port facilities broke down and the customs service became demoralized. Pilferage went on at such an alarming rate that the loss was enormous.

Jones and his associates practically took over control of the situation, reorganized the customs service, and made it possible for the American exporters to salvage a large amount of their merchandise which would otherwise have been dissipated in some way. The saving to insurance companies alone ran into millions.

Still a different kind of work performed by an attaché has been that of Dr. W. L. Shurz, commercial attaché at Rio de Janeiro. In addition to the usual extensive economic reporting and trade promotion, he headed the expedition up the Amazon which made an exhaustive survey of the crude-rubber situation. This was real commercial exploration, full of hazard and rich with adventure.

Illuminating as are these concrete illustrations, they merely scrape the surface of the world-wide operations of the field service of the Department of Commerce. The ambassadors of trade do not belie their name.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the foreign activities of the Department of Commerce. The last will appear in an early issue.



Nevada Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

Use White Witch.

Every Day

Even in cold, windy weather, WHITE WITCH, the wonderful new skin cleanser

Keeps Your Skin Soft and Smooth

Dirt, grease and stains disappear under the bland WHITE WITCH lather—even when repeated washings with ordinary soap have failed to remove them.

WHITE WITCH *Softens Hard Water*—lathers freely in hot or cold water. The handy can is sanitary for all the family—

"Every Shake a Fresh Cake"

Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply, send us his name and 25c. for a full size can.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Makers of the famous Sunset Dyes
Dept. S
Mt Vernon, N Y.

25¢

Wanted—Successful Full-Time Salesmen

or other experienced men capable of taking on an additional line, nationally advertised. If you are now making less than you think you are capable of earning, our proposition should appeal to you. Men specializing exclusively in our line make $2,500.00 a year and more. Just write "What is your offer?" No obligation to further action. Box 1624, c/o THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 276 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Carry Good Luck with you
The best pocket piece is a
Pilcher Detachable Button
Snap it on your clothing when one of your buttons disappears and avoid embarrassment. No needle or thread needed. Three sizes, three for Sold everywhere. Sample Free.
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PILCHER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. C, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Clark's Second Cruise to Norway
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Cunard new s.s. "Lancastria" 17,000 tons, 83 days, $[illegible]0 to $1,250 Spain, Tangier, Italy, Riviera, Norway Fjords Scotland Berlin (Paris London) In 1927, new South America Mediterranean cruise, Feb 5, 86 days $800 up 23d Mediterranean cruise, Jan 29 7th Round World cruise, Jan 19 Books open. *Established 30 years. Largest cruise experience.*
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SALESMEN [illegible] the best advertising FLY SWATTER made [illegible]
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What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Executives say:—

"I'm forced to cut dictation short"

"If she could only take it as fast as I think."

"She can't help me with other things"

"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."

"Out sick, so my letters have to wait"

"It's the 'ring and wait' system."

"Pshaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"I had all this clear in my mind last night."

"She can't get out all she's taken"

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.

Clinton H. Scovell

Founder of the nationally-known firm of Scovell, Wellington & Co., accountants and engineers. Mr. Scovell is recognized as an outstanding authority in professional Accounting and Industrial Engineering

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—

"I'm a 50% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."

"Nothing doing till 3 and then two days' work"

"No one else can read my notes"

"Hours wasted while he's in conference."

"Yes, I do mind staying late."

"Cold notes are maddening"

"Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone.'

"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon"

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

He couldn't put *himself* on paper—with shorthand

How much more of himself does a man get into Dictaphoned letters than into cut-and-dried shorthand letters?

Read this story of Clinton H. Scovell—and you'll take advantage of our coupon offer!

NOTHING short of phenomenal—the growth of Scovell, Wellington & Co. Practically a one-man concern in 1910. Today a leader in the field of auditing, industrial engineering and constructive accounting, with offices in Boston, Springfield, Mass., New York, Syracuse, Cleveland and Chicago.

Scovell, Wellington & Co. has successfully combined a wide range of services—auditing and special investigations, tax service, cost accounting, production planning, wage payment plans, budgetary control coordinating production and sales.

Behind this rapid expansion we see the figure of Clinton H. Scovell. Alert, dynamic, Mr. Scovell puts the stamp of his personality on every phase of his organization and its broad service.

"Clearer, more vivid, more forceful expression! That's one great merit of the dictating machine in my opinion," says Mr. Scovell. "Talking into The Dictaphone, I can put myself on paper as I never could when I was held back by a pencil in the hands of a stenographer!

"I can dictate as fast as I like, and whenever I like. The work of our firm, largely out of our offices and out of town, requires that long professional reports and much of our correspondence be dictated nights and out of regular hours. This makes The Dictaphone an essential. Shorthand has been done away with in our offices, which are all liberally provided with Dictaphone equipment."

Lillian Locke

Mr Scovell's secretary has become his personal representative. She says, "The Dictaphone gave me time to show I had executive ability as well as fingers!"

Does Mr. Scovell's secretary, Miss Locke, like the change? "I'd never go back to the old shorthand days," she says. "Writing letters *twice!* Held up by every telephone call! Today I'm practically Mr. Scovell's personal representative. The use which Mr. Scovell and I make of The Dictaphone gives me time to show that I have executive ability as well as fingers."

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

and double your ability to get things done

Dictaphone Sales Corp.,
154 Nassau Street, New York City

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong With Shorthand?"

I am a Secretary ☐
Executive ☐
(*Check One*)

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

☐ Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model to try. I understand that this loan involves no expense or obligation.

THERE GOES A SAILOR

(Continued from Page 11)

Fields of susurrant cane spread off toward the mountains. There is a moving-picture house, dark and narrow, gaudily postered; there are little shops, not too many, for picturesque simplicity; there is Mala Wharf—a long concrete structure, running out, lamp lined, into deep blue water where the liberty parties came in.

Nothing more incongruous than Mala Wharf and the perpetual shuttling of launches and barges between wharf and fleet, at anchor in the Lahaina roadstead, could well have been imagined. Wharf and fleet so essentially things of the moment; Lahaina, yesterday's forever! Yet when between tall dusty hedges of oleanders and palm trees white-clad sailors crowded daily, Lahaina made gestures of welcome with bunting and booths by the wayside: ALOHA, MEN OF THE NAVY! HOT DOGS AND COFFEE! That was one friendly greeting, draping a rough pine structure just beyond the hotel.

Constance stood rapt before it the first time she saw it.

"I wouldn't have missed this," she averred, "for a cool three million. Don't you adore the simple hospitality?"

"At so much a throw," said Ronald Jones amiably. "Don't worry! Those little brown brothers behind the counter are out to clean up on a rare event—WELCOME UNITED STATES NAVY"—he indicated another red, white and blue lettered strip spanning the roadway—"that's too modest. We're not only welcome, we're a godsend!"

"You have no soul!" said Constance reproachfully.

"I leave it aboard ship when I'm dragging you," Ronald assured her.

He was taking her back to the Satterley place after luncheon aboard the particular battleship which housed him and his plane, and he did so with considerable complaint and grousing.

"Gosh, what've you got to get home so soon for?"

"Got to sleep sometime," said Constance, yawning.

"What'd you do last night?"

"You ought to know. Weren't you at that dance in the pavilion? How many in the stag line? Three hundred—or only two hundred and ninety-nine?"

"Yeah—and every time I got a dance with you some blinkin' three-striper ranked me out! How many breaks d'you have to a dance?"

"Why, not more than eight or ten—very poor evening!"

"Hope to die!" said Ronald Jones. "Listen, Connie, how many girls at that party anyhow?"

"Oh, fifty or so," said Constance. "All Lahaina could rally." She added thoughtfully, "Not counting the Madame Butterfly behind the punch bowl. Some desperate commander snaked her forth toward the end of the evening."

"Can you beat it?" Ronald commented reverently. "What a killing—for the females!"

"Oh, I don't know! It's not so good. Fifty-seven different varieties of stepping—all to one tune. Some of 'em still following prewar tactics. I got one excitable old thing all covered with bright work that wanted to tango to Moonlight and Roses."

Ronald emitted a satisfied snicker. "Told you to let the big boys alone."

"But you didn't tell 'em to stay away from me!" retorted Constance.

"Have to take that up with 'em," said Ronald. "How many you got for this afternoon?"

"Not more than twenty-five or thirty."

"And only you and Nora Satterley to amuse 'em?"

"That's the formation."

"I'm going back to the ship," said Ronald sulkily.

"You're going to do nothing of the sort. You're going to come on down to the house and get out the canoe while I shift—we can do a little surfing before anyone else shows up. Left your suit yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I left my suit."

"Then how's it to look pleased and show a little speed?" inquired Constance coolly. "After three already."

Ronald, at no time adamant, allowed himself to be persuaded. He had the canoe down on the beach and was sitting placidly astride the bow by the time Constance came out of the Satterley cottage, pulling a rubber cap on over her hair, settling a narrow white belt about the waist of her boyish, black swimming suit.

"Anchors aweigh!" said Constance.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Ronald.

He held the canoe steady in shallow water. She slid bonelessly in. They paddled off, hugely contented, under the grim gray noses of the fleet.

"All this—very well staged—looks like a dashed musical show," murmured Constance.

"What'll I sing?" inquired Ronald obligingly.

Constance, surveying the Hippodromish landscape, made him no reply. Green-roofed and low lay the Satterleys' house at the edge of a shining beach.

Between beach and house ran a low stone wall and over the wall hung massed, glowing clusters of rosy oleanders set in dark narrow leaves. There was a sweep of lawn where the wall stopped short; under a feathery old kiawe tree stood a chaise longue, comfortably weather-beaten; cushions lay about the grass—the place had an air of hospitable living—but Constance turned from its picture-book charm, stopped paddling and drifted, regarding the roadstead beyond.

"Some show!" she admitted laconically.

"What Price Glory!" agreed Ronald.

Aquamarine sky and sapphirine water; a reef where waves broke white unendingly, beyond the reef, incredibly near, incredibly clear in the afternoon sunlight, destroyers and cruisers and battleships; turrets and masts raking the upper blue, countless gray hulls clotting and scarring the lower. Incessant motion of gigs and launches. Splendid immobility of ships that spawned them.

"Biggest fleet that ever went on a joy ride, h'm?" suggested Constance pleasantly.

"Joy ride—gosh!" retorted Ronald. "Joy ride is all in your eye! Never worked so hard in my life—maneuvers and scouting and battles 'n' everything. Gosh—hope to die!"

"Were you up this morning?"

"I sure was. Ol' boy had all the squadron up. Didn't you hear me jazzing the house about eight o'clock?"

"Must have been asleep," said Constance. She added politely, "Was that gunnery practice or combat?"

"You ol' sweet thing!" said Ronald. "It was just a mistake. I thought that black-haired Dean child lived here."

Honors being evened, they paddled once more.

A combat plane, a swanky, fragile, gray thing, swooped over them perilously low, and the helmeted flyer leaned out and waved.

"VF No. 16—Tennessee—know him?" asked Constance.

"Forget the bird's name," said Ronald cautiously.

The air was full of planes as the sea was full of ships. A continual low humming ran like the sound of far-off rain, below the sound of the surf. The humming grew to a whirring and a sputter when planes went by overhead, dulled and receded when they drew off.

"'F I were a man I'd go into aviation. Must be a great life," sighed Constance, staring at a hulking battleship along whose side a plane was taxi-ing slowly, like a bird nearing its nest in a cliff.

Ronald watched her, his blue eyes wary.

"D'you like to fly, Ronnie?" she insisted.

"Sure, I like to fly."

"Ronald, the Winged Peril of the Seas, h'm?"

His answering grin broke forth at once. "Fifteen dead men on the ol' chest!"

"The real heroes of today, what?"

"Hope to die! The rest are all kidding themselves."

"You kid yourself a lot, my dear."

"So do you, old girl."

"So do we all—all honorable men. Ronnie, how does your plane take off from the deck? Catapult?"

"No, sir! Tim Hyde gets the catapult. I'm lowered over the side, all hands assisting."

"And how do you get back?"

"Pulled up. Same way."

"D'you mean to tell me that out at sea in a battle, with a lot of enemy ships standing round, waiting to get in a little gunnery practice of their own, your ship'd expect to get your plane back on board all safe and pretty? That's too absurd."

"They don't," said Ronald amiably.

"Don't what?"

"Don't expect to."

"Well then, how ——" began Constance impatiently. She stopped, she frowned and stared at Ronald's blond imperturbability. "Oh-h, you don't mean ——"

"Hi! There's somebody looking for you on the beach," said Ronald.

A white-uniformed figure with a glint of gold about the left shoulder was indeed signaling the canoe from a point of vantage between oleanders and kiawe tree.

"It's that gosh-derned aide!" said Ronald. He turned the canoe with an easy stroke. "Keep your hair on, Percy. Here we come! Isn't he sweet? I just love the way he wears his cap."

"Ronnie, you're a roughneck," said Constance severely.

"I'm where the West begins," said Ronald. "Connie, what're you doing tomorrow?"

He added, when Constance merely narrowed a mocking eye, "Spos'n I crash the gate about four?"

"Spos'n you do," said Constance.

There were, as she had told Ronald there would be, twenty-five or thirty Navy men scattered about lanai and sitting room, to say nothing of the pantry of the Satterleys' hospitable dwelling, between the hours of four and six. Beginning with Wally Mann, sophisticated aide of a sprightly old admiral, the tide flowed high and fast. One moment Constance sat on the railing and talked to a single young man, in the next she found herself maneuvered to the chaise longue under the kiawe and focus of a conversational whirlpool. Officers came and went. Ice clinked in glasses and cigarette ash accumulated.

A gorgeous sunset began to smolder beyond the clustered turrets of the fleet. Against a wash of lucent crimson, hulls and masts stood clear. Planes droned through primrose and daffodil reaches of sky. A little wind shuffled dryly in the coconut palms near the house.

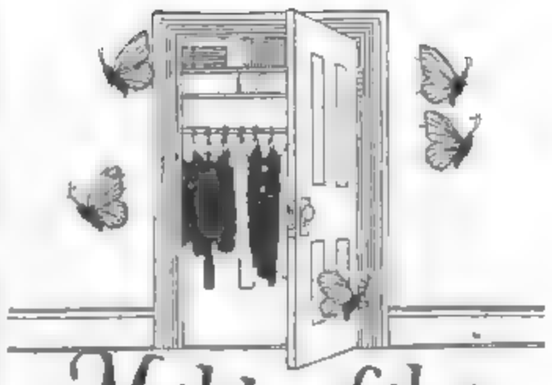
Nora Satterley whispered in Constance's ear, "The ginger ale is getting low!" Her brown eyes danced with excitement, a lock of her nice, brown hair fell over her eyes. She shook it back and demanded in a dramatic mutter, "What'll we do?"

Constance muttered back solemnly, "Why can't they eat cake?"

Nora assured her in parting, "They have!"

Constance sat precariously upon the end of the old chaise longue and looked at the sunset.

Wally Mann, beside her, was making easy talk. Of parties and Honolulu, of parties and Lahaina, of parties and New York—where Constance had known him a year or so before. Wally's chief source of conversation was parties. When he wasn't



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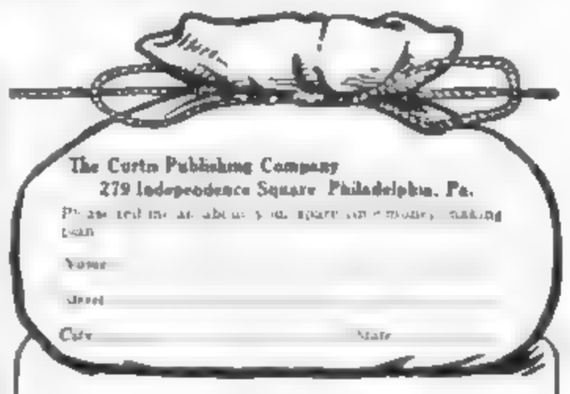

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. . *need cool shaves*

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It's been tried—by thousands of men with tender skins. *It's proved itself.* And now we want every man to know it—the new shaving comfort it brings. *But note this:*

We realize that your habit is probably fixed—on another cream. Therefore, we want you to try it first—at our expense—before you buy.

Get your 7 shaves free, today. They are offered at any drug store. Try it yourself . . *and see!*

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remembering them he was looking forward to them. He had a beautiful nose and a way with women—to hear him tell it. Constance had heard him tell it so often he scarcely came between her and the sunset.

She smiled at him pleasantly and followed a secret arrow of thought.

"Don't what? Don't expect to—don't expect to get 'em back." Was that what Ronnie had meant? Oh, no, not Ronnie—not that heavenly nut. Ronnie had no talent for heroics. He was as casual and as scornful of hokum as Constance herself. Like Constance he juggled the facts of life airily, balanced sentiment like a plate at the end of a stick, kept the ordinary sources of emotion, duty and honor—all that Victory Ball stuff—leaping in the air like gilded balls.

That was why Constance liked him. He made no demands upon the inner consciousness. Obviously he cared for her, in a way, but he wasn't sloppy about it. Not Ronnie! He knew the thinness of all that as well as Constance herself. He used his head and his wits. He wasn't apt to be off following lost causes or taking hopeless chances. Too wise for that.

He knew the way to get the best of life was to laugh at it. Never for one moment let oneself be betrayed into taking the rotten show seriously.

Constance found very few people who satisfied her skeptic fancy as Ronald did. That was why, with hundreds of white-uniformed, shoulder-strapped heroes about, she let Ronnie monopolize her time, walked with him in the morning, canoed with him in the afternoon, danced and drove with him at night.

Lahaina wasn't a bad place to be walking and canoeing and dancing and driving with someone one liked.

Those oleanders, rosy over the old gray stones of the wall against the luminous blue of the sky! Early in the morning and just at dusk, oleanders and wall and sky woke a feeling in Constance like the muted hum of a cello string—a feeling which the vibrant droning of planes, the skyline of turrets and slender masts, somehow keyed clearer and higher.

Colonel Crichton-Browne would have chuckled to know it. Colonel Crichton-Browne torn, by now, between Constance's lovely mother—her real rarity—and the musty charms of the Orient.

If Constance hadn't lived so long with her lovely mother, Constance might not have been so grateful for Ronnie's wonderful casualness. The present Mrs. Crichton-Browne had engendered in her daughter a scorn of emotion amounting to—very nearly to—asceticism.

When one considered love a trick of the five senses merely, one passed it by, or slid away from the offer of it; at the most, allowed it a twisted smile for comment. Having grown up in the neighborhood of disillusionment, one wasn't as ready to be disillusioned as most girls, because one began at the other end of the string. Wearing dark glasses when other youngsters were being fitted to rose color. It made things much simpler, really.

Also, and very naturally, it made one grateful for Ronnie, who neither asked nor offered the bunk.

Ronnie didn't stay long after beaching the canoe. He left before sunset. A mere junior lieutenant hadn't much show in that welter of commanders and captains and admirals. Cap over one eye, Ronald departed. Going down the road, he whistled Lady, Be Good with the verve of a soulless blackbird. Not a care in the world, Ronnie. Far too clever.

Ronnie and Constance went to the box fights. . . . That was on a still and sultry afternoon, with the Lahaina sun burning a hole in the brilliant Lahaina sky. Constance had been to service bouts before. She liked them, although she had shivered and been a trifle ill at her first. Blood from a strong man's nose disconcerted and startled her till she had it out with herself, and became convinced that shrinking from the sight of blood was mere feminine race memory, utterly without intelligent foundation. Later she came to accept further the masculine viewpoint that such bloodletting is healthy and deserving of applause. Before ever she went to Lahaina she was an old fan, but even at that she liked going with Ronnie.

They sat in an enormous canvas-walled square and rooted companionably, along with a thousand or so others, officers and bluejackets. Sun streamed down upon them out of the burnished heavens, and a ship's band blared at intervals. Exultant waves of sound, crashing through the tepid air. Constance rooted with delightful abandon. Ronnie reënforced her.

"Go get him! . . . That rocked him! . . . Good boy! . . . Good boy!"

"Go get him, Slivinske! . . . That's the stuff!"

They enjoyed themselves enormously, except when Constance, forgetting for a moment where she sat, cried "There goes a sailor!" and applauded madly.

Ronnie reproved her. "How d'you get that way?"

Constance began with a slightly guilty grin, "It's what the Army always yells."

"Yeah, we know all about what the Army yells—and when!" jeered Ronald.

But he beat on Constance's knee. She beat on his in return. Their entente was unmarred until the bout before the last. For the matter of that, unmarred till the fifth and penultimate round of that bout—which was between two bronzed and dogged aspirants for welterweight honors and presented in its earlier stages no unusual aspect.

With the beginning of the fifth, however, the less bronzed of the two lost way. He was twice floored, to rise at the very tail of the count and return. A cut above his left eye bled more than freely, shortly not a pretty sight. His blows wabbled and missed their mark. He struck wildly, but with a groggy and indomitable persistence he struck, while the other man's fists went home time and again with a horrible sureness.

"Take him out!" groaned Constance, paling. "Take him out!"

She clutched Ronnie's arm. She shut her eyes.

"He's all right," said Ronnie calmly, adding in an encouraging bellow, "Go get him, Mickey! Go get him! 'At's the boy!"

Mickey did his blinded best. He shifted this way and that. He rocked and staggered at the will of the human flail that faced him.

"Take him out! Take him out!" cried Constance. Her voice quavered shrilly.

Mickey's eyes were dazed slits in a gory Irish face, his mouth was open, fighting for breath, his black curls were drenched with sweat, he hung in a clinch like a dead man; but he struck on, wild and weak, till a cruel body blow caught him, and while he sagged only half-conscious against the ropes his seconds threw a towel into the ring, thereafter supporting the boy to his corner, stumbling and bloody, but stubbornly endeavoring to walk alone. There was a wild uproar of applause. The band broke out with a great gush of sound.

"Good boy, Mickey!" yelled Ronald. "Good boy, Mick-ey!"

But when he turned a comradely grin on Constance her small, pale face was set in a frown of distaste.

"Stupid," she said coldly, "to take so much punishment when he saw he hadn't a chance. D'you call that intelligence? I'm surprised at you, Ronnie!"

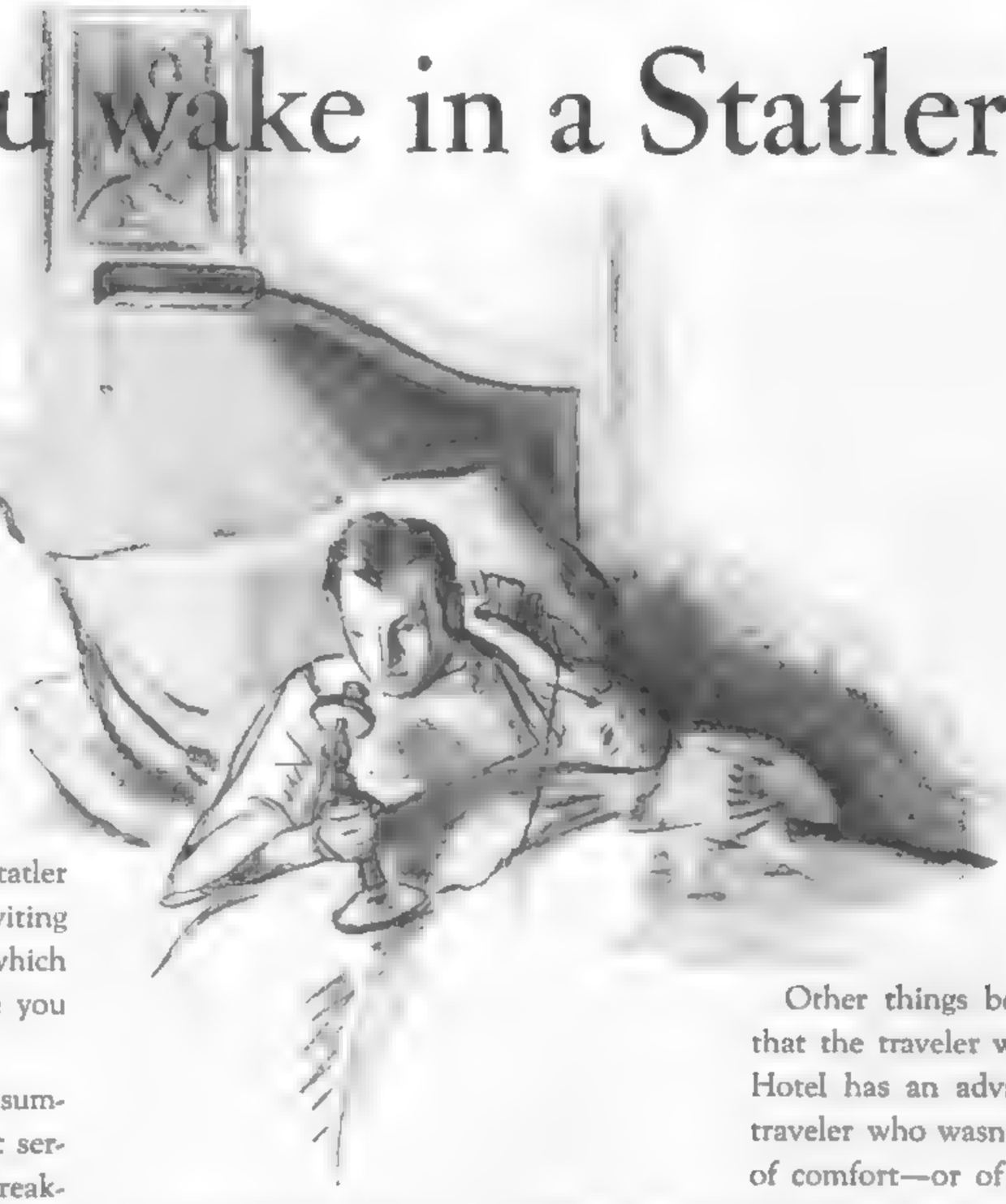
"What's the good of intelligence without nerve?" retorted Ronald. He stared at Constance curiously. They had been all along so companionable, so comfortably adjusted in their philosophies.

"I call it brute stupidity," said Constance.

"Hope to die!" said Ronald disgustedly. "D'you mean to say you can't see it was up to him to stay with it, long as he could

(Continued on Page 153)

When you wake in a Statler hotel



IF there's any time when a traveler misses the comforts of home, it's early in the morning!

But it's not so bad, really, in a Statler Hotel. There's your clean and inviting bath, and there's the morning paper which was slipped under your door while you slept. Your room is cheerful.

The telephone at your elbow will summon well-trained people if you want service—and you know that a good breakfast awaits you, either down in a restaurant or cafeteria, or here at your bedside if you want it sent up. Not so bad, really. Every night we're receiving thousands of tired men, who face a busy tomorrow with more confidence because they'll "be in a Statler tonight."

The extra equipment that is provided for your comfort is only a part, though, of the *extra value* which you get in one of these houses. We place much emphasis on the service—so much, indeed, that we promise you full and complete satisfaction in every transaction, or if something goes wrong, prompt and satisfactory adjustment by a superior of the employee who failed you.

Other things being equal, we believe that the traveler who wakes in a Statler Hotel has an advantage over the other traveler who wasn't quite so thoughtful of comfort—or of values. *It is especially wise to plan your week so that you may be in a Statler over Sunday; you're sure of a comfortable week-end.*

Ernest M. Statler

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Boston's Hotel Statler is Building:

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the Park Square District of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

And an Office Building:

Adjoining the hotel will be The Statler Office Building, with 200,000 sq. ft. of highly desirable office space. The two structures will occupy the entire block.

Values, Values!

EVERY room in these hotels, whatever its price, has private bath, circulating ice-water, bed-head reading lamp, and other unusual conveniences. A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room. Each hotel has a cafeteria or a lunch-counter, or both, besides its regular dining-rooms. All articles at news stands are sold at street-store prices.

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And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

A day with the Star-Rite Family

Model C. Heater, $7.50

7:00 A. M.

Up betimes, as Pepys would say. Cold, snappy morning. Switched on my STAR-Rite Electric Heater in the bath room. Nice and warm in there in a jiffy for a comfortable early bath—left it on while Jim took his morning shave and bath.

Don't know how I could get through a day without this electric heater. It's the grandest help in bathing baby. He's the cutest thing you ever saw—just kicks, and crows all the time—seems delighted and fascinated by the ruddy glow of the STAR-Rite Heater which I keep going so he won't get chilled.

All this winter while the coal shortage was on, the only way I could keep baby really comfortable was to keep this heater going in the nursery when it got chilly. It is so easy to move from one room to another and takes the chill off the air in a jiffy.

7:30 A. M.

Reversible Toaster, $5.00

Breakfast all ready and hot. Toast served right at the table from my STAR-Rite Electric Toaster, which toasts two big slices at one time, without having to burn my fingers turning them over. Never any early morning burnt-toast squabbles with Jim these STAR-Rite days!

And I don't have to be trotting back and forward to the kitchen to keep crisp hot toast on Jim's plate. With the STAR-Rite Toaster on the table I get *my* toast too, while it's fresh and will melt butter without coaxing. And that's more than I could ever do the old way. Breakfast was a "bite of toast and a trip to the kitchen," or the toast burnt. And *that* meant a grumpy Jim!

Humboldt Motor, $15.00

9:00 A. M.

Decided to do a thorough clean-up job this morning—polished the silverware, burnished up the percolator and all my metal stuff, candle sticks, brass fruit bowl. It is so easy and really a sort of fun to do it these days. The STAR-Rite Motor is such a busy and industrious little thing, and hums briskly away as though it enjoyed making things shine.

10:30 A. M.

Have just finished reading that fascinating book Jim gave me yesterday—it's so wonderful to have everything done early in the morning and time to read or sew. The weather is certainly cutting up—getting ready for March, I suppose. Been raining like fury all morning. And a day when I have to wash my hair too!

Hair Dryer, $9.00

11:00 a. m. Finished my shampoo and turned on my STAR-Rite Hair Dryer to get it dry quickly — meanwhile I am reading a fine article on "How to make Dainty Dishes out of Leftovers." Wonder if Jim will like 'em!

11:30 A. M.

Gave a stunning wave to my hair with the STAR-Rite Marcel Waver—why bother with a hairdresser when I can do it myself in about 10 minutes and save the price? Used my STAR-Rite Curling Iron to catch up the stray wisps on my neck and temples. I still look young enough to be unmarried, if I do say it, who shouldn't. We can't all be Venuses, I admit, but in these days there's no excuse for not looking our best, what with all kinds of conveniences and beauty helps. A curler and waver keep one's hair so "dressy" all the time.

Marcel Waver, $4.00
Curling Iron, $3.50

1:00 P. M.

A quick, delicious luncheon—creamed chicken on toast and coddled eggs. Fixed it right at the table on my STAR-Rite Grill which seems to me the finest thing I have ever had around the house—except Jim of course! But it does cook so quickly and perfectly—I'm just going to send Mother one for her birthday!

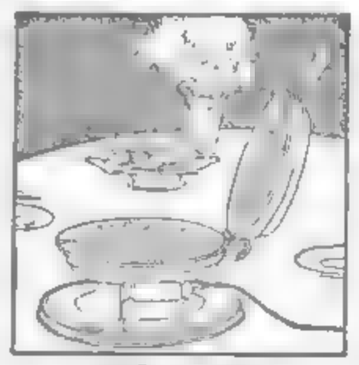
3:00 p. m. Well, Helen and Louise are coming over for bridge and tea this afternoon, of all times! Of course, it had to be the day when I haven't anything in the house to help out the tea. Oh, well! Of course my only pair of nice stockings got splashed by some stupid man in a car yesterday, and I'll have to wash them—guess they'll never dry in time, either. It never rains but it pours.

Table Grill, $3.95

3:30 P. M.

10" Oscillator, $13.50

I guess men don't know everything! Washed my stockings and turned the STAR-Rite Heater and Electric Fan both on 'em. The fan blowing the warm air through them dried them in about five minutes. That's the grand and glorious feeling—beats any Briggs ever thought of!



Waffle Iron, $9.00

5:00 P. M.

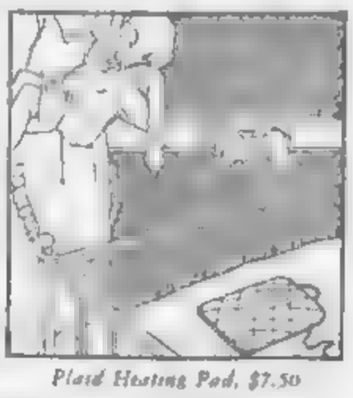
Well—I gave that Helen something to talk about this time. She never would have thought of making those delightful chocolate cookies on a waffle iron. You can't get bought cookies that taste as well—or look any Ritzier than the ones I had this afternoon—and I cooked them right at the tea table and served them hot with apple jelly. Then I had some Ice Cream sandwiches after tea made with lemon cookies which I cooked on the waffle iron before they came. You could just see how jealous Helen was because she hadn't thought of it first!

6:30 p. m. Surprised Jim tonight with hot waffles to go with the real old country sorghum his brother sent him yesterday. I never saw a man eat so much in all my days. And waffles are so little trouble to make with the STAR-Rite Electric Waffle Iron.

7:00 P. M.

Put the baby to bed and he dropped off to sleep without a whimper.

Jim gets the credit for that—he had an idea that the STAR-Rite Heating Pad, tucked into the baby's crib before we put him to bed, would get the covers and all nice and comfy for him. So he brought one home tonight and we tried it. It certainly worked fine.



Plaid Heating Pad, $7.50

The first time in weeks I haven't had to spend a half hour rocking baby to sleep.

I sometimes wonder how mother ever got along in the days before there were so many electrical helps around the house.

My whole day would have been a flat failure almost from the start without my STAR-Rite electric equipment.

STAR-Rite Products are for sale in shops where the better grade of electrical appliances is featured.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for descriptive literature and give us your dealer's name.

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT

Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ontario

(Continued from Page 150)

navigate? Which he sure did. He took a lot of punishment."

"Unnecessarily—that's just what I'm saying."

"Don't talk rot! I say he took a lot of punishment but—maskee! Next time, if you ask me, he'll bring home the bacon. Gosh, Connie, it was up to him! Did you want him to quit?"

"I say that sort of thing isn't intelligent," repeated Constance, unsmiling.

"And I say," returned Ronald with unexpected animus, "that when intelligence gets to the point where it makes a fellow quit on his stuff, it isn't intelligence. It's an educated yellow streak."

It was a side of Ronald which Constance hadn't seen before. She resented it, knowing while she did so that he resented equally what he regarded as disaffection in her. They didn't stay for the final bout. They left the place and walked home on the verge of a devastating quarrel. Even that night, at a dance in Wailuku to which they drove miles along a precarious winding road along the top of dark cliffs, with the sea a molten shimmer far below—even that night they were still at odds. And it was not a night for misapprehensions.

Constance kept a variety of other interests adroitly shifting between Ronald and herself, by way of reprisal. She evaded him at the dance, which was not difficult by reason of the frightful disparity in numbers where girls were concerned. She arbitrarily cut the second of the two dances he managed to get with her, and she returned to him around two in the morning with an obviously artificial expression of regret for not having managed to do better by him.

"Gosh," said Ronald reproachfully, "I brought you to the darned thing, and all I've seen of you has been over some other bird's shoulder."

"Well," said Constance soothingly. She herself hadn't had as good a time as she had expected. It was really rather nice to be getting back to Ronald. She found herself a bit fed up with Wally Mann's condescending advances, with the *demodé* coquetries of some defenders of their country, who should long since have known better, and the overdone sentimentalities of others who would never learn more.

"Well," she said, "don't you care! We'll have a nice long ride home."

"Not yet, we won't," said Ronnie. "Party's going on to somebody's house and make a night of it. Told me to bring you along. Said I would. You can't go home, anyhow, till Mrs. Satterley does, can you?"

Constance said she perhaps could, but wouldn't. So they went along to somebody's house and resumed the making of a night. Only Constance was tired and wouldn't dance any more.

She sat out on a bench with Ronald under the pungent sweetness of a white-starred mock-orange tree, and Ronald, with but slight preliminary, kissed her, in the face of a gibbous moon, red-misted and knowledgeable.

For the moment in which his lips were warm on hers, Constance sat mazed and unresisting. She had of course been kissed before—her generation by no means considers it the sacramental gesture of their forbears—but Ronnie! She thrust him away with a hard little palm on his chest, a lift of her close, brown curls and—and a hard little laugh.

"Don't be foolish, Ronnie. You know I'm not a necker."

"Who's necking?" demanded Ronnie, sharply aggrieved.

"You are! And if that's your idea of being amusing we'll go back in and dance."

"Gosh!" murmured Ronnie, stricken. He broke out on the heels of that bitterly. "What's the matter with you, Connie? I don't get you at all! First you pull all that pacifist rot at the box fights, and now because I want to kiss you, you act like a picnic egg. Why wouldn't I want to kiss you? You're nobody's fool. You know I'm in love with you." He added in a drawl which might have melted diamonds, "You ol' sweet thing!"

Constance said merely, "Ha!"

She sat with her small face turned up to the moon, her red mouth set, her eyes scornful.

"What d'you mean, ha?"

"I mean," said Constance coolly, "love's the bunk. I don't fall for it because I know better. I've seen the rise, decline and fall of so much love I can't even give it a hand. It makes a pretty start, but it always goes blah sooner or later. You want to remember, Ronnie, old dear, that I am the offspring of a marriage which didn't take. Also, my mother, who last week left for the Orient with that priceless old Crichton-Browne, is an enchanter of men. She should have lived in the Middle Ages, instead of only the Middle-Western. I've seen her going into and coming out of love since I was ten. It simply isn't possible to take the tender passion seriously after an education like that. I rate—well, say just friendship a lot higher."

"Don't be a half-wit!" said Ronnie disgustedly.

From the lighted house behind them came music of a phonographic sort, insidiously accented, delightfully noisy; voices some high, some low; much unrelated laughter.

Ronnie began to sing absently in a fine tenor undertone, "Yes, sir, that's my baby!" checked himself and put an arm along the back of the bench behind Constance's shoulders.

"See here," he said. "You've got this thing wrong."

"You tell it," said Constance.

"Well, here goes," said Ronnie. "Suppose your father and mother did make a forced landing and crack up the ship; what's that got to do with you? Tomorrow's always another day, isn't it? On your own say-so, you and your mother are two different kinds of cat."

"Thanks, old dear!"

"You know what I mean—you wouldn't have the same technic."

"There's no technic in love," said Constance grimly. "It's a mental washout."

"I mean," persisted Ronnie, "you'd do your stuff another way."

"But I'd get the same series of jolts. No, thank you! Too much sense to try it."

Ronnie looked at her a long moment in silence. His small fair mustache, his clear, blue eyes, lent him in the waning moonlight an appearance of ingenuous boyishness. He said at length, briefly and concisely, "Yellow as a pumpkin!"

"Ronnie, how rotten of you! What's yellow?"

"The line you pulled at the fights today—the line you're pulling now. None of your business how big a smash anybody else makes. What's up to you is to stay with your stuff and see where you come out."

"Yes, and suppose you don't come out?"

"That's your hard luck! That's the chance you've got to take."

"I'm not taking any chances I can sidestep."

"Then you're a poor aniveling little quitter."

"Ronnie!"

"Hope to die, that's what you are! Safety first, that's your motto, three blind mice taking off from a sinking ship."

Constance made a small, strangled sound of rage. Ronnie put his hand on her knee and she brushed it off violently.

"C'm on, ol' thing, don't be sore."

"Sore! I'm not sore. I'm—disgusted—I'm furious!"

"What about? Because I'm in love with you, or because I told you the truth about yourself?"

"If you think I'm like that, you can't be in love with me."

"Sure I can! It's not fatal."

"Being in love? Of course it's not; it's as flimsy as—confetti. Isn't that just what I've been telling you?"

"Yeah, I heard you the first time. I mean the way you feel about taking chances

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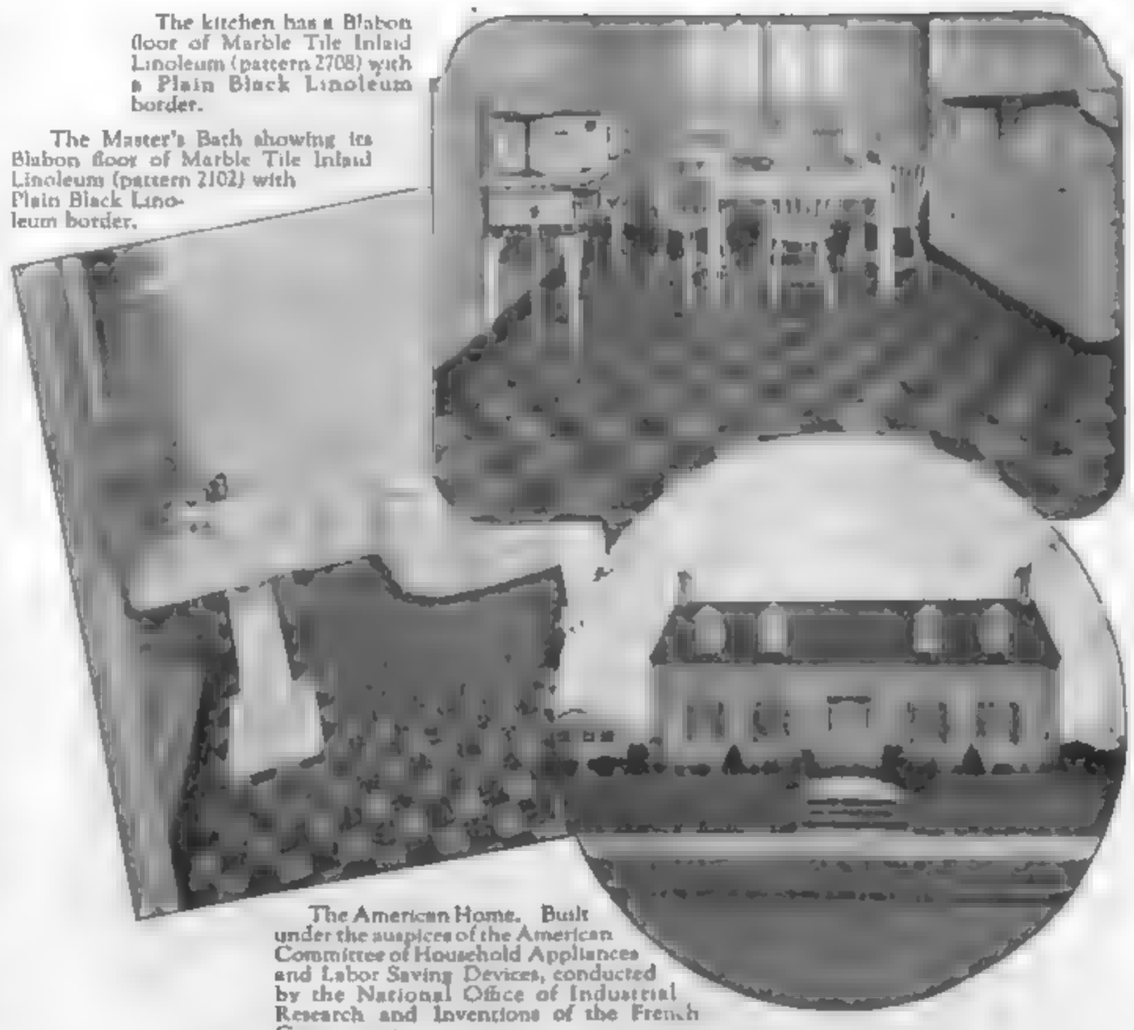

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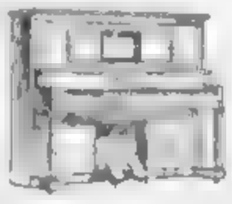

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isn't fatal. It's just ignorance. I could teach you better."

"You'll never get near enough," said Constance bitterly

"What'll you bet?" asked Ronnie pleasantly.

She pulled a cluster of pale, small blossoms from a branch at her shoulder and tore it to pieces with shaking fingers. Broken, the fragrance of those cool, small petals hung on the air more wildly sweet than ever

"Hi, don't do that!" said Ronald Jones. He took both Constance's small, chilly hands in his and held them hard. He put one arm about her. He kissed her again, a trifle roughly, lingeringly, with a passion needing no help from words. Constance wrenched herself free and stood up. Quivering.

"I told you not to do that!"

"You could have stopped me, if you hadn't liked it. You did like it. You're as much in love as I am, only you've got some sort of a kink in your poor ol' bean."

"I'm going in," said Constance abruptly, swung about and made off across the grass to the house.

She rode home on the back seat of Nora Satterley's car, between Ronnie and another man, and devoted herself to the other man with such convincing assiduity that Ronnie hadn't another word alone with her that night. Which, in her then frame of mind, she felt was decidedly wiser. She wanted to hold Ronnie's friendship, even though his highly individual love making startled and put her sharply upon the defensive. That could be ridden down. She intended to reinstate, as soon as she was able, their initial condition of comradely neutrality.

"Whatever did you do to poor Ronnie?" inquired Nora Satterley next morning over a decidedly tardy breakfast. "When I said good-by to him he barely grunted. I didn't know anything could upset him. That grin of his, his lovely, lazy drawl, all gone. Not a trace—completely sunk!"

"Not really?" said Constance politely.

It salved her bruised self-esteem to realize that Ronnie must indeed have been disturbed—to let outsiders know it.

Sitting in the cool, green shadows of the lanai, with the steam of Nora's excellent coffee rising before her, Constance looked out between close, carmine clusters of oleanders to the long gray battleships riding at anchor, a world of crystalline blue below and beyond them. Planes were dipping between the hulls, incessant drowsy humming laced the air, a far-off steady sputter. Sometimes a glint of silver where the sun struck a wheeling wing, sometimes the dragon-fly grace of a swooping tail.

"We had an argument," she explained, and selected a hot biscuit with the tips of fastidious fingers.

"H'mph!" said Nora dubiously. "Hope it wasn't harsh enough to break up our date for tonight. Had you forgotten? We're supposed to go to dinner on Ronnie's ship."

"I hadn't forgotten," said Constance quite truthfully. She had been counting on that to bring Ronnie back in a more amenable frame of mind. After all, the party the night before had been fairly gay. One said and did things often on a party, which, upon subsequent occasions, one tactfully ignored.

Nora continued placidly, "They're illuminating the fleet again tonight, you know. Ronnie said he wouldn't be able to bring us home because he's going to be up."

Constance came out of a close consideration of Ronnie's possible reaction from the Wailuku party to inquire, blinking, "What? He'll be where?"

Nora repeated languidly, stretching smooth white arms above her sleek brown head and swallowing a yawn, "Up, child—flying! Six of 'em going up tonight. Didn't he tell you?"

"Must have forgotten," muttered Constance. She added briefly, "Searchlights and all that?"

"All same before," said Nora in the pleasant pidgin of the island housekeeper.

"H'm," said Constance.

Nora said with enthusiasm, "Aren't you thrilled to be seeing it from one of the ships? I think, when those hundreds of searchlights are on, it's too utterly beautiful, like a big silver spider-web all across the sky."

"Ronnie being the fly," said Constance.

She sat looking out between the oleanders and listening to the purr of unseen planes.

"Oh, well," said Nora comfortably, "they say Ronnie's one of the best flyers in his squadron."

"And one of the wildest," said Constance.

Nora chuckled, pouring herself a second cup, "Did you hear Wally Mann the other night? He said: 'Ronnie forgets, when he's up, that he's not a damned bird!'"

"Trust Wally to be more careful."

"Aha!" said Nora wisely. "Thought Wally was the dear old playmate of your childhood days."

"I've known him a long time," said Constance with unfeigned indifference. "Too long to be impressed by his views upon anything, including himself."

Yet, as it happened, it was Wally Mann with whom she went out that night to dinner on the battleship. Ronnie having telephoned that he couldn't get in and might Wally take his place.

Wally was obviously capable of taking anyone's place from fleet commander down. He squired Constance with attention to detail and perfection of technic which deserved a more appreciative fair, but did not achieve its deserts.

In a launch, going from Mula Wharf to the ship, across a darkening and slightly choppy sea, under a sky incarnadined in afterglow, he suggested tenderly that when dinner was over they might drift on to a dance on the Antares.

"Be a good party!" said Wally.

"What about Ronnie?" asked Constance coolly.

"Oh, he won't be down till the illumination's over—half past nine or so. He can come along after us."

"Can he?" said Constance.

"Why not?" said Wally. Adding, with a killing look out of fine gray eyes, "It's my night now."

"Is it?" said Constance.

Just the way Wally wore his cap roused in her a fine, cold, unreasoning rage. A bit to one side—the merest trifle—enough for swank. His close-cut blond head carried it well. His squared shoulder carried its gleaming aiguillette with no less distinction. There was a cleft in Wally's chin, many a female heart had nested there. Thick, dark lashes shadowed his amorous glance. Constance felt her gorge rise when he looked at her caressingly—his readiest look.

"There's no particular trick to this searchlight flying, is there?" she inquired casually. That was crossing the deck, with Wally, being Casanova and Romeo combined, just at her shoulder.

"Well, it's a good show," said Wally languidly.

Dinner was what dinner had been before, six out of seven nights that week, varying only in the matter of hosts. Constance sat at the left of a certain Captain Rolland, a dark taciturn, personable man, and found herself restless and bored. Ronnie didn't dine with them. He had appeared in the moment before dinner for a hurried and flippant welcome, then slipped away.

Wally explained, "He's grousing over that bus of his."

"Why? Anything wrong with it?" asked Constance sharply.

"Oh, no. Just can't let it alone. Been tinkering with his engine all afternoon. Lord," said Wally indulgently, "what a life!"

Constance swallowed a vicious retort. She swallowed little else. She seemed, for some inexplicable reason, unable to eat. Food somehow repelled her. She drank several glasses of water and pushed things about on her plate through a sequence of courses. After a while there was dancing,

(Continued on Page 157)

More than 9,000,000 gallons of crank case drainings, it is estimated, are thrown away each year in the public and private garages of New York City alone. Oil still worth $1,500,000 or more is thus wasted, largely because its lubricating value has been impaired by dilution.

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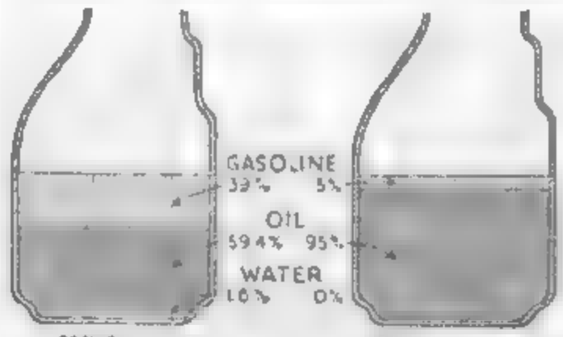

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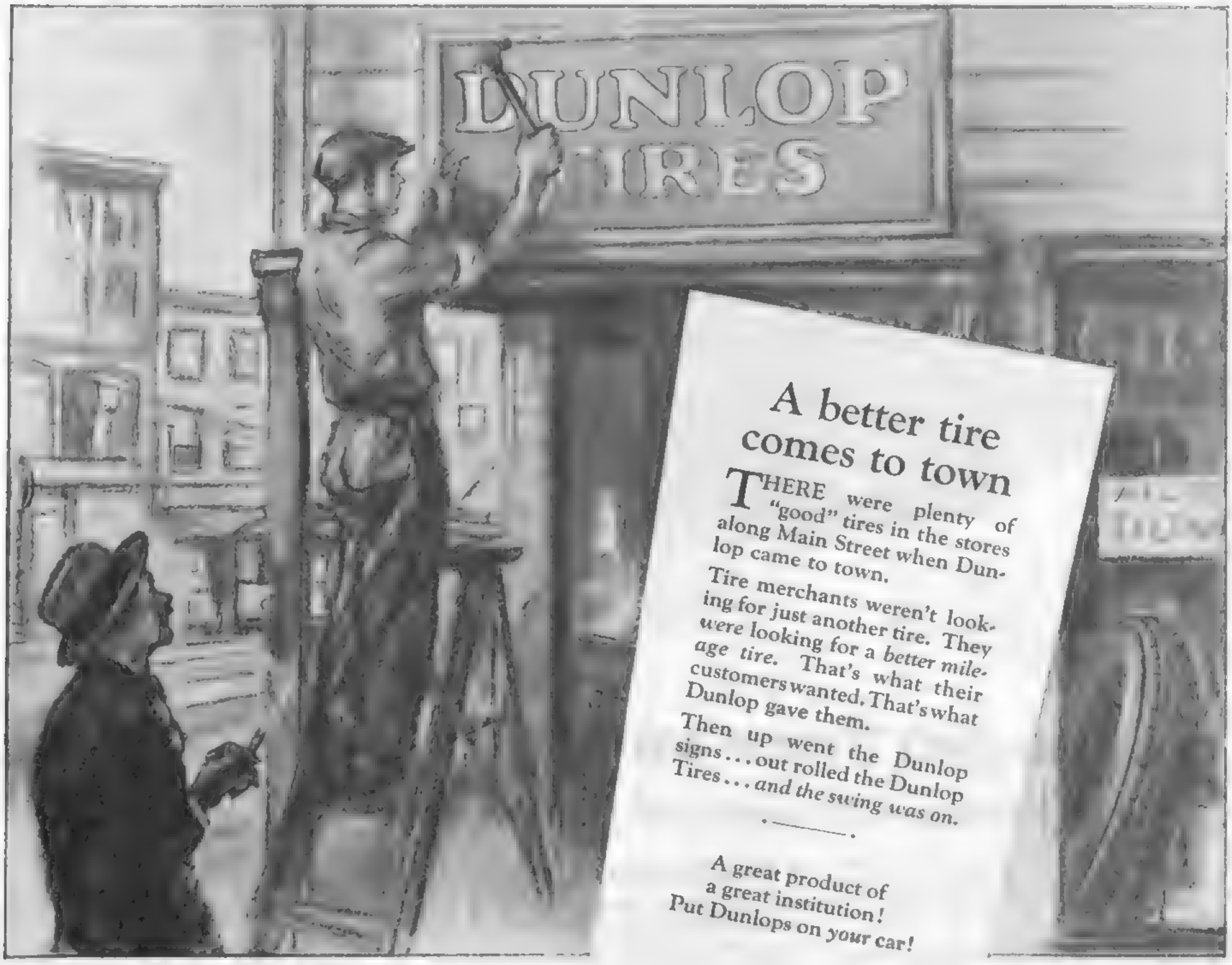
THE SWING TO DUNLOP - - CHAPTER I



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Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 154)

which alleviated her restlessness somewhat. She danced first with Captain Rolland and found that she rather liked him. He, too, was bored. It is a state which people who endure it come to sense instantly in someone else, as one drug addict might recognize another. At least he made no insistence on the party's being good.

"Aren't parties, after all, much alike?" he inquired gently.

"Oh, hideously," said Constance.

"And when one has seen a good many of them," he further reasoned.

"Sometimes," said Constance, "one has seen a good many in too short a time."

"That can't, surely," said Captain Rolland, "have happened to you already."

She danced, between salad and sweet, with Wally.

"We'll go on deck when this is over," Wally explained to her blandly, "and watch the pretty lights for a while."

"When does Ronnie go up?" asked Constance.

"Oh, before very long," said Wally vaguely.

Constance played with her ice and drank off her coffee in a fever of controlled impatience. She made rather moody talk with Captain Rolland on one side, cut Wally down to monosyllables on the other. Her hands were unsteady and chilly. She was conscious of her heartbeat.

"You ghastly little fool!" she cried to herself, behind a pale amused mask of straight nose, green eyes, rouged mouth, brown curls. "You unutterable ass! What's it to you what Ronnie is doing?"

That didn't warm her hands though, nor quiet the drumming in her breast.

"Come back," said Wally close to her ear. "You're a thousand miles away tonight."

Constance barely smiled at him. She wasn't a thousand, nor even a dozen miles away from the white-covered, flower-decked table where she sat. She was only up on deck, watching Ronnie fussing with his engine. Ronnie in khaki with an O.D. shirt, a neat black four-in-hand, helmet pushed to one side on his cocky blond head, blue eyes narrowed, mouth stubborn.

"Shall we go?" suggested Captain Rolland, at long last, and gratefully Constance slid to her silver-slippered feet.

Nora had been at the farther end of the table. The two girls met on deck.

"Did you ever see anything so gorgeous?" cried Nora. She was bubbling with enthusiasm. "Connie, isn't this the most bewildering and heavenly sight?"

Constance said politely that it was indeed.

From every battleship in the roadstead searchlights made their far-flung way across the sky. Not a sliver of darkness remained untroubled. Shifting, weaving, slashing, stabbing, sliding over and under each other, into and out of each other, sword blades of radiance, scythes of white fire, whirling and slipping and thrusting and falling in a blinding, unending dance. What should have been cool illimitable blackness was now a vast web of incandescence—no stars—the moon not yet arisen. East to west, north to south, the sweet, deep, tropic heaven was meshed in the whorl of great shafts of light, unresting—wheeling and crossing in spectral silence—unrelenting. The eye that watched them dizzied and the senses swam.

Nora cried suddenly, "Oh, look, Connie! Captain Rolland! One of the planes!"

Against the rail a little group clustered and pointed. Wally, urbanely amused, Nora squealing with excitement, Captain Rolland gently explanatory. Constance leaned and looked up, felt herself catching her breath and focusing desperately on that bit of live silver so far, so fearfully far and small, crossing a swale of white flame. She heard a faint, steady drone, a tiny sputter.

She said, clearing her throat to seem casual and unmoved, "Must be very trying—flying in all that glare."

"It is," said Captain Rolland, close beside her. "With only a few lights playing it's possible, of course, for a pilot to look on the opposite side, to avoid ——"

"But this way," said Constance, "there's no place left to look."

"Exactly," said Captain Rolland.

"You mean—what does he do then?"

"Puts his head down in the cockpit," cut in Wally. "Shuts his eyes and lets her ride. That right, sir?"

"Quite so," said Captain Rolland.

Constance bit back a small terrified cry.

"His instruments go blah," Wally continued airily. "Everything simply blotto on the dashboard. Searchlight wipes out the radium."

"So I have heard," said Captain Rolland.

"But then," said Constance—"but then—— You mean—he's flying—blind?"

"In effect, yes," said Captain Rolland. He made no comment, let the statement fall unrelieved.

"Come on up forward and see Ronnie take off," offered Wally.

They went forward. Constance stumbled a little as she turned. Her finger tips felt numb. There was sweat in the palms of her hands. Ronnie's plane faced the side and was waiting to be lowered onto the water. Ronnie, himself, fastening his helmet and grinning, came over for a moment to speak to them. He stood at Constance's elbow. She looked up at him and laughed artificially. She loathed herself for the sound of that laugh.

"Sorry I couldn't have dinner with you," said Ronnie.

"Is your engine all right now?" asked Constance.

"Yeah—how'd you know anything about my engine?"

"Wally ——"

"Oh—the gilded aide-de-camp," said Ronnie.

Someone called to him. He pulled a curl behind Constance's left ear and turned away. She stood and watched him, a dark figure, among all those snowy uniforms, in his khaki breeches and olive-drab shirt with the neat black tie. He looked back and grinned at her once again, then climbed into his plane and sat waiting.

There was a slight businesslike commotion about the plane, bluejackets moving to and fro, someone giving orders.

"I say," said Wally from the rail, "what's that bird coming down way out there for? That's a darned funny landing!"

Constance, crowded between Captain Rolland and Nora, strained her eyes to see, set her teeth to keep back a gasp. Out beyond still water, where the waves ran high and white, far beyond even the farthest ship, a plane came wavering down. The searchlights showed it clear as day. Tilted at a perilous angle, it touched the water and settled slowly sideways—a toy—a fragile silver-winged toy, but a toy with a man aboard.

Against white fire of seeking lights, against the welter of the sea, a scarlet thread ran up, blossomed and broke and sank, once—twice—three times—four times—urgent as a scream.

"Rockets!" said Nora stupidly.

"By gad," said Wally, "he's cracked up!"

Captain Rolland moved swiftly away—without a word.

"What'll they do?" said Constance huskily. "What'll they do, Wally? See how it's sinking—all to one side! It's open sea out there—that plane won't last a minute."

"Yes, it will," said Wally soothingly, but his voice had an excited tremor. "They'll get him—don't you worry! That's not so bad as it looks."

While he spoke, far off in the pitiless blaze of the lights, one tiny wing lifted, the other sank, both were blotted out, then returned with a sickening lurch. There must have been a mountainous wave.

"Oh, God," said Constance faintly.

"Look, there they go! There they go!" cried Wally.

Like terriers, launches were slipping out from one ship and another, converging on

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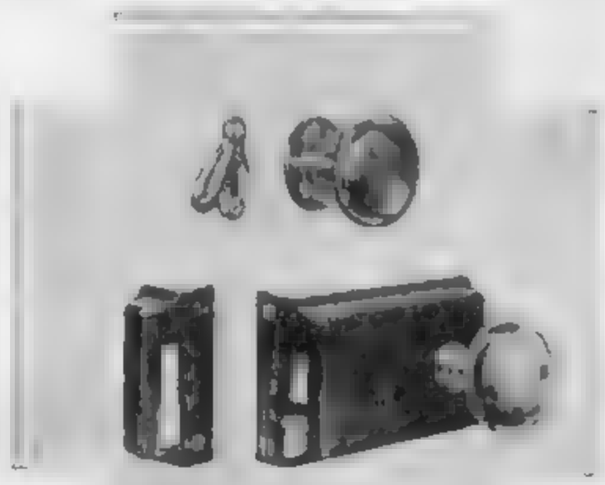

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that small, sinisterly lighted shape, quiet now, no scarlet thread ascending—heart-breakingly quiet in its distance, its impotent fragility.

"That's service!" said Wally. "They'll get him!"

There was a stir, a heavy creak behind them.

"What's that?" said Constance nervously. She turned. Ronnie's plane was going over the side of the ship. It was being lowered onto the water with Ronnie in the cockpit. There were shouts, laconic directions. Constance watched, feeling a chill dew start on her upper lip, feeling a heavy pounding begin, chokingly, in her breast.

She said when she could speak, "Ronnie—he'll go up—anyhow?"

"Absolutely," said Wally. "Why not?"

"Oh!" said Constance. She stood gripping the rail as a bird grips a swaying branch with its claws.

Ronnie reached the water and was released from the apparatus which had lowered him. He started his engine, and taxied about for a moment or so without taking off.

"He's having a poor time getting away," said Wally easily. "Watch those launches, will you? Almost out there now."

Constance didn't want to watch the launches. She clung to the rail and watched Ronnie—desperately—with agonized intensity. Captain Rolland was beside her before she realized his return. He, too, watched Ronnie, his dark face grim, his pleasant bored mouth set in heavy lines.

When Ronnie had taxied back toward the ship for the fourth or fifth time, Captain Rolland uttered an exclamation, deep as an oath.

"It's terribly dangerous, isn't it?" Constance implored him—"going up in those lights. It's taking a horrible chance."

"Yes, dear child," said Captain Rolland unexpectedly, "and when you consider that it's all for a stunt—to amuse the dear public ——"

There was sudden steel in his voice. Wally turned back from watching the rescuing launches. He leaned against the rail and folded his arms. Surprisingly, there was steel in Wally's voice, too—more newly tempered steel.

He said more simply than Constance had known Wally could speak, "All combat flying was a stunt, to begin with. Flying itself was a stunt not so many years ago. They've got to know what they can do, and what they can't—in the air. They've no way to tell till they try. They've got to be ready to try anything—isn't that so, sir? We sailors have got maps and charts to go by. They're making their own as they go."

Ronnie's plane taxied a bit faster now, drawing farther away. Constance watched it through a mist—a gleaming, blinding mist. She heard the beat of Ronnie's engine through the beat of the blood in her ears.

"The air," said Wally, "has got to be learned. We know all the seas of the world, we know pretty well all the land, but the air is undiscovered country." Ronnie's plane was rising slowly, steadily, in a long beautiful thrust.

"The air," said Wally, "has yet to be settled—isn't that so, sir?"

Constance said suddenly, not knowing the instant before that she was going to speak, "And these are pioneers!"

It rang in a curious silence.

"Touché!" said Captain Rolland. He saluted her.

"Good girl, Connie," said Wally softly.

Something swelled in Constance's throat. Something quivered in her temples.

She said clearly, her eyes always on Ronnie's flight, "Some in caravels, some in covered wagons, some in little gray planes, but they're all the same, aren't they? The men who go before! The men who aren't afraid of taking chances. The men who find the place to set a flag."

"That is what they are," said Captain Rolland.

Constance said, still on that clear, hushed note, "The last of the pioneers!"

Then she slipped her hand into Wally's arm and leaned against him imperceptibly, because her knees were shaking and there were tears on her cheeks, and she couldn't see Ronnie's plane any longer. It had mounted out of sight.

"I want to go home," she said in Wally's ear. "I'm all shot to pieces. Please!"

So Wally took her home. From the ship in a hurrying launch to Mala Wharf, from the wharf in a seedy old rent car back to the Satterleys' cottage. She told Captain Rolland and Nora and the rest that she had a headache. She told Wally the truth.

"Ronnie and I had a row last night—and I'm in love with him." She got a queer sort of comfort out of using Ronnie's own words.

"You poor kid," said Wally gently. He forgot to be Casanova. He forgot even to be Romeo. "No wonder it knocked you for a goal—seeing him take off like that with a crack-up right ahead of him. Don't worry! Ronnie'll be all right. He's the best in the squadron."

"Even at that—he's not a damned bird!" said Constance, blinking gallantly. "Wally, when he—comes down—d'y' think—he could get out to see me for a minute or so? I'll be right here at the house—waiting. You tell him, Wally—tell him I—want him."

"If I have to drag him," said Wally, "you shall have him." Adding, more flatteringly, "Why not? Ought to be down in half an hour."

Constance lay in the chaise longue on the edge of the beach, beneath the kiawe tree, and waited. Sword blades and scythes still swept the upper air. Still those cold and silent surges of white fire burned the stars away. Wally had not wanted to leave Constance alone, with the dark and empty house behind her, but she had been stubborn.

"I'm tired. I want to be by myself. I don't want anyone but Ronnie. If he won't come ——"

Wally had left her, eventually. Wally had been rather sweet, but once he had gone Constance forgot all about him. She lay, small and tired, in the old chaise longue and stared up into the seething sky. Unreal—that's what it was. Like great white wings, folding and unfolding, meshing and expanding. It drugged the senses, it numbed the brain, just to lie there and watch it.

What did it do to a man in a plane, riding the air—not a bird, just a man? Even a bird might be blinded and fall.

No, no—oh, God, not that! Not Ronnie—not falling—not Ronnie! Constance flung her arm up over her eyes and felt hot tears well slowly up from the center of her heart—tears or blood?

Ronnie had said, "I could teach you better."

And he had done it. She knew now what one wanted of life was to be allowed to take one's chance when it came along. That was good enough. All one asked.

Just a chance, and the courage to take it. No hokum, just courage—to make your own maps.

There was someone coming across the grass beneath the coconut palms. She opened her eyes and sat up. The sky was dark, the world was dark, and cool, and still, and sweet. Smell of oleanders, swishing of little waves on the sand, off across the water a ship's band playing, faint but very gay.

"Connie!" He had found her. He was down on the chaise longue beside her. He pulled her up into his arms and he laughed.

"You ol' sweet thing! Wally said you wanted me."

"I do," said Constance without shame.

"Hope to die?" asked Ronnie. He stopped laughing. He held her closer. She could feel his heart beat—slow and hard.

"Hope to live!" said Constance.

She turned her lips to his. She thought in some vague far corner of her consciousness, "Have to cable Cecil tomorrow!"

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SINGING VOICES

(Continued from Page 18)

artist knows the immense difficulties in achieving anything like a perfect success in a difficult rôle, and if she sees or hears a little lowering of the standard in a rival's work she is not scornful but, rather, sympathetic.

The singers feel, too, that the newspapermen have their favorites. A most enviable reputation can be damaged or almost entirely lost in a month's time. The standard among the greatest singers is so high, the competition is so great, that the critics and the public notice apparent imperfections in singing and pretend to see some which do not exist.

The first performance of a season, and especially that of a new opera, is very trying on the nerves of even veteran artists. They consult the voice specialist for imaginary ailments, some throat irritation noticed only because of great nervousness. Here is a difficult task for the physician, for even if the vocal cords are functioning perfectly, he cannot be sure that in the patient's nervous state he or she will be able to coördinate proper breath support with perfect voice production so as to give a brilliant performance. The best singer in perfectly normal voice condition cannot therefore be sure of satisfactory success in the first night of a new opera, and the physician who advised the artist to appear may be blamed if the performance is a mediocre one.

Such sure-fire artists as Mesdames Alda and Matzenauer do not give their physician anxiety, because, if free from colds, they do not allow nervousness to interfere with their singing. It's a fine thing to possess courage and poise when exposed to criticism.

The great Caruso, when asked if he dreaded a difficult rôle, told me that he wasn't afraid of any opera, but that he had difficulty in spurring himself to proper effort if he didn't like his part, and that it required great concentration to do justice to what seemed to him an indifferent rôle. He said he liked the stimulation of the applause given to another singer in the cast. If someone was stealing from him the first place in public approbation, that was sufficient to fire him to his greatest effort; and he mentioned an opera and a night when he put himself out of voice for two weeks in trying to excel the soprano, who was making the hit of the evening. Such singers are so sure of themselves that they have discounted all fear of an audience.

What Makes a Singer

Vocal training from childhood, living in an operatic atmosphere and the possession of seasoned vocal cords—these assets and only these will enable the artist to defy criticism. The great Caruso had all these requisites. Born in Italy, the home of musical art, where even children know and sing the arias of many operas, he early in life developed large breathing capacity, great expiratory power—a necessary essential in producing volume and thickness of tone. His vocal muscles, with judicious exercise, must have acquired unusual strength, for his larynx showed great width of vocal band and much more than ordinary muscular development.

If one compares the amateur with the professional larynx he can appreciate that the larger width of cord in the professional gives greater vibratory surface and larger volume of sound, and the muscular development is much more apparent. The concavity above the bands in the seasoned throat is a reservoir which accumulates and prolongs vibrations. The spongy surface in the amateur larynx retards the passage of sound. But could it have been apparent to the most expert throat physician, after examining Signor Caruso's throat, that he had a marvelous voice? It certainly could not. There were irregularities in his larynx from a perfect anatomical standpoint; his vocal bands were often reddish instead of the normal white color. These, however, were not sufficient to hinder voice production.

Young singers, and especially their parents who pay the bills, become very impatient if rapid progress is not made, so that the teacher should make his position clear by stating that the voice improves only as the muscles become strong enough to change rapidly the length and tension of the cords with each note in the scale, just as the violin player constantly alters the length of a string. This is a wonderful performance and the teacher will do the pupil irreparable harm by forcing muscular action beyond a safety point.

Pitch, high or low, is determined by the length of the cord and its rapidity of vibration. Power—volume—usually, but not always, is measured by the width of the band. It's always heartening to the physician when examining a singer for the first time to find that she has a wide vocal band. Such a one can endure a lot of work.

Good Voices That Die Young

I have seen cords no wider than a fine pencil line. These fragile-looking cords usually are seen in a poorly developed larynx, and the ligaments and cartilages which are the framework of the vocal box also are too small. This may be natural in beginners, youths from fifteen to nineteen years of age, because it is expected that vocal practice under proper instruction will widen the bands and enlarge the entire muscular structure. But if a seasoned singer presents such poor development it's wise for her to seek other employment.

Right here I ought to say that there may be one advantage in a narrow vocal band provided the muscular structure is ample, and it is that its vibrations are presumably more easily accomplished and more rapid than in a heavier one. If this is so, then we should expect to find it to be a rule that a lyric voice has a narrower band than a dramatic one. I have tried to make this distinction, but find that the difference in width between these two voices is not significant.

It's very interesting to observe, however, that Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, one of the great coloratura artists, whose vocalization requires the most rapid vibration of the cords, has an extremely narrow vocal band; but this is accompanied with extreme muscular development. Another coloratura singer of lesser note also has a vocal band no wider than a pencil line.

It is often asked if one could tell by examining a throat if such a person was a singer. This seems rather a foolish question. A man may own a valuable violin, but may not be able to play on it; a person may have a perfect vocal instrument and be tone deaf. Perfection in a larynx is not common, just as perfection in a face is rare—some part too large or too small detracts a little from the perfect standard, but not enough to interfere with fine singing. We see beautifully formed throats in singers of moderate reputation.

In the comparatively small number of the greatest artists we do not usually find perfectly molded throats—I mean those that we would be tempted to photograph to exhibit to vocal students. We are speaking now only of beauty of formation. It is said that a racing horse's legs are never entirely sound when he is five years old, and a grand-opera singer, because of the great strain, must take great care of her voice to last longer than the average life of a singing career. The fine fibers which form the bands become thickened, the blood vessels enlarged because of overfunction; the muscles, some permanently fatigued and some overdeveloped. The machine no longer works easily.

The singer's earning life is short and she should receive liberal compensation.

Many of the most celebrated artists still have tonsils which may be considered too

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large and which sometimes cause sore throats and temporary impairment of voice; but they absolutely refuse, and very rightly, in my opinion, to have them removed. Any physician who would deeply remove the tonsils of a celebrated artist would, in my opinion, be running great risk of impairing the voice. This operation considerably enlarges the width of the back of the mouth to which the singer for years has been accustomed, and so has a tendency to lower the pitch.

The operation must be a great shock to the throat by suddenly disarranging the blood and nerve supply. It certainly causes dryness of the back of the mouth and the accumulation of secretion, and these after a little extend down into the voice box and on the vocal bands, a condition which is very embarrassing to the singer. This is all explained by the fact that at the points where the tonsils were removed, dry scar tissue is seen instead of a moist mucous lining. There are undoubtedly persons whose tonsils should be removed by the present radical method, but in great singers, I believe, it should be done only when unsanitary conditions are injuring the general health.

What amount of singing can the larynx perform without injury to itself? This is an important matter to determine, especially in the case of young singers. The first intimation of harm is, of course, some degree of hoarseness because of commencing fatigue of the vocal muscles. If singing is continued and the voice necessarily forced, then redness and swelling of the cords are seen in the mirror. If the warning is heeded, rest of both the speaking and singing voice will often restore the throat to its normal condition. We must say again that the seasoned larynx of the professional can withstand far more work than that of the younger amateur.

Courageous Lillian Russell

Still greater injury may be done to the cords by continuing to force the voice. An irregular or a too forcible vibration of one band against the other produces a thickening of the edges—calluses—and these small projections prevent them from meeting.

Lillian Russell and Marie Tempest, the charming English actress and singer, had their voices treated at the same time years ago. They both had singers' nodules on their vocal bands, but they were both appearing every evening and doing the best they could. They were obliged to cut out nearly all the singing and endeavor to satisfy the audiences by talking their lines. As is easily remembered, they both had great charm, and their fascinating smiles were a good substitute for a song.

I mention singers' nodules here because Lillian Russell gave them a new and true name. When it was explained to her that they were caused by a dangerous friction of one band against the other, she said, "Why, that's a corn!" It was a valuable suggestion to me, and this name has been most useful in explaining the cause of these swellings to singers since her time.

I want to say some very complimentary things about Miss Lillian Russell, but they do not belong in this article. However, I may properly add my few words of tribute to the many that have been spoken by those who knew her. She had great courage—or was it a confident philosophy?—which enabled her to meet all stage difficulties with a smile; she was always smiling. When she could hardly speak above a whisper, but was determined to go on with the evening's work, she showed no irritation, and said once, I recall, "Why should I worry? The joke's not on me, but on the public that pays." And this remark was followed by a genuine laugh. She was such a kindly person—always had a good word for other actors, praised their success and had most plausible excuses for their failures.

I especially remember how she shielded attractive little Della Fox from newspaper criticism at one time when they were in the same cast at the Casino. Miss Della almost completely broke down one evening—forgot her lines, gave a bad performance. The management was not inclined to satisfy the reporters as to the cause of her failure, but Miss Russell's explanation of Della's family worries and ill health satisfied everybody.

Miss Russell received many valuable presents from her admiring audiences, but there was one which caused a good deal of amusement. She and Miss Marie Tempest, great friends at that time, came to the office together. Miss Russell opened a case she had just received. It was from a person who was anxious to interest her in a new musical score he had just written, and he evidently thought that a string of pearls would help his cause; but both the ladies, who were connoisseurs in jewelry, were convulsed with laughter when they saw the size of the ornaments. Perhaps the pearls were never used, but neither was the light opera.

Overworked Voices

Naturally, the so-called light or comic opera artists who sing six nights and two matinées a week suffer most from vocal-cord trouble; and at that stage time, in addition to Lillian Russell, we can add the names of Marie Tempest, Della Fox, Edna May and others who got through evening performances with great difficulty because of thickened vocal bands—singers' nodules.

Della Fox always had a low-pitched, husky voice because of this trouble; but she was a buoyant creature, and when she could not sing she was satisfied to talk and dance. Her dancing was sufficient to satisfy an audience and carry her through an evening performance.

Marie Tempest, the magnetic, fascinating operatic star, when she first came here from her London triumphs, carried New York by storm by her artistic work. She had a beautiful, appealing voice, and her first songs were repeated by every orchestra in town. I have no doubt that later her overfatigued vocal cords compelled her to give up singing and continue merely on the dramatic stage.

And Edna May—was there ever a song actress who possessed more charm? Her audiences loved her. Her voice was not large, but possessed a quality which gave appealing effect to her song. Her farewell to the stage was felt to be a great loss. She is mentioned in this group because, like the others, her voice suffered from nightly singing. The public misses these artists.

A singer's nodule is a very difficult condition to remove, because no matter how skillfully it is taken off, the texture of the band where it grew is still abnormal. What different material can be substituted for a broken violin string? The best remedy for corns on the vocal bands is to make the patient stop all vocalization, even talking. That they are caused by overuse of the voice, by overdriven tired muscles, is proved by the fact that they are most often seen in the throats of light-opera singers who have to work six evenings and two matinées. If the rôle is heavy this is too much for any voice, especially for sopranos or tenors. Many a light-opera singer ends her season by talking her part instead of singing it.

These cases are the most difficult ones that come under the care of the throat specialist, because he knows that he ought to order them to stop work and that he cannot cure them if they continue to sing every night; but usually they are the chief attraction of the show, the management wants them to continue and the singers hate to lose their positions and they need the money.

Peculiar speaking voices, even if they are quite unpleasant, when used by noted public speakers, are often considered desirable assets by the owners. In several instances at my office, not to mention names, when I

(Continued on Page 165)

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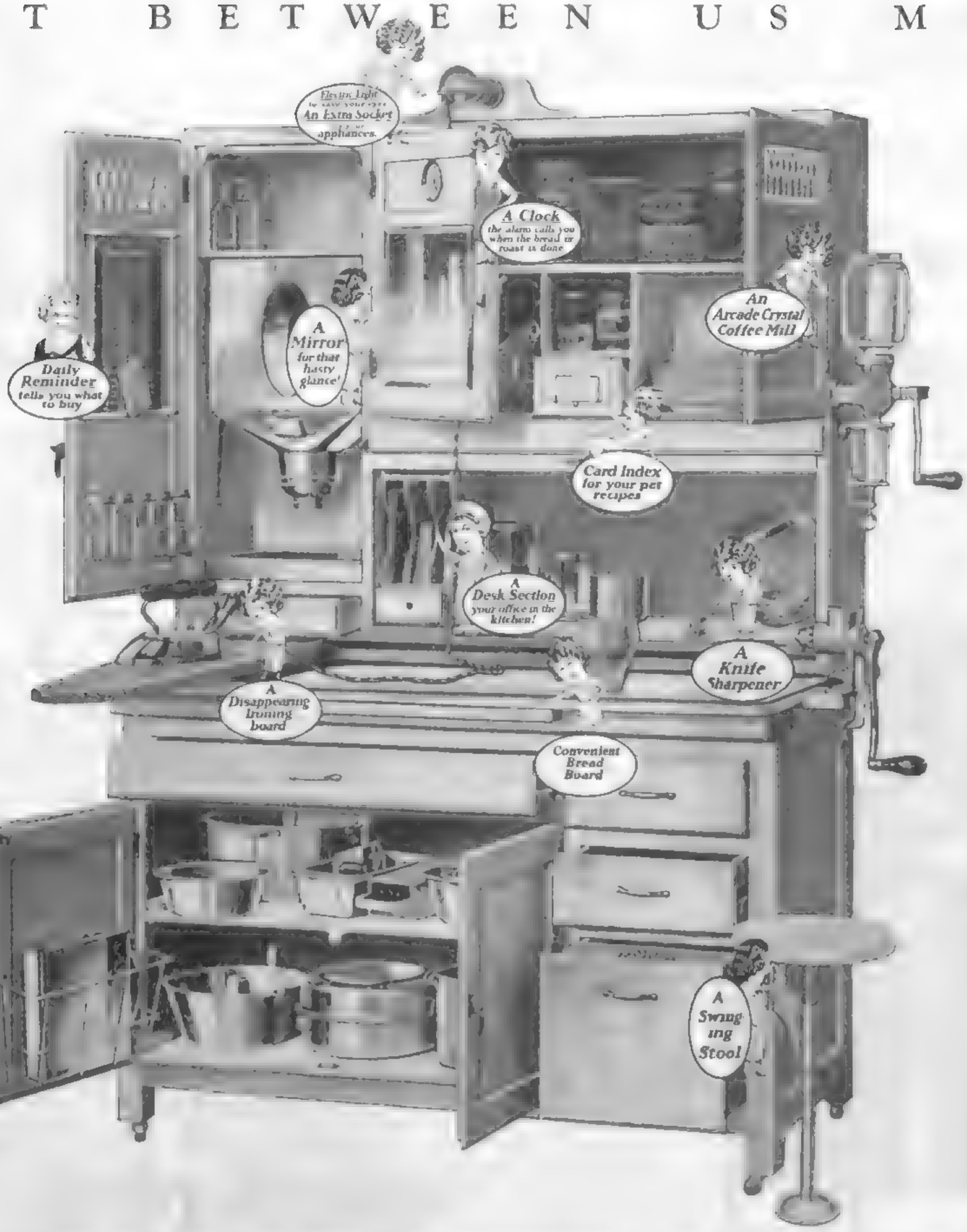

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DESIGNED BY 369 WOMEN

(Continued from Page 162)

made the effort to get a nasal voice or a harsh unpleasant tone corrected to a better quality, the patient replied, "I don't want my voice changed. The public know it's mine and it's a good trade-mark." When I told one of our best-known actresses, who always speaks with a very low-pitched husky voice, that I could by proper treatment improve its quality, make it a pleasanter voice for the public to hear, she said she would not on any account have it changed, as she felt it was one of her best advertisements.

Mr. Edward Sothern, the celebrated Shaksperean actor, always selects his company with the greatest care, not alone from the standpoint of their acting ability but for the quality of their voice production. He certainly would not accept a typical Yankee voice, nasal and harsh, or a Western voice, with the prolonged "er" as in the word "mother." Even a characteristic Southern voice he would not employ unless it was to impersonate a Southern character.

The throat specialist who has operatic singers in his clientele will be more largely called upon at the beginning of a season or at the first performance of a new opera. After a long vacation the singer finds that she produces her tones with greater difficulty than when in good training. The muscles which draw the cords together, and those that shorten and make the bands more tense as the scale is ascended, have become sluggish from disuse, just like an athletic arm or a runner's leg - in fact, like muscles in any part of the body. The singer must, at the commencement of the season after a rest, tune up her vocal apparatus with great care or she will put a strain on her throat muscles which will disable her for weeks.

There is only one group of muscles which draw the cords apart and so furnish an aperture for the air to enter the lungs—the breathing, or respiratory muscles; only one to perform this vital function, vital because if it became paralyzed we should no longer be able to breathe, and life could be sustained only by inserting a tube in the throat below the vocal bands.

When the Vocal Bands Wear Out

Such a paralysis is happily very rare. Only one muscle for breathing purposes, but it requires the diligent work of four sets to enable the singing artist to produce all the notes in an opera. It is of no special use to give to the teacher or the pupil the names of these muscles, and they could hardly remember the long anatomical terms by which the medical men know them, but we formerly had an easy method of calling them to the mind of the student; we selected the misspelled word "palit." Each one of these five letters stands for one of the five muscles; *p* for the posterior—the only one which, after the bands have come together to produce a sound, draws them apart so that one may breathe—the respiratory muscle; *l* for lateral, the one that has the larger share in pulling the bands together; the remaining three—*a*, *i*, *t*—standing for anterior, internal and transverse—shorten and tighten the bands to the degree necessary to produce the different notes in the scale.

The movement of the vocal bands can be watched and studied with a small mirror in the mouth when the throat is illuminated by artificial light. When a sound is uttered the vocal bands are seen to come together. When one laughs they vibrate rapidly. As the singer ascends the scale the bands become shorter and more tense. The shorter and more taut the bands, the higher the pitch, because the vibrations are more rapid.

Pitch is regulated, too, by the diameter of the larynx, or voice box, in which the vocal bands are placed—the wider the tube the lower the pitch. A singer has a bass voice because he has a wider larynx and longer vocal bands than a tenor. When the newspapers were saying kindly things about the great Caruso, some ambitious writer said he had vocal bands twice as long as those of the usual tenor. If this had been true he would have been the deepest basso on record.

The throat specialist can be of great service to the singer and to his vocal teacher by studying carefully the length of the vocal bands and so determine the natural range of the voice. A man with cords long enou„h for a deep barytone or bass must not try to become a tenor, because such vocal bands are too long to permit of the necessary rapid vibration.

There was a time some years ago when a vocal instructor in this city, who had been in his younger days a very famous tenor, desired to make an abundance of tenors of his male pupils. The tenor crop is always small and an instructor gains much reputation if he can produce a notable one for the opera. The result was not successful. These students easily became hoarse or were often out of voice. The diagnosis was easy: Some part of the length of the bands would not approximate; some one of the four muscles had been strained—was tired out—because too great a task had been demanded of it.

Babying Her Voice

Usually when a singer has an ordinary cold, which causes a temporary congestion of nose and throat, the slight hoarseness is caused by a very moderate weakness of the vocal muscles. The cords themselves remain perfectly white; they may even come together in an apparently normal way, and yet the singer is slightly hoarse because the power to shorten the cords and make them taut enough to reach a high pitch is lacking.

Oftentimes this disability cannot be recognized when carefully watching the motion of the cords with the mirror. Sometime in the future we hope an instrument may be invented to register the strength of these muscles, and then the physician can speak in positive terms. But now the throat specialist is placed in an embarrassing position. The leading soprano comes to the office and states that she is billed to sing that night or the night after and that she has a severe cold. She never says a slight one, because any disarrangement of the voice is a very large affair to her. She always says "I cannot possibly sing," and gives the physician a sample of a few hoarse tones. This exhibition is not always a truthful report of the vocal condition, because when the patient is overcome by anxiety and fear she naturally uses her voice in a listless, abnormal way. It requires confidence and mental poise for a great artist to reach the summit of vocal production. Shall she sing? Can she get through the evening performance?

"Doctor," she says, "this is perhaps my most difficult rôle." It's always apt to be the most strenuous of all her operas. "And, doctor, another thing I want you to consider most carefully. If I sing tonight and manage to get through, will it injure my voice? May it not put me out of commission for weeks?"

The physician examines the entire surface from the nose to that part of the windpipe even farther down than the vocal cords. He cannot discern anything radically wrong; the cords are white, edges even and they seem to meet one another in an entirely normal manner. Why should she not sing? The conversation continues: "When is your next performance?" meaning, "How long a rest do you have after tonight? Have you reported your disability to the management? Have they an understudy? If you don't go on must the opera be changed?"

Remedies are applied to relieve any slight congestion. The voice is tried again, but the singer is still undecided. The doctor is in a trying position. If the singer cancels this engagement, she loses her fifteen hundred or two thousand dollar salary for that night. But this is far better than to permit the artist to injure her

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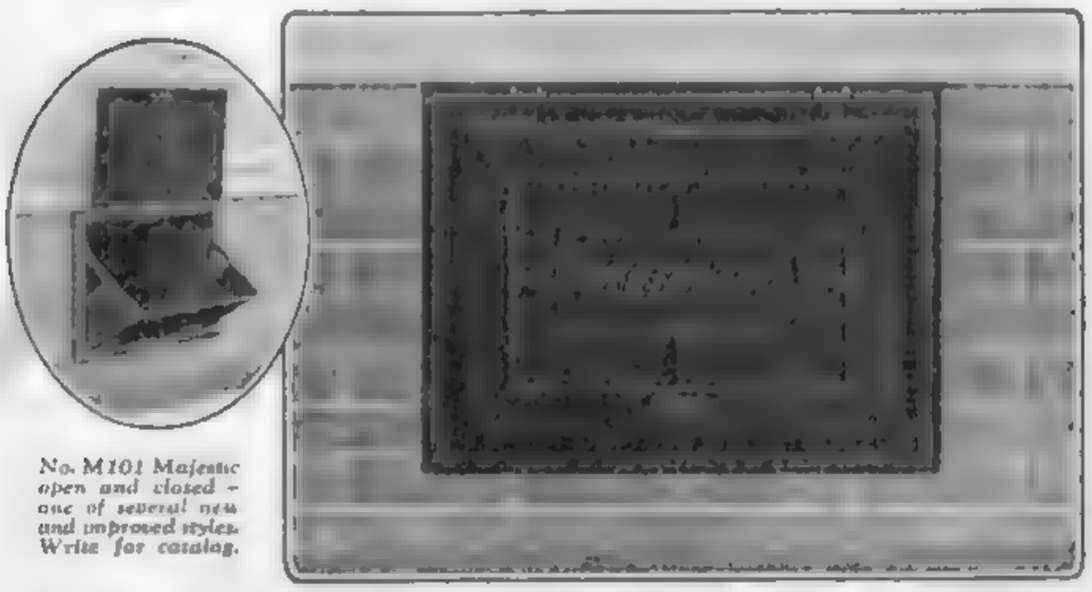

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vocal instrument. If she decides to work and her voice breaks in her great aria, or if she ends the performance with a very hoarse speaking voice, the throat specialist is severely criticized.

"The doctor never should have permitted me to sing. He is a specialist and he should know his business."

The easiest way out for the physician, even if he can discover nothing wrong with the vocal instrument, is to advise the singer not to appear that night. But again he is between the devil and the deep sea, for when it is reported at the opera house that they must get a substitute for this singer the matter is still far from a conclusion.

"What is the matter with her?" they ask. "Is the cold a severe one? How hoarse is she? We have no substitute who is up in the rôle. Tell her she can use her voice carefully," and so on. And this discussion has consumed an hour of the physician's time and only Divine intelligence could give the best advice.

Stage Fright and Singing

After such an experience it's a great relief to welcome into the office the vaudeville performer who, with no voice at all, cheerfully attacks his two-a-day. We are not criticizing the nervousness of the great singer, because the management and the public demand a glorious performance. Anything below the highest standard will be criticized. In trying to show how difficult it is for the physician to advise correctly in the cases of slight ailments, let me add that an artist who decided at five in the afternoon not to sing called up from her home at six o'clock to say that her voice had improved and she had decided to go on.

In forming an opinion of a singer's ability it's very important to know the artist. What is her record? Does she always give good even performances? How sure is she of herself? How much trouble is due to stage fright or nervousness?

I have in mind two very embarrassing failures of opera stars who had been told they were in good vocal condition. They were rather new in the business. They were unable to sustain long phrases simply because they were so frightened they could not retain sufficient breath, and yet one of these patients felt the blame was the doctor's. If some of these singers had the cheerful confidence of Mary Garden there would be fewer anxious moments on the operatic stage. I had the opportunity of watching and talking with Miss Garden in her first days at the Manhattan Opera House under the management of Oscar Hammerstein. She was creating rôles new to this city—Thais, and Pelleas and Melisande. She had been largely advertised. The public were on tiptoes to witness her performance of these rôles. She was always calm and smiling and apparently not more apprehensive than if attending an afternoon tea. Her sense of humor is so great that if any part of the opera went a little astray, she became convulsed with laughter when she reached her dressing room. Her many admirers usually had little success in paying her compliments between acts or after the opera because she always seemed much more interested in other matters than in her own performance. This is an unusual characteristic of a star, and yet it cannot be stated that those artists who are greatest in reputation show great nervousness except perhaps in their first performance of a new opera. They have taken infinite pains in its preparation and are ready for the public's verdict.

But there were two singers at the Manhattan who at their debut were so terrified that they had to be forcibly pushed on the stage at the moment of their entrance, and one fell in a hysterical collapse, screaming with all her power, when the curtain ended the act. She had to be carried to her dressing room. We were surprised to learn that the audience did not hear the commotion.

What is the physician's duty to the many vocal students, men and women, who come to New York every winter to place themselves under the instruction of high-priced instructors? Very few of them have saved more than enough money to pay their tuition and living expenses. Often their people at home have made great sacrifices to send son or daughter to New York, confident that they will become great musical celebrities. When they come to the office we frequently hear them say, "No, not this winter. My teacher thinks I had better wait another year before I ask for an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House."

If Signor Gatti had under contract all the students of a single year in New York who thought they would soon be competent to belong to his organization, he would have to organize a chain of opera houses. Undoubtedly there are many vocal teachers who take the responsibility of telling poorly equipped students that they are wasting their time and money and they had best quit musical study. The result is that they go to another instructor. They come to a throat specialist because they are not making satisfactory progress, and they—and perhaps their teacher, too—feel that the fault is due to a slight catarrhal trouble. Many of these present on examination a vocal instrument so immature that it would require years of time to develop it into a professional organ, and a person needs much more than a good voice to gain a footing among the celebrated artists. A good voice, yes; but also charm, education, fine knowledge of the languages, skillful acting and more. It isn't exactly ethical for the physician to tell the patient to quit and go home, but he can give to the teacher a truthful report of the student's poor vocal equipment.

Developing Throat Muscles

Throat specialists are not infallible, and occasionally a poor instrument may develop into a real professional larynx. The vocal instrument of a celebrated singer usually shows by mirror examination that it can endure strenuous work. In an immature larynx the side walls extend straight down and cover some of the width of the cords, but in the singer's throat they have become so contracted by the extraordinary muscular action that there is a real concavity of the tube above the bands, and so the entire width of the cords can be seen to vibrate, instead of two-thirds of their width. This means a large increase in vocal volume.

The young singer must be content to develop slowly, because he is handicapped by the mushy larynx of youth and by muscles which have not become strong by judicious use. Musical prodigies may give promise of great artistic careers, but they seldom fulfill expectations in later life. I could mention by name several talented stage people who began as singers but have been compelled to change to the spoken drama because in their youth they put too great a strain on the voice.

There came to my notice recently two youths who have sung brilliantly in their church choirs. Both are suffering from an immovable left vocal band. The left cord is almost always the one to tire first, because its nerve supply is less than that of the right. In the case of these young singers the hope is that they are cases of temporary nerve and muscular fatigue, and that the telegraph wires have not been put out of commission for all time. When a young throat is asked to do such unusual work, it should be examined at least every season and singing should be discontinued at the first appearance of tired muscles.

The muscular system of the throat has marvelous compensatory power; I mean by that, if one muscle is paralyzed its companion cheerfully does extra work. I know of a church singer and one of the most popular vaudeville actresses who have paralyzed left vocal bands and yet they have voices sufficiently good to satisfy their audiences. The right muscle has become strong enough to draw its band beyond the usual line and so up to the left one.

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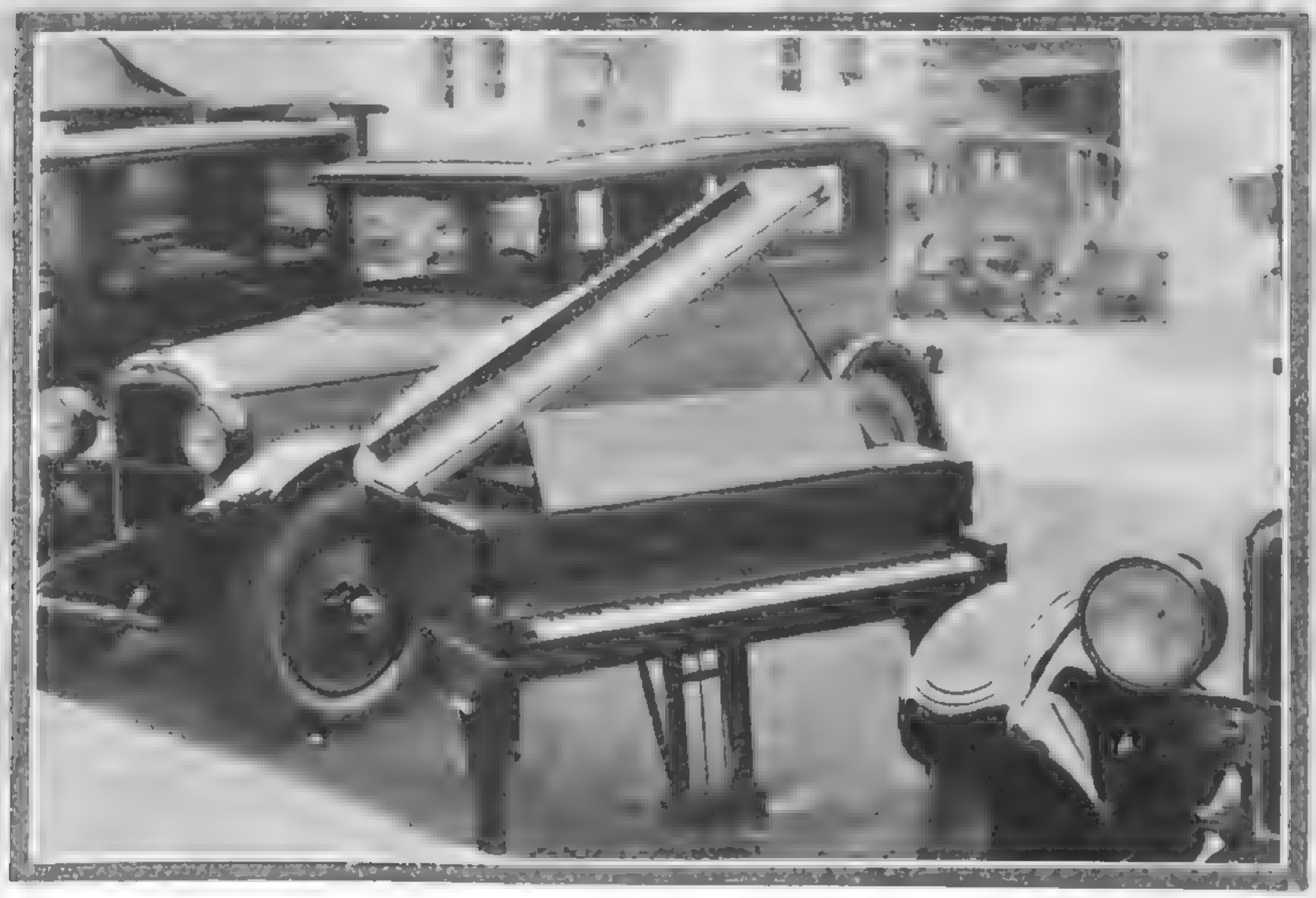

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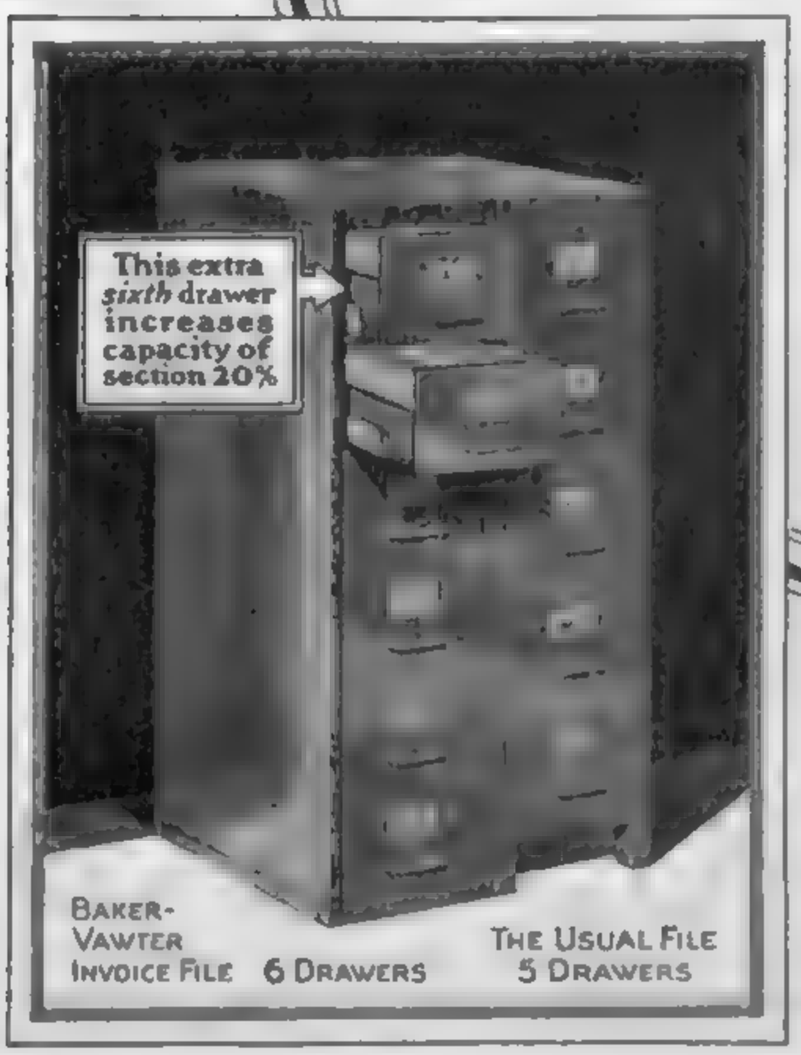

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Listen, My Children, and You Shall Hear of the Midday Ride of Plupy's Dear

(Continued from Page 32)

good fite and then i met Fatty driving old Chub in a sleig with a big picture panted on the back and the wirds maid in 1492 for Christofer Columbus whitch of coars wasent so but jest a goke and there was a lot of ox teems draging logs and piling them up in the sawmill yard and when we went over the brige we cood see lots of peeple skating and if i hadent been where i was beside the pretiest girl in town i mite have wished to be on the river.

well Nellie was troting along good. we passed old Woodbridge Odlins black span and one or two other horses and when we got to Wegwood corner i tirned Nellie round and went back to town and down Water street up our town hill, round by Winter street, down Front street again, tirned down Pine street into Court street and saw Pewt with a double runner, then i went down by the American House and sure enuf i saw Lizzie Tole Ed Toles sister. I touched Nellie with the whip and we jest flew by and me and Lucile were laffing together and wasent paying any atension to ennybody and neether of us looked. of coarse i cood see out of the corner of my ey that she saw us but i pertended not to see her. i cood see she was mad about it becaus she sneared and sed sumthing to Kate Plumer whitch was waulking with her. ennyway it sirved her rite for perferring Beany to me as she has done laitly.

then we drove down throug Stratham and throug the woods road to Hampton road and then to Hampton Falls. it was aufully good sleighing and we taulked about my going to wirk. she wanted me to go into a lawyers office to become a lawyer and i sed i thougt i cood get along faster if i went into Head and Gewells carrige factory and lerned to pant and stripe buggys. i sed Fatty Walker whitch plays bass drum in the band cood teech me to stripe buggy wheals and i cood probly begin by maiking as mutch as $3 dollers a week and if i wirked hard i cood probly make $1 doller a day in a year or 2.

she sed she never wood marry a man whitch was away most of the time like her father whitch only came home Saturday nites and sumtimes not then. and i sed if i ever got married i wood be at home evry nite. then i told her i had been a prety wild feller and had drank and smoaked and swoar and she asted me what and i sed sody water and sweet cider and sweet firn and hayseed cigars and sed godfrey and hell and dam and wirse things. but since i had met her i had resolved to give it up and i hadent swoar or drank or smoaked a bit.

well she sed she thougt it was verry fine and noble of me and she sed she had herd that it was almost unpossiable for a confermed drunkard to stop indulging in his feerful apetite and i sed it was the tuffest gob i ever tackled and that nobody gnew what a influense a good woman had in saiving sutch a feller as I had been and there had been times when but for the hoap that if i maid myself wirthy of her that she mite sum day look upon me with a stronger feeling than frendship i don't beleeve i cood restrane myself.

well she sed she had met a grate menny fellers and had a good manny frends in Linn and Georgtown and West Newbury and New York and Maunch Chunk and in the summers at Cape May and old Orchard and Biddyford Pool and she had never met a single one wnitch had ever saived a fellers life at the risk of my own like peeple sed i had did and in spite of my looks she felt a very sincere frendship for me.

then i told her that was as mutch as i cood xpect at present but if she wood only tell me that i cood hoap for sumthing even better than frendship that i cood keep up the good fite.

i told her that asociating with fellers like Beany and Pewt had hirt my reputation a good deal but that i felt prety sure i cood live down my mistakes if i cood hoap. so she sed i cood hoap but it depended moar on me than on her. so i thanked her and we drove on.

wel it was geting towards 4 oh clock when we got back to Exeter and Nellie had begun to pull hard as she always does when she is hungry and going towards home and I teile kep asking me to see how fast she cood go. i let her go oncet or twice but pulled her down and i had about all i cood do. but Lucile sed she loved to go fast and when i woodent let Nellie go fast she asted me if i was afrade of her. i sed no but i was afrade of xposing her to danger and she sed i needent be afrade for her. then she told me how fast she had rode with other fellers darn them, and i told her i gess i cood drive as fast with Nellie as those fellers cood and she sed they drove thorobreds and not mustangs. i didnt like that but i gess she was triing to see if i had a bad temper so i laffed and sed a good driver never aloud ennyone to tell him how to drive his own horse and i laffed when i sed it. well what do you think. when i sed that she sed if i was afrade of the horse she wasent and she grabed the whip and gave Nellie a paister rite acrost her back. well we was most to the square again and i gess evrybody was out shoping and sleiging. well when Nellie felt that whip she jest went crazy. she gave a snort and 3 or 4 gumps in the air that took the sleig rite off the ground. then she went round the corner so quick that over went the sleig on my side.

as it went over Lucile tride to gump but coodent get free from the robe and come down astraddle of my neck. when we went over, the sleig must have hit the curbing and Nellie went out of the shafts and we went fluking up throug the square i hanging onto the ranes and sliding along on my belly and Lucile stradling my neck and hanging onto me yelling bloody murder and riding me jest as if i was a sled or a stone bote. i cood feal the snow coming down my neck and back and up my sleaves and sumthing hard hit me on the head but i hung on. they say when a feller is drownding evry thing he has did during his life passes befoar his mind. it aint so when a feller is run away with by a horse. i thougt if Nellie gets away and runs home without the sleig mother and aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele and Georgie will think i am ded and it will scare them most to deth. i have got to stop this horse. then i thougt if Lucile was killed or lamed or even mortally injered for life i wood have to go to jale this time if i never did befoar. i have got to stop this horse. then i thougt what if my suspenders bust and my britches come off. gosh Lucile wood die of mortifaction and so wood i. I have got to stop this horse. well after we had gone about 3 miles so it seamed and jest befoar i was torn lim from lim i stoped her. i gess she had to stop becaus she was in the deep snow at the side of the road. i herd sumone say get off of

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him and Lucile got off my neck or was lifted off. then sumbody lifted me up and i herd him say why the dammed little cuss has got hold of the raines now.

i was so dizzy that i coodent stand up but i didn't feel hirt. then i asted if Lucile was hirt and she sed no i am not hirt but no thanks to you. you never had aught to be aloud to drive a horse. i cood heer her plane enuf but i coodent see her very well as she seamed to go round so fast. i sed i am sorry Lucile and then i gess i laffed. i felt jest like when i have been shook up in school and have got to laff or cry. i dident want to cry and so i laffed and that maid her mad.

thats rite laff you big gork you you you gnock gneed daddy long legs you you you dam fool. but dont you ever speek to me again as long as you live. there. she swoar. Lucile swoar. She sed it jest like that and stutered she was so mad. and she laid the blaim on me when she was the one whitch had lashed Nellie with the whip.

well peeple kep coming up and evrybody laffed out loud when she swoar. but i dident feel like laffing i tell you. but i cood see better and things dident whirl round so fast and a man sed well she is a little red hot pepper pot and i herd sum one say hello George what shall i do with your little mare and i herd fathers voice say to hel with the mare i want to know about the boy. then father he come busting throug the crowd and sed are you hirt boy and i sed no only dizzy and he sed get into this hack and i will taik you home and i done it and old Mad Sleeper drove us home. father he hollered to sumone to look out for the horse and moar than 40 fellers sed all rite George we will do it and one man hollered the boy is a buster and hung onto that horse like a tin can to a dogs tale.

well when i got home evrybody was scart but father sed i was all rite and he got a tub of hot water and drove evrybody out of the kichen and pulled off my cloths. gosh i was full of snow and slush. there was snow down my back and under my vest a peck of it and my britches was full of it and my boots two and both gnees was skinned and my elbows and i had a buntch on my hed where sumthing had hit me.

but the practise i had in old Francis school had helped me a good deal and after i had had a bath and father had put som of doctor Dearborns salve on my raw places father maid me go to bed. at 9 oh clock i felt so bad that doctor Perry come up and sed i had a fever and he gave me sum auful stuff and this morning he sed my temperature had fell to mortal and i was all rite. but i am auful lame and stif. i told father and mother all about it only i dident tell about Lucile using the whip on Nellie. i only told father that i had been feeding her too mutch grain and i coodent hold her.

well i have lerned a lesson and i shall never beleeve in womans consistency again if i live a million years. do you blaim me.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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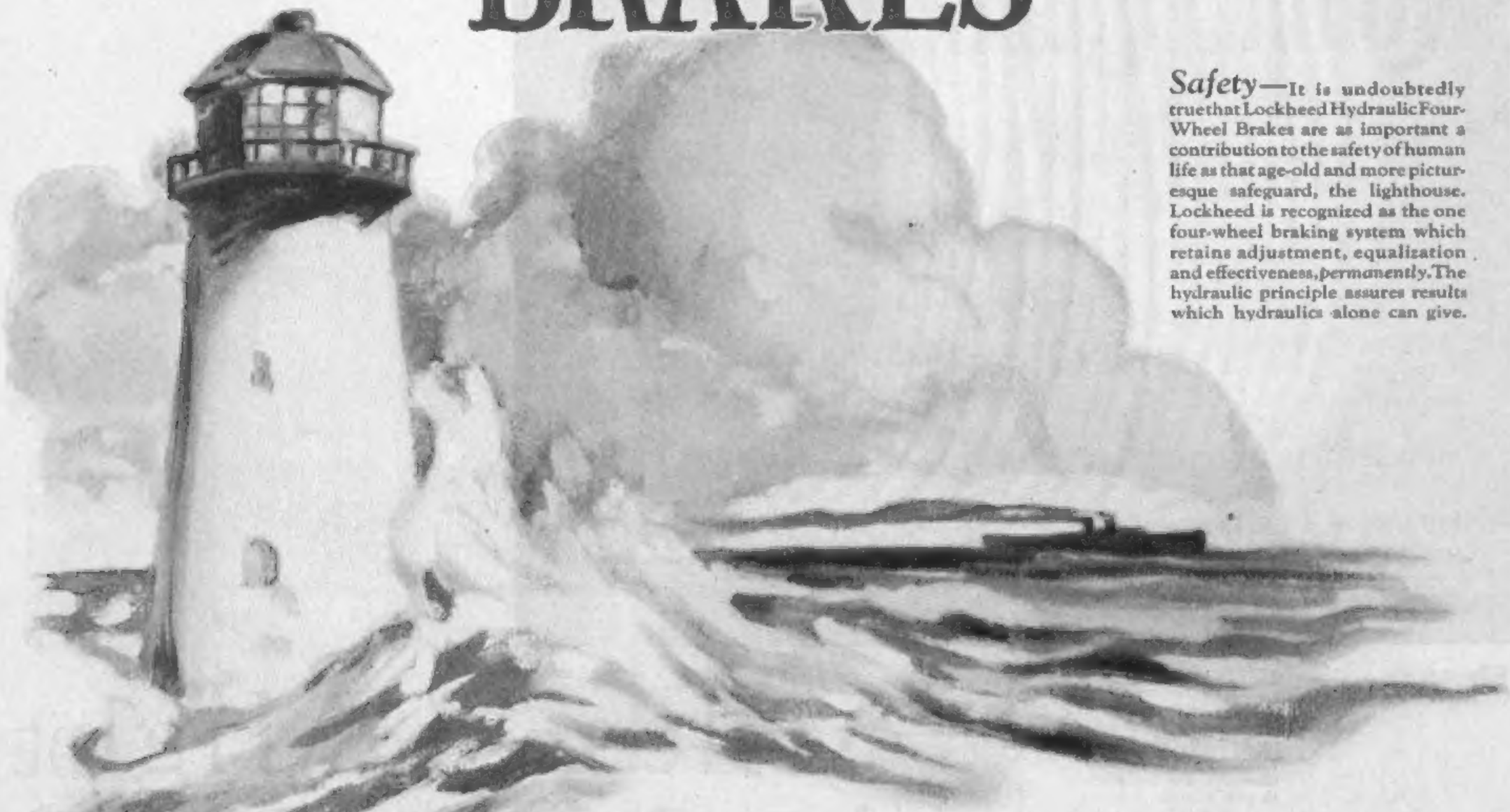

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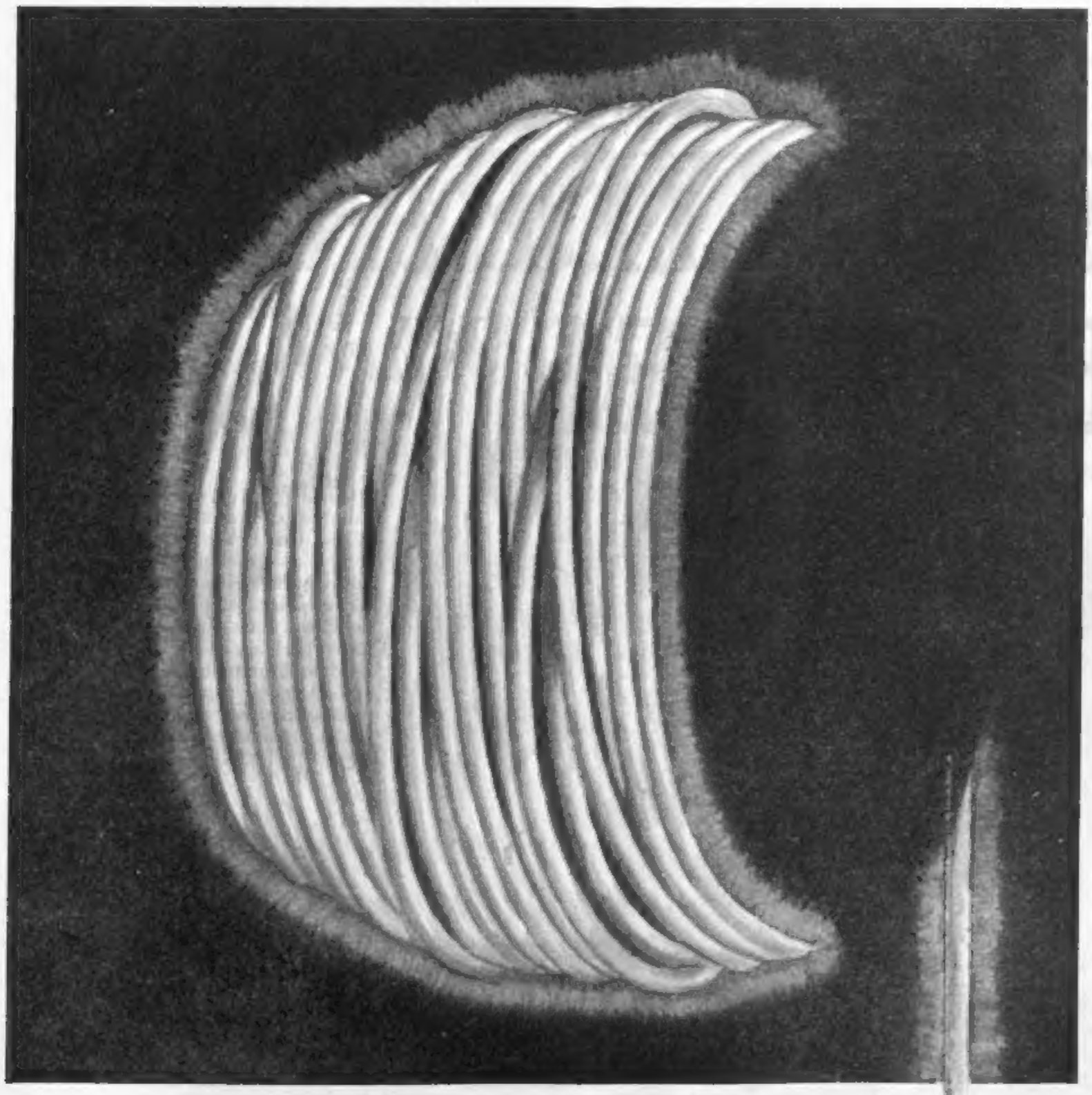

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